

THE
WORKS
OF
BEN. JOHNSON.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

CONTAINING,

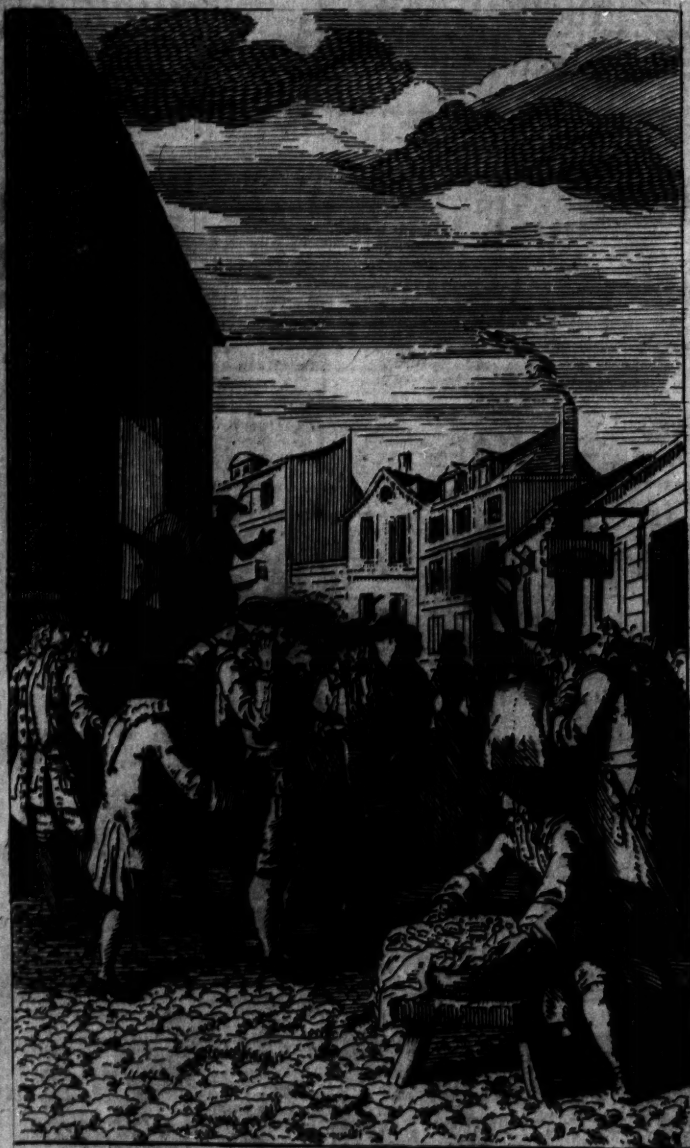
BARTHOLOMEW Fair. } The MAGNETICK LADY:
The STAPLE of NEWS. } Or, HUMOURS RE-
The DEVIL is an ASS. } CONCIL'D.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. Waltboe, M. Wotton, J. Nicholson,
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MDCCXVI.







Barthélemy Fair. Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.

BARTHOLOMEW
FAIR.

A
COMEDY.

Acted in the YEAR 1614,

BY THE

Lady Elizabeth's Servants.

And then Dedicated to

King JAMES of most blessed
Memory.

*Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus: nam
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
Ut sibi præbentem, mimo spectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret a fello
Fabellam furdo. Hor. lib. 2. Epist. 1.*

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVI.



THE
PROLOGUE
TO THE
KING's MAJESTY.

Your Majesty is welcome to a Fair;
Such Place, such Men, such Language,
and such Ware,

You must expect: With these, the zealous noise
Of your Lands Faction, scandaliz'd at Toys,
As Babies, Hobby-horses, Puppet-plays,
And such like rage, whereof the petulant ways
Your self have known, and have been vext
with long.

These for your Sport, without particular wrong,
Or just complaint of any private Man,
(Who of himself, or shall think well or can)
The Maker doth present: And hopes, to Night
To give you for a Fairing, true Delight.

Dramatis Personæ.

John Little-wit, *a Proctor.*

Win Littlewit, *his Wife.*

Dame Purecraft, *her Mother and a Widow.*

Zeal-of-the-Land Busy, *her Suitor, a Banbury Man.*

Win-Wife, *his Rival, a Gentleman.*

Quarulous, *his Companion, a Gamester.*

Bartholomew Cokes, *an Esquire of Harrow.*

Humphrey Wasp, *his Man.*

Adam Overdo, *a Justice of Peace.*

Dame Overdo, *his Wife.*

Grace Welborn, *his Ward.*

Lant: Leatherhead, *a Hobby-Horse Seller.*

Joan Trash, *a Gingerbread Woman.*

Ezechiell Edgworth, *a Cutpurse.*

Nightingale, *a Ballad-singer.*

Ursula, *a Pig Woman.*

Moon-calf, *her Tapster.*

Jordan Knock-hum, *a Horse-courser and a Ranger
o' Turnbull.*

Val. Cutting, *a Roarer.*

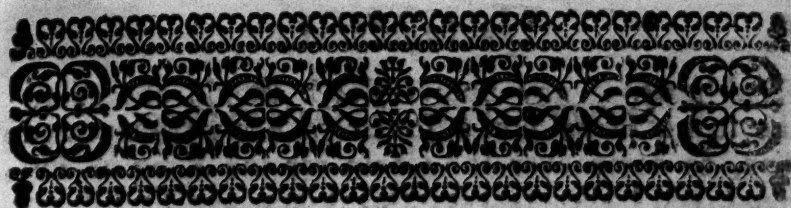
Captain Whit, *a Bawd.*

Punque Alice, *Mistress o' the Game.*

Trouble-all, *a Mad-man.*

*Three Watchmen, Costard-monger, Mousetrap-man, Clo-
thier, Wrestler, Porters, Door-keepers, Puppets.*

THE



THE
INDUCTION
ON THE
STAGE.

STAGE-KEEPER.

Gentlemen, have a little patience, they are e'en upon coming, instantly. He that should begin the *Play*, Master *Little-wit*, the *Proctor*, has a *Stitch* new faln in his black Silk Stocking; 'twill be drawn up ere you can tell twenty. He plays one o' the *Arches* that dwells about the *Hospital*, and he has a very pretty part. But for the whole *Play*, will you ha' the Truth on't? (I am looking, lest the *Poor* hear me, or his Man, Master *Broom*, behind the *Arras*) it is like to be a very conceited scurvy one, in plain *English*. When't comes to the *Fair* once, you were e'en as good go to *Virginia*, for any thing there is of *Smithfield*. He has not hit the *Humours*, he does not know 'em; he has not convers'd with the *Bartholmew*-birds, as they say; he has ne'er a *Sword* and *Buckler* Man in his *Fair*; nor a little *Davy*, to take *Toll* o' the *Bawds* there, as in my time; nor a

Kind-heart, if any bodies Teeth should chance to ake in his *Play*; nor a Jugler with a well-educated Ape, to come over the Chain for the King of *England*, and back again for the *Prince*, and sit still on his Arse for the *Pope* and the King of *Spain*! None o' these fine Sights! Nor has he the Canvas-cut i' the Night, for a Hobby-horse-man to creep into his She-neighbour, and take his Leap there! Nothing! No: And some Writer (that I know) had had but the Penning o' this matter, he would ha' made you such a *Fickajog* i' the Booths, you should ha' thought an Earthquake had been i' the *Fair*! But these Master-Poets, they will ha' their own absurd courses; they will be inform'd of nothing. He has (*forreverence*) kick'd me three or four times about the Tyting-house, I thank him, but for offering to put in with my Experience. I'll be judg'd by you, *Gentlemen*, now, but for one Conceit of mine! would not a fine Pump upon the Stage ha' done well, for a Property now? and a *Punque* set under upon her Head, with her Stern upward, and ha' been sous'd by my witty young Masters o' the *Inns o' Court*? What think you o' this for a shew, now? he will not hear o' this! I am am As! I! and yet I kept the Stage in Master *Tarleton*'s time, I thank my Stars. Ho! and that Man had liv'd to have play'd in *Bartholomew Fair*, you should ha' seen him ha' come in, and ha' been cozened i' the Cloath-quarter, so finely! And *Adams*, the Rogue, ha' leap'd and caper'd upon him, and ha' dealt his Vermin about, as though they had cost him nothing. And then a substantial Watch to ha' stoln in upon 'em, and taken 'em away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is in the Stage-practice.

To him, Bookholder and Scrivener.

Book. How now? what rare Discourse are you faln upon? ha? ha? you found any familiars here, that you are so free? what's the business?

Stage.

The Induction.

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Stage. Nothing, but the understanding Gentlemen o' the Ground here, ask'd my Judgment.

Book. Your Judgment, Rascal? for what? sweeping the Stage? or gathering up the broken Apples for the Bears within? Away Rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these *Spectacles*, when such a Youth as you pretend to a Judgment. And yet he may, i' the most o' this matter i' faith: For the *Author* hath writ it just to his *Meridian*, and the *Scale* of the grounded Judgments here, his Play-fellows in Wit. Gentlemen, not for want of a *Prologue*, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a *Scrivener*, and certain Articles drawn out in haste between our *Author* and you; which if you please to hear, and as they appear reasonable, to approve of; the *Play* will follow presently. Read, *Scribe*, gi' me the Counterpain.

Scriv. Articles of Agreement, indented, between the *Spectators* or *Hearers*, at the *Hope* on the *Bankside*, in the County of *Surry*, on the one Party; And the *Author* of *Bartholomew Fair*, in the said Place and County, on the other Party: the one and thirtieth day of *October*, 1614, and in the twelfth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord, *James*, by the Grace of God, King of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith: And of *Scotland* the Seven and fortieth.

Imprimis, It is covenanted and agreed, by and between the Parties abovesaid, and the said *Spectators* and *Hearers*, as well the curious and envious, as the favouring and judicious, as also the grounded Judgments and Understandings, do for themselves severally covenant and agree to remain in the Places their Mony or Friends have put them in, with patience, for the space of two Hours and an half, and somewhat more. In which time the *Author* promiseth to present them, by us, with a new sufficient Play, called *Bartholomew Fair*, merry, and as full of Noise,

as

as Sport: made to delight all, and to offend none; provided they have either the Wit or the Honesty to think well of themselves.

It is further agreed, That every Person here have his or their free-will of Censure, to like or dislike at their own charge, the *Author* having now departed with his right: it shall be lawful for any Man to judge his Six-pen'worth, his Twelve-pen'worth, so to his eighteen Pence, two Shillings, half a Crown, to the value of his Place; provided always his Place get not above his Wit. And if he pay for half a dozen, he may censure for all them too, so that he will undertake that they shall be silent. He shall put in for *Censures* here, as they do for *Loss* at the *Lottery*: Marry, if he drop but Six-pence at the Door, and will Censure a Crown's-worth, it is thought there is no Conscience or Justice in that.

It is also agreed, That every Man here exercise his own Judgment, and not censure by *Contagion*, or upon *Trust*, from another's Voice, or Face, that sits by him, be he never so first in the *Commission of Wit*: As also, that he be fixt and settled in his Censure, that what he approves or not approves to day, he will do the same to morrow; and if to morrow, the next day, and so the next week (if need be:) and not to be brought about by any that sits on the *Bench* with him, though they indite and arraign *Plays* daily. He that will swear, *Feronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the best *Plays*, yet shall pass unexcepted at here, as a Man whose Judgment shews it is constant, and hath stood still these five and twenty or thirty years. Though it be an Ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid Ignorance; and next to *Truth*, a confirm'd *Error* does well; such a one the *Author* knows where to find him.

It is further covenanted, concluded and agreed, That how great soever the Expectation be, no Person here is to expect more than he knows, or better
Ware

The Induction.

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Ware than a *Fair* will afford: neither to look back to the Sword and Buckler Age of *Smithfield*, but content himself with the present. Instead of a little *Davy*, to take Toll o' the Bawds, the *Author* doth promise a strutting *Horse-courser*, with a *leer-Drunkard*, two or three to attend him, in as good *Equipage* as you would wish. And then for *Kind-heart*, the *Tooth-drawer*, a fine *Oily Pig-woman* with her *Tapster*, to bid you welcome, and a *Consort of Roarers* for Musick. A wise *Justice of Peace meditant*, instead of a *Jugler*, with an *Ape*. A civil *Cutpurse searchant*. A sweet *Singer* of new Ballads *allurant*: and as fresh an *Hypocrite*, as ever was broach'd, *rampane*. If there be never a *Servant-monster* i' the *Fair*, who can help it, he says, nor a Nest of *Antiques*? He is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Plays*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Droleries*, to mix his Head with other Mens Heels; let the concupiscence of *Jigs* and *Dances* reign as strong as it will amongst you: yet if the *Puppets* will please any body, they shall be intreated to come in.

In consideration of which, it is finally agreed, by the foresaid *Hearers* and *Spectators*, That they neither in themselves conceal, nor suffer by them to be concealed, any *State-decipherer*, or *Politick Picklock* of the *Scene*, so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by *Ginger-bread Woman*, who by the *Hobby-horse Man*, who by the *Costard-monger*, nay, who by their *Wares*. Or that will pretend to affirm (on his own inspired Ignorance) what *Mirror of Magistrates* is meant by the *Justice*, what great *Lady* by the *Pig-woman*, what conceal'd *Statesman* by the *Seller of Mouse-traps*, and so of the rest. But that such Person or Persons, so found, be left discovered to the mercy of the *Author*, as a *Forfeiture* to the *Stage*, and your *Laughter* aforesaid. As also, such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously, play the Fool by his *Place* aforesaid, to challenge the *Author* of *Scurrility*,

ty, because the Language somewhere savours of *Smithfield*, the Booth, and the Pig-broth, or of Prophaneness, because a *Mad-man* cries, *God quit you, or bless you*. In witness whereof, as you have preposterously put to your Seals already (which is your Mony) you will now add the other part of Suffrage; your Hands. The *Play* shall presently begin. And though the *Fair* be not kept in the same Region; that some here, perhaps, would have it; yet think, that therein the *Author* hath observ'd a special *Decorum*, the Place being as dirty as *Smithfield*, and as stinking every whit.

Howsoever, he prays you to believe, his *Ware* is still the same, else you will make him justly suspect that he that is so loth to look on a *Baby*, or an *Hobby-horse* here, would be glad to take up a *Commodity* of them, at any Laughter or Loss in another place,



Bartho-



Bartholomew Fair.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Little-Wit. [To him] *Win.*

LITTLE-WIT.



Pretty Conceit, and worth the finding! I ha' such luck to spin out these fine things still, and like a Silk-worm, out of my self. Here's Master *Bartholomew Cokes*, of *Harrow o' th' Hill*, i' th' County of *Middlesex*, Esquire, takes forth his Licence to marry *Mistress Grace Well-born*, of the said Place and County: And when does he take it forth? to day! the Four and Twentieth of *August*! *Bartholomew-day*! *Bartholomew* upon *Bartholomew*! there's the Device! who would have mark'd such a Leap-Frog Chance now? A very less than *Ames-ace*, on two Dice! Well, go thy ways, *John Little-Wit*, Proctor *John Little-wit*: One o' the pretty Wits o' *Pauls*, the *Little-wit of London* (so thou art call'd) and something beside. When a Quirk or a *Quiblinde*'s scape thee, and thou dost not watch and apprehend

prehend it, and bring it afore the Constable of Conceit: (there now, I speak *Quib* too) let 'em carry thee out o' the Arch-deacons Court into his Kitchin, and make a *Jack* of thee, instead of a *John*. (There I am again la!) *Win*, Good Morrow, *Win*. I marry, *Win*. Now you look finely indeed, *Win*! this Cap does convince! you'd not ha' worn it, *Win*, nor ha' had it Velvet, but a rough Countrey Bever, with a Copper Band, like the Conney-skin-woman of *Budge-Row*? Sweet *Win*, let me kiss it! And her fine high Shooes, like the *Spanish* Lady! Good *Win*, go a little, 'I would fain see thee pace, pretty *Win*! By this fine Cap, I could never leave kissing on't.

Win. Come indeed la, you are such a Fool still!

Litt. No, but half a one, *Win*, you are the t'other half: Man and Wife make one Fool, *Win*. (Good!) Is there the *Poctor*, or *Doctor* indeed, i' the *Diocess*, that ever had the Fortune to win him such a *Win*! (There I am again!) I do feel Conceits coming upon me, more than I am able to turn Tongue too. A Pox o' these Pretenders to Wit! Your *Three Cranes*, *Miter* and *Mermuid-men*! Not a Corn of true Salt, not a Grain of right Mustard amongst them all. They may stand for Places, or so, again the next *Wit* fall, and pay Two Pence in a Quart more for their *Cannary* than other Men. But gi' me the Man can start up a *Justice* of *Wit* out of Six Shillings Beer, and give the Law to all the *Poets* and *Poor-Suckers* i' Town, because they are the Players Gossips. 'Slid, other Men have Wives as fine as the Players, and as well drest, Come hither, *Win*.

S C E N E II.

Win-wife, Little-wit, Win.

Win-w. Why, how now, Master *Little-wit*! measuring of Lips? or molding of Kisses? which is it?

Litt.

Litt. Troth, I am a little taken with my *Win*'s dressing here! Does't not fine, Master *Win-wife*? How do you apprehend, Sir? She would not ha' worn this Habit. I challenge all *Cheapside* to shew such another: *More-fields*, *Pimlico-path*, or the *Exchange*, in a Summer-Evening, with a Lace to boot, as this has. Dear *Win*, let Master *Win-wife* kiss you. He comes a wooing to our Mother, *Win*, and may be our Father perhaps, *Win*. There's no harm in him, *Win*.

Win-w. None i' the Earth, Master *Little-wit*.

Litt. I envy no Man my Delicates, Sir.

Win-w. Alas, you ha' the Garden where they grow still! A Wife here with a *Strawberry-Breath*, *Cherry-Lips*, *Apricot-Cheeks*, and a soft Velvet Head, like a *Melicotton*.

Litt. Good, i'faith! now dulness upon me, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't as well as he! Velvet Head!

Win-w. But my taste, Master *Little-wit*, tends to Fruit of a latter kind: the Sober Matron, your Wives Mother.

Litt. I! we know you are a Suitor, Sir; *Win*, and I both, wish you well: By this Licence here would you had her, that your Two Names were as fast in it as here are a Couple. *Win* would fain have a fine Young Father i' Law, with a Feather: that her Mother might Hood it, and Chain it, with Mistress *Overdoe*. But you do not take the right course, Master *Win-wife*.

Win-w. No? Master *Little-wit*, why?

Litt. You are not mad enough.

Win-w. How? Is Madness a right course?

Litt. I say nothing, but I wink upon *Win*. You have a Friend, (one Master *Quarlous*) comes here sometimes.

Win-w. Why? he makes no Love to her, does he?

Litt. Not a Tokenworth that ever I saw, I assure you: But——

Win-w. What?

Litt.

Lit. He is the more Mad-cap o' the Two. You do not apprehend me.

Win. You have a hot Coal i' your Mouth now, you cannot hold.

Lit. Let me out with it, dear *Win.*

Win. I'll tell him my self.

Lit. Do, and take all the Thanks, and much do good thy pretty heart, *Win.*

Win. Sir, my Mother has had her Nativity-water cast lately by the Cunning-Men in *Cow-lane*, and they ha' told her her Fortune, and do ensure her, she shall never have happy hour, unless she marry within this Sen'night; and when it is, it must be a Mad Man, they say.

Lit. I, but I must be a Gentleman Mad-Man.

Win. Yes, so the t'other man of *More-fields* says.

Win-w. But do's she believe 'em?

Lit. Yes, and has been at *Bedlam* twice since every day, to enquire if any Gentleman be there, or to come there mad!

Win-w. Why, this is a Confederacy, a meer piece of practice upon her by these *Impostors*.

Lit. I tell her so; or else, say I, that they mean some Young Madcap-Gentleman (for the Devil can equivocate as well as a Shop-keeper) and therefore would I advise you to be a little madder than Master *Quarulous* hereafter.

Win. Where is she? stirring yet?

Lit. Stirring! Yes, and studying an Old Elder come from *Banbury*, a Suitor that puts in here at Meal-tide, to praise the painful Brethren, or pray that the Sweet Singers may be restor'd; Says a Grace as long as his Breath lasts him! Some time the Spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my Mother, or *Win*, are fain to fetch it again with Malmsey, or *Aqua Cœlestis*.

Win. Yes, indeed, we have such a tedious Life with him for his Dyet, and his Clothes too, he
breaks

breaks his Buttons, and cracks Seams at every Saying he sobs out.

John. He cannot abide my Vocation, he says.

Win. No, he told my Mother, a *Proctor* was a Claw of the *Beast*, and that she had little less than committed *Abomination* in marrying me so as she has done.

Job. Every Line (he says) that a *Proctor* writes, when it comes to be read in the Bishop's Court, is a long black Hair, kemb'd out of the Tail of *Anti-Christ*.

Win-w. When came this *Profelyte*?

Job. Some three days since.

SCENE III.

Quarlous, John, Win, Win-wife.

Quar. O Sir, ha' you ta'en Soil here? It's well a Man may reach you after three hours running yet! What an unmerciful Companion art thou, to quit thy Lodging at such ungentlemanly hours? None but a scatter'd Covey of Fiddlers, or one of these Rag-rakers in Dunghills, or some Marrow-bone Man at most, would have been up when thou wert gone abroad, by all Description. I pray thee what ailest thou, thou canst not sleep? hast thou Thorns i' thy Eye-lids, or Thistles i' thy Bed?

Win-w. I cannot tell: It seems you had neither i' your Feet, that took this pain to find me.

Quar. No, and I had, all the Lime-hounds o' the City should have drawn after you by the Scent rather. Mr. *John Little-wit*! God save you, Sir. 'Twas a hot Night with some of us, last Night, *John*: shall we pluck a Hair o' the same Wolf to day, *Proctor John*?

Job. Do you remember, Master *Quarlous*, what we discours'd on last Night?

Quar. Not I, *John*: nothing that I either discourse or do, at those times I forfeit all to Forgetfulness.

Job. No, not concerning *Win*? Look you, there she is, and drest, as I told you she should be: Hark you, Sir, had you forgot?

Quar. By this Head, I'll beware how I keep you company, *John*, when I am drunk, and you have this dangerous Memory! that's certain.

Job. Why Sir?

Quar. Why? we were all a little stain'd last Night, sprinkled with a Cup or two, and I agreed with Protector *John* here, to come and do somewhat with *Win* (I know not what 'twas) to day; and he puts me in mind on't now; he says he was coming to fetch me: Before *Trub*, if you have that fearful Quality, *John*, to remember when you are sober, *John*, what you promise drunk, *John*; I shall take heed of you, *John*. For this once I am content to wink at you; where's your Wife? Come hither, *Win*. [*He kisseth her.*]

Win. Why, *John*! do you see this, *John*? look you! help me, *John*.

John. O *Win*, fie, what do you mean, *Win*? Be womanly, *Win*; make an Out-cry to your Mother, *Win*? Master *Quarlous* is an honest Gentleman, and our worshipful good Friend, *Win*: And he is Master *Win-wife's* Friend too: And Master *Win-wife* comes a Suitor to your Mother, *Win*; as I told you before, *Win*, and may perhaps be our Father, *Win*: They'll do you no harm, *Win*; they are both our worshipful good Friends. Master *Quarlous*! you must know Master *Quarlous*, *Win*; you must not quarrel with Master *Quarlous*, *Win*.

Quar. No, we'll kiss again, and fall in.

Job. Yes, do, good *Win*.

Win. I' faith you are a Fool, *John*.

Job. A Fool, *John*, she calls me; do you mark that, Gentlemen? Pretty Little-wit of Velvet! a Fool-*John*.

Quar.

Quar. She may call you an Apple-*John*, if you use this.

Win-w. Pray thee forbear, for my Respect, somewhat.

Quar. Hoy-day! how respective you are become o' the sudden! I fear this Family will turn you reformed too; pray you come about again. Because she is in possibility to be your Daughter-in-Law, and may ask you Blessing hereafter, when she courts it to *Totnam* to eat Cream. Well, I will forbear, Sir; but i' faith, would thou wouldst leave thy Exercise of Widow-hunting once! this drawing after an old Reverend Smock by the Splay-Foot: There cannot be an ancient *Tripe* or *Trillibub* i' the Town, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine Occupation thou'lt confine thy self to, when thou hast got one; scrubbing a piece of Buff, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of *Pannyer-Alley* to stink in; or perhaps worse, currying a Carcase that thou hast bound thy self to alive. I'll be sworn, some of them (that thou art, or hast been a Suitor to) are so old, as no chaste or married pleasure can ever become 'em; the honest Instrument of Procreation has (forty Years since) left to belong to 'em; thou must visit 'em as thou wouldst do a *Tomb*, with a Torch, or three handfuls of Link, flaming hot, and so thou may'st hap to make 'em feel thee, and after come to inherit according to thy Inches. A sweet course for a Man to waste the Brand of Life for, to be still raking himself a Fortune in an old Woman's Embers; we shall ha' thee, after thou hast been but a Month married to one of 'em, look like the *Quartane Ague* and the *Black Jaundise* met in a Face, and walk as if thou hadst borrow'd Legs of a *Spinner*, or Voice of a *Cricketer*. I would endure to hear fifteen Sermons a Week for her, and such course and loud ones, as some of 'em must be; I would e'en desire of Fate, I might dwell in a Drum, and take in my Sustenance with an old broken

Tobacco-pipe and a Straw. Dost thou ever think to bring thine Ears or Stomach to the patience of a dry *Grace*, as long as thy Table-Cloth? and droan'd out by thy Son here (that might be thy Father) till all the Meat o' thy Board has forgot it was that day i' the Kitchen? Or to brook the Noise made in a question of *Predestination*, by the good Labourers and painful Eaters assembled together, put to 'em by the Matron your Spouse; who moderates with a Cup of Wine, ever and anon, and a Sentence out of *Knox* between? Or the perpetual spitting before and after a sober drawn *Exhortation* of Six Hours, whose better part was the *Hum-ba-bum*? Or to hear Pray'rs groan'd out over thy Iron Chests, as if they were *Charms* to break 'em? And all this for the hope of two *Apostle-Spoons*, to suffer! and a Cup to eat a Cawdle in! For that will be thy Legacy. She'll ha' convey'd her State safe enough from thee, an' she be a right Widow.

Win-w. Alas, I am quite off that Scent now.

Quar. How so?

Win-w. Put off by a *Brother* of *Banbury*, one that, they say, is come here, and governs all already.

Quar. What do you call him? I knew divers of those *Banburians* when I was in *Oxford*.

Win-w. Master *Little-wit* can tell us.

Joh. Sir! good *Win* go in, and if Master *Bartholomew Cokes* his Man come for the Licence (the little old Fellow) let him speak with me; what say you, Gentlemen?

Win-w. What call you the Reverend *Elder* you told me of? your *Banbury-man*?

Joh. Rabbi Busy, Sir; he is more than an *Elder*, he is a *Prophet*, Sir.

Quar. O, I know him! a Baker, is he not?

Joh. He was a Baker, Sir, but he does dream now, and see Visions; he has given over his Trade.

Quar.

Bartholomew Fair.

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Quar. I remember that too; out of a Scruple he took, that (in spic'd Conscience) those Cakes he made, were serv'd to *Bridales, May-Poles, Morrisfes,* and such profane Feasts and Meetings; his Christen-Name is *Zeal-of-the-Land*.

Job. Yes, Sir, *Zeal-of-the-Land Busy*.

Win-w. How! what a Name's there!

Job. O they have all such Names, Sir; he was Witness for *Win* here, (they will not be call'd God-fathers) and nam'd her *Win-the-fight*; you thought her Name had been *Winnifred*, did you not?

Win-w. I did indeed.

Job. He would ha' thought himself a stark Re-probate, if it had.

Quar. I, for there was a Blue-starch Woman o' the Name, at the same time. A notable hypocritical Vermine it is; I know him. One that stands upon his Face, more than his Faith, at all times: Ever in seditious Motion, and reproving for Vain-glory; of a most *Lunatick* Conscience and Spleen, and affects the Violence of *Singularity* in all he do's: (He has undone a Grocer here, in *Newgate-Market*, that broke with him, trusted him with Currans, as errant a Zeal as he, that's by the way:) By his Profession, he will ever be i' the State of Innocence though, and Childhood; derides all *Antiquity*, defies any other *Learning* than *Inspiration*; and what Discretion soever Years should afford him, it is all prevented in his *Original Ignorance*; ha' not to do with him, for he is a Fellow of a most arrogant and invincible Dulness, I assure you. Who is this?

SCENE IV.

Wasse, John, Win-wife, Quarulous.

Wasse. By your leave, Gentlemen, with all my heart to you; and God give you good Morrow.

B 3

Master

Master *Little-wit*, my business is to you. Is this License ready?

Job. Here I ha' it for you in my Hand, Master *Humphrey*.

Wasse. That's well; nay, never open or read it to me, it's labour in vain, you know. I am no Clerk, I scorn to be sav'd by my Book, i' faith I'll hang first; fold it up o' your word, and gi' it me; what must you ha' for't?

Job. We'll talk of that anon, Master *Humphrey*.

Wasp. Now or not at all, good Mr. *Proctor*, I am for no anon's, I assure you.

Job. Sweet *Win*, bid *Solomon* send me the little black Box within in my Study.

Waf. I, quickly, good Mistress, I pray you: for I have both Eggs o' the Spit, and Iron i' the Fire, say what you must have, good Mr. *Little-wit*.

Job. Why, you know the price, Mr. *Numps*.

Waf. I know? I know nothing. I, what tell you me of knowing? (now I am in haste) Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorn to know, and yet (now I think on't) I will, and do know as well as another; you must have a *Mark* for your thing here, and *Eight Pence* for the Box; I could ha' sav'd *Two Pence* i' that, an I had bought it my self; but here's *Fourteen Shillings* for you. Good Lord! how long your little Wife stays! pray God *Solomon*, your Clerk, be not looking i' the wrong Box, Mr. *Proctor*.

Job. Good i' faith! no, I warrant you, *Solomon* is wiser than so, Sir.

Waf. Fie, fie, fie, by your leave, Master *Little-wit*, this is scurvy, idle, foolish and abominable, with all my heart; I do not like it.

Win-w. Do you hear? *Jack Little-wit*, what business does thy pretty Head think this Fellow may have, that he keeps such a coyl with?

Quar. More than buying of Ginger-bread i' the Cloyster here, (for that we allow him) or a gilt pouch i' the Fair.

Job. Master *Quarlous*, do not mistake him; he is his Master's Both-hands, I assure you.

Quar. What? to pull on his Boots a Mornings, or his Stockings, does he?

Job. Sir, if you have a mind to mock him, mock him softly, and look t'other way: for if he apprehend you flout him once, he will fly at you presently. A terrible testy old Fellow, and his Name is *Wasse* too.

Quar. Pretty *Insect*! make much on him.

Waf. A Plague o' this Box, and the Pox too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should ha' sought it, sent it, or brought it! do you see, Sir!

Job. Nay, good Mr. *Wasse*.

Waf. Good Master *Hornet*, turd i' your teeth, hold you your Tongue: do not I know you? Your Father was a *Porbecary*, and sold Glifters, more than he gave, I wusse: and turd i' your little Wife's Teeth too (here she comes) 'twill make her spit, as fine as she is, for all her Velvet Custard on her Head, Sir.

Job. O! be civil, Master *Numps*.

Waf. Why, say I have a Humour not to be civil; how then? who shall compel me? you?

Job. Here is the Box now.

Waf. Why a Pox o' your Box, once again: let your little Wife stale in it, and she will. Sir, I would have you to understand, and these Gentlemen too, if they please—

Win-m. With all our Hearts, Sir.

Waf. That I have a charge, Gentlemen.

Job. They do apprehend, Sir.

Waf. Pardon me, Sir, neither they nor you can apprehend me yet. (You are an Ass) I have a young Master, he is now upon his making and marring; the

the whole care of his well-doing is now mine. His foolish School-masters have done nothing, but run up and down the Country with him to beg Puddings, and Cake-bread of his Tenants, and almost spoiled him; he has learn'd nothing but to sing *Catches*, and repeat *Rattle Bladder, rattle*, and *O Madge!* I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile Tunes, which he will sing at Supper, and in the Sermon-times! If he meet but a Carman i' the Street, and I find him not Talk to keep him off on him, he will whistle him and all his Tunes over at Night in his Sleep! he has a Head full of Bees! I am fair now, for this little time I am absent, to leave him in charge with a Gentlewoman: 'Tis true, she is a Justice of Peace his Wife, and a Gentlewoman o' the Hood, and his Natural Sister: But what may happen under a Woman's Government, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you do not know him; he is another manner of Piece than you think for! but Nineteen Years old, and yet he is taller than either of you by the Head, God bless him.

Quar. Well, methinks this is a fine Fellow!

Win-w. He has made his Master a finer by this Description, I should think.

Quar. 'Faith, much about one, it's Cross and Pile, whether for a new Farthing.

Waf. I'll tell you, Gentlemen——

Job. Will't please you drink, Master *Wafpe*.

Waf. Why, I ha' not talk't so long to be dry, Sir; you see no Dust or Cobwebs come out o' my Mouth: do you? You'd ha' me gone, would you?

Job. No, but you were in haste e'en now, Mr. *Numps*.

Waf. What an' I were? so I am still, and yet I will stay too; meddle you with your Match, your *Win* there, she has as little Wit as her Husband, it seems: I have others to talk to.

Job,

Job. She's my Match indeed, and as little Wit as I, Good!

Waf. We ha' been but a day and a half in Town, Gentlemen, 'tis true; and yesterday i' the Afternoon we walk'd *London*, to shew the City to the Gentlewoman he shall marry, *Mistress Grace*; but afore I will endure such another half day with him, I'll be drawn with a good Gib-cat, through the great Pond at home, as his Uncle *Hodge* was! Why, we could not meet that *Heathen* thing all day, but staid him: he would name you all the Signs over, as he went, aloud: and where he spy'd a *Parrat*, or a *Monkey*, there he was pitch'd, with all the little Long-Coats about him, Male and Female; no getting him away! I thought he would ha' run mad o' the black Boy in *Bucklers-bury*, that takes the scurvy, roguish *Tobacco* there.

Job. You say true, Master *Numps*: there's such a one indeed.

Waf. It's no matter whether there be or no, what's that to you?

Quar. He will not allow of *John's* reading at any hand,

SCENE V.

Cokes, *Mistress Over-do*, *Wasp*, *Grace*, *Quarulous*, *Winwife*, *John*, *Win*.

Cokes. O *Numps*! are you here, *Numps*? look where I am, *Numps*! and *Mistress Grace* too! nay, do not look angerly, *Numps*: my Sister is here and all, I do not come without her.

Waf. What the mischief do you come with her? or she with you?

Cok. We came all to seek you, *Numps*.

Waf. To seek me? why, did you all think I was lost, or run away with your Fourteen Shillings worth of

of small Ware here? or that I had chang'd it i' the Fair for Hobby-horses? S' precious—— to seek me!

Over. Nay, good Mr. *Numps* do you shew Discretion, tho' he be exorbitant (as Mr. *Over-do* says) and't be but for conservation of the *Peace*.

Waf. Marry gip, Goody She-Justice, Mistress *French-hood*! turd i' your Teeth, and Turd i' your *French-hood's* Teeth too, to do you service, do you see? Must you quote your *Adam* to me! you think you are Madam *Regent* still, Mistress *Over-do*; when I am in place? No such matter, I assure you, your Reign is out, when I am in, *Dame*.

Over. I am content to be in *abeyance*, Sir, and be govern'd by you; so should he too, if he did well; but 'twill be expected you should also govern your Passions.

Waf. Will't so, forsooth? good Lord! how sharp you are, with being at *Beth'lem* yesterday! *Whetstone* has set an Eye upon you; has he?

Over. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your Dignity, I do yet to mine.

Waf. Very well then.

Cok. Is this the Licence, *Numps*? for Love's sake let me see't; I never saw a Licence.

Waf. Did you not so? why, you shall not see't then.

Cok. An' you love me, good *Numps*.

Waf. Sir, I love you, and yet I do not love you i' these Fooleries; set your heart at rest, there's nothing in't but hard words; and what would you see't for?

Cok. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's all; and I will see't now, so I will.

Waf. You sha' not see it here.

Cok. Then I'll see't at home, and I'll look upon the Case here.

Waf. Why, do so; a Man must give way to him a little in trifles: Gentlemen. These are Errors, Dis-cases

eases of Youth; which he will mend when he comes to Judgment and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceive so, and I thank you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thank you again.

Quar. Well, this *Dry-Nurse*, I say still, is a delicate Man.

Win-w. And I am, for the Coffer, his Charge! Did you ever see a Fellow's Face more accuse him for an Ass?

Quar. Accuse him? it confesses him one without accusing. What pity 'tis yonder Wench should marry such a Cokes?

Win-w. 'Tis true.

Quar. She seems to be discreet, and as sober as she is handsome.

Win-w. I, and if you mark her, what a restrain'd scorn she casts upon all his Behaviour and Speeches?

Cok. Well, *Numps*, I am now for another piece of business more, the *Fair*, *Numps*, and then——

Waf. Bless me! deliver me, help, hold me! the *Fair*!

Cok. Nay, never fidge up and down, *Numps*, and vex it self. I am resolute *Bartholomew* in this; I'll make no suit on't to you; 'twas all the end of my Journey indeed, to shew Mrs. *Grace* my *Fair*. I call't my *Fair*, because of *Bartholomew*: you know my Name is *Bartholomew*, and *Bartholomew-Fair*.

Job. That was mine afore, Gentlemen: this Morning. I had that i' faith upon his Licence, believe me, there he comes after me.

Quar. Come, *John*, this ambitious Wit of yours (I am afraid) will do you no good i' the end.

Job. No? why Sir?

Quar. You grow so insolent with it, and over-doing, *John*, that if you look not to it, and tie it up, it will bring you to some obscure place in time, and there 'twill leave you.

Win-w.

Win-w. Do not trust it too much, *John*, be more sparing, and use it but now and then; a Wit is a dangerous thing in this Age; do not over-buy it.

Job. Think you so, Gentlemen? I'll take heed on't hereafter.

Win. Yes, do *John*.

Cok. A pretty little Soul, this same Mrs. *Little-wit*, would I might marry her.

Gra. So would I, or any body else, so I might scape you.

Cok. *Numps*, I will see it, *Numps*, 'tis decreed; never be melancholy for the matter.

Waf. Why, see it, Sir, see it, do, see it! who hinders you? why do you not go see it? 'Slid see it.

Cok. The Fair, *Numps*, the Fair.

Waf. Would the Fair, and all the Drums and Rattles in't, were i' your Belly for me: they are already i' your Brain: He that had the means to travel your Head now, should meet finer Sights than any are i' the Fair, and make a finer Voyage on't; to see it all hung with Cockle-shells, Pebbles, fine Wheat-straws, and here and there a Chicken's Feather, and a Cob-web.

Quar. Good faith, he looks, methinks, an' you mark him, like one that were made to catch Flies, with his Sir *Cranyon*-Legs.

Win-w. And his *Numps*, to flap 'em away.

Waf. God be wi' you, Sir, there's your *Bee* in a Box, and much good do't you.

Cok. Why, your Friend, and *Bartholomew*; an' you be so contumacious.

Quar. What mean you, *Numps*?

Waf. I'll not be guilty, I, Gentlemen.

Over. You will not let him go, *Brother*, and lose him?

Cok. Who can hold that will away? I had rather lose him than the Fair, I wusse.

Waf.

Waf. You do not know the Inconvenience, Gentlemen, you perswade to, nor what Trouble I have with him in these Humours. If he go to the *Fair*, he will buy of every thing to a Baby there; and Household-stuff for that too. If a Leg or an Arm on him did not grow on, he would lose it i' the Press. Pray Heav'n I bring him off with one Stone! And then he is such a Ravener after Fruit! you will not believe what a coil I had t' other day, to compound a business between a Katern-pear Woman, and him, about snatching! 'Tis intolerable, Gentlemen.

Win-w. O! but you must not leave him now to these Hazards, *Numps*.

Waf. Nay, he knows too well I will not leave him, and that makes him presume: Well, Sir, will you go now? If you have such an itch i' your Feet, to foot it to the *Fair*, why do you stop, am I your Tarriars? go, will you go? Sir, why do you not go?

Cok. O *Numps*! have I brought you about? come Mistress *Grace*, and Sister, I am resolute *Bar*, i' faith, still.

Gra. Truly, I have no such fancy to the *Fair*; nor ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

Cok. O Lord, Sir! you shall pardon me, Mistress *Grace*, we are enow of our selves to make it a fashion; and for qualities, let *Numps* alone, he'll find qualities.

Quar. What a Rogue in apprehension is this! to understand her Language no better.

Win-w. I, and offer to marry her. Well, I will leave the chase of my Widow for to day, and directly to the *Fair*. These Flies cannot, this hot Season, but engender us excellent creeping Sport.

Quar. A Man that has but a Spoon-full of Brain would think so. Farewel, *John*.

Job.

Job. *Win*, you see 'tis in fashion to go to the *Fair*,
Win: we must to the *Fair* too, you and I, *Win*. I
 have an affair i' the *Fair*, *Win*, a Puppet-play of mine
 own making: say nothing, that I writ for the *Mori-*
on Man, which you must see, *Win*.

Win. I would I might, *Jobn*; but my Mother will
 never consent to such a *prophane motion*; she will
 call it.

Job. Tut, we'll have a Device, a dainty one:
 (Now *Win*, help at a pinch, good *Win* come, come
 good *Win*, and 't be thy Will.) I have it, *Win*, I
 have it i' faith, and 'tis a fine one. *Win*, long to eat
 of a Pig, sweet *Win*, i' the *Fair*; do you see, i' the
 heart o' the *Fair*; not at *Pye-corner*. Your Mother
 will do any thing, *Win*, to satisfy your longings,
 you know; pray thee long presently, and be sick o' the
 sudden, good *Win*. I'll go in and tell her; cut thy
 Lace i' the mean time, and play the *Hypocrite*, sweet
Win.

Win. No, I'll not make me unready for it. I can
 be *Hypocrite* enough, though I were never so straight
 lac'd.

Job. You say true, you have been bred i' the Fa-
 mily, and brought up to't. Our Mother is a most
 elect *Hypocrite*, and has maintain'd us all this seven
 year with it, like Gentlefolks.

Win. I, let her alone, *Jobn*, she is not a wise wil-
 ful Widow for nothing; nor a sanctified Sister for a
 Song. And let me alone too, I ha' somewhat o' the
 Mother in me, you shall see; fetch her, fetch her,
 ah, ah.

SCENE VI.

Purecraft, Win, Jobn, Busy, Salomon.

Purec. Now, the blaze of the beauteous Discipline;
 fright away this Evil from our House! How now,
Win.

Win-the-fight, Child; how do you? Sweet Child, speak to me.

Win. Yes, forsooth.

Purec. Look up, sweet *Win-the-fight*, and suffer not the Enemy to enter you at this Door, remember that your Education has been with the purest; what polluted one was it, that nam'd first the unclean Beast, Pig, to you, Child?

Win. Uh, uh.

Job. Not I, o' my sincerity, Mother; she long'd above three Hours e'er she would let me know it; who was it, *Win*?

Win. A prophane black thing with a Beard, *John*.

Purec. O! resist it, *Win-the-fight*, it is the Tempter, the wicked Tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of Pig; be strong against it, and its foul Temptations, in these Assaults, whereby it broacheth Flesh and Blood, as it were on the weaker side, and pray against its carnal provocations; good Child, sweet Child, pray.

Job. Good Mother, I pray you, that she may eat some Pig, and her Belly full too; and do not you cast away your own Child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the Tempter: How do you, *Win*? Are you not sick?

Win. Yes, a great deal, *John*, (uh, uh.)

Purec. What shall we do? Call our zealous Brother *Busy* hither, for his faithful fortification in this charge of the Adversary; Child, my dear Child, you shall eat Pig; be comforted, my sweet Child.

Win. I, but i' the *Fair*, Mother.

Purec. I mean i' the *Fair*, if it can be any way made or found lawful. Where is our Brother *Busy*? will he not come? Look up, Child.

Job. Presently, Mother, as soon as he has cleans'd his Beard. I found him fast by the Teeth, i' the cold Turkey-pie i' the Cupboard, with a great white Loaf on his left Hand, and a Glas of *Malmsey* on his right.

Purec:

Purec. Slander not the *Brethren*, wicked one!

Job. Here he is now, purified Mother.

Purec. O Brother *Busby*! your help here, to edifie and raise us up in a Scruple; my Daughter *Win-the-fight* is visited with a natural Disease of *Women*; call'd *A longing to eat Pig*.

Job. I Sir, a *Bartholomew Pig*; and in the *Fair*.

Purec. And I would be satisfied from you, Religiously-wise, whether a Widow of the sanctified Assembly, or a Widow's Daughter, may commit the Act without offence to the weaker Sisters.

Busf. Verily, for the Disease of Longing, it is a Disease, a carnal Disease, or Appetite, incident to Women: and as it is carnal, and incident, it is natural, very natural: Now Pig, it is a Meat, and a Meat that is nourishing and may be long'd for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten: But in the *Fair*, and as a *Bartholomew Pig*, it cannot be eaten; for the very calling it a *Bartholomew Pig*, and to eat it so, is a spice of *Idolatry*, and you make the *Fair* no better than one of the *High-places*. This, I take it, is the state of the Question: A *High-place*.

Job. I, but in state of Necessity, *Place* should give place, Mr. *Busby*. (I have a Conceit left yet.)

Purec. Good Brother, *Zeal-of-the-Land*, think to make it as lawful as you can.

Job. Yes Sir, and as soon as you can; for it must be, Sir; you see the danger my little Wife is in, Sir.

Purec. Truly, I do love my Child dearly, and I would not have her miscarry, or hazard her First-fruits, if it might be otherwise.

Busf. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject to construction, subject, and hath a face of Offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face; but that face may have a Veil put over it, and be shaddowed as it were; it may be eaten, and in the *Fair*, I take it, in a Booth, the Tents of the wicked: The Place

is not much, not very much, we may be Religious in midst of the Prophane, so it be eaten with a reformed Mouth, with *Sobriety*, and Humbleness; not gorg'd in with Gluttony or Greediness, there's the fear: For, should she go there, as taking Pride in the place, or Delight in the unclean dressing, to feed the vanity of the Eye, or lust of the Palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

Job. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't; but courage, *Win*, we'll be humble enough, we'll seek out the homeliest Booth i' the *Fair*, that's certain; rather than fail, we'll eat it o' the Ground.

Purec. I, and I'll go with you my self, *Win-the-fight*, and my Brother *Zeal-of-the-land* shall go with us too, for our better Consolation.

Win. Uh, uh.

Job. I, and *Salomon* too, *Win*, (the more the merrier.) *Win*, we'll leave *Rabby Busy* in a Booth. *Salomon*, my Cloke.

Sal. Here, Sir.

Bus. In the way of Comfort to the Weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and prophetic; there may be a good use made of it too, now I think on't: By the publick eating of Swine's Flesh, to profess our hate and loathing of *Judaism*, whereof the Brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea I will eat exceedingly.

Job. Good i' faith, I will eat heartily too, because I will be no *Jew*, I could never away with that stiff-necked Generation: And truly, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for Pig so i' the Mother's Belly.

Bus. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceedingly likely.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Justice Overdo.

WELL, in Justice name, and the King's, and for the Commonwealth! defie all the World, *Adam Overdo*, for a Disguise, and all *Story*; for thou hast fitted thy self, I swear. Fain would I meet the *Linceus* now, that Eagle's Eye, that piercing *Epidaurian* Serpent (as my *Quint. Horace* calls him) that could discover a Justice of Peace (and lately of the *Quorum*) under this Covering. They may have seen many a Fool in the habit of a Justice; but never 'till now, a Justice in the habit of a Fool. Thus must we do though, that wake for the publick good; and thus hath the wise Magistrate done in all Ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Never shall I enough commend a worthy worshipful Man, sometime a capital Member of this City, for his high Wisdom in this point, who would take you now the Habit of a Porter, now of a Carman, now of the Dog-killer, in this month of *August*; and in the Winter, of a Seller of *Tinder-boxes*; and what would he do in all these Shapes? marry, go you into every Alehouse, and down into every Cellar; measure the length of Puddings, take the gage of black Pots and Cans, I, and Custards, with a Stick; and their circumference with a Thread; weigh the Loaves of Bread on his middle Finger; then would he send for 'em home; give the Puddings to the Poor, the Bread to the Hungry, the Custards to his Children; break the Pots, and burn the Cans himself; he would not trust his corrupt Officers, he would do't himself. Would all Men in Authority would follow this worthy President. For (alas) as we are publick Persons, what do we know? nay, what

what can we know? we hear with other Mens Ears, we see with other Mens Eyes. A foolish Constable, or a sleepy Watchman, is all our Information; he flanders a Gentleman, by the vertue of his Place, (as he calls it) and we, by the vice of ours, must believe him. As awhile agoe, they made me, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous Pursivant, for a *Seminary*; and a proper young Batchelor of Musick, for a Bawd. This we are subject to that live in high place, all our Intelligence is idle, and most of our Intelligencers Knaves; and by your leave, our selves thought little better, if not errant Fools, for believing 'em. I *Adam Overdo* am resolv'd therefore to spare Spymony hereafter, and make mine own Discoveries. Many are the yearly Enormities of this Fair, in whose Courts of *Pye-poulders* I have had the Honour, during the three Days, sometimes to sit as Judge. But this is the special day for detection of those foresaid Enormities. Here is my black Book for the purpose; this the Cloud that hides me; under this Convert I shall see and not be seen. On *Junius Brutus*. And as I began, so I'll end; in Justice name, and the King's, and for the Commonwealth,

S C E N E II.

Leatherhead, Trash, Justice, Urs'la, Moon-calf, Nightingale, Costermonger, Passengers.

Leath. The Fair's pestilence dead methinks; People come not abroad to day, whatever the matter is. Do you hear, Sister *Trash*, Lady o' the Basket? sit farther with your Gingerbread Progeny there, and hinder not the Prospect of my Shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i' the Fair, what Stuff they are made on.

Tra. Why, what Stuff are they made on, Brother *Leatherhead*? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

C 2

Leath.

Leath. Yes, stale Bread, rotten Eggs, musty Ginger, and dead Hony, you know.

Just. I! have I met with Enormity so soon?

Leath. I shall mar your Market, old *Jone*.

Tra. Mar my Market, thou too-proud Pedler? do thy worst, I defie thee, I, and thy Stable of Hobby-Horses. I pay for my Ground, as well as thou dost, and thou wrong'st me, for all thou art parcel-Poet, and an Ingineer. I'll find a Friend shall right me, and make a Ballad of thee, and thy Cattle all over. Are you puffed up with the pride of your Wares? your *Arsedine*?

Leath. Go too, old *Jone*, I'll talk with you anon; and take you down too, afore Justice *Overdo*, he is the Man must charm you, I'll ha' you i' the *Pie-pouldres*.

Tra. Charm me? I'll meet thee Face to Face, afore his Worship, when thou dar'st: and though I be a little crooked o' my Body, I'll be found as upright in my dealing as any Woman in *Smithfield*; I, charm me?

Just. I am glad to hear my Name is their Terror, yet this is doing of Justice.

Leath. What do you lack? what is't you by? what do you lack? Rattles, Drums, Halberts, Horses, Babies o' the best? Fiddles o' the finest?

Enter Costermonger.

Cost. Buy any Pears, Pears, fine, very fine Pears.

Tra. Buy any Gingerbread, gilt Gingerbread!

Night. Hey, Now the Fair's a filling!

O, for a Tune to startle

The Birds o' the Booths here billing:

Tearly with old Saint Barthle!

The Drunkards they are wading,

The Punques and Chapmen trading;

Who'd see the Fair without his Lading?

Buy

Buy any Ballads; new Ballads?

Urf. Fie upon't: who would wear out their Youth and Prime thus, in roasting of Pigs, that had any cooler Vocation? Hell's a kind of cold Cellar to't, a very fine Vault, o' my Conscience! what *Moon-calf*.

Moo. Here, Mistress.

Night. How now *Urs'la*? in a heat, in a heat?

Urf. My Chair, you false Faucet you; and my Morning's draught, quickly, a Bottle of Ale, to quench me, Raskal. I am all Fire and Fat, *Night-ingale*, I shall e'en melt away to the first Woman, a Rib again, I am afraid. I do water the Ground in knots, as I go, like a great Garden-pot; you may follow me by the S. S. I make.

Night. Alas, good *Urs*, was *Zekiel* here this morning?

Urf. *Zekiel*? what *Zekiel*?

Night. *Zekiel Edgworth*, the civil Cut-purse, you know him well enough; he that talks bawdy to you still: I call him my Secretary.

Urf. He promis'd to be here this morning, I remember.

Night. When he comes, bid him stay: I'll be back again presently. [*Mooncalf brings in the Chair.*]

Urf. Best take your morning Dew in your Belly, *Nightingale*: Come Sir, set it here; did not I bid you should get this Chair let out o' the sides for me, that my Hips might play? you'll never think of anything, till your Dame be rump-gall'd; 'tis well, Change-ling: because it can take in your Grass-hoppers Thighs, you care for no more. Now you look as you had been i' the corner o' the Booth, fleaing your Breech with a Candle's End, and set fire o' the Fair. Fill, *Store*, fill.

Just. This Pig-woman do I know, and I will put her in, for my second Enormity; she hath been before me, *Punk*, *Pinnace*, and *Bawd*, any time these two and twenty Years upon Record i' the *Pie-pouldres*.

Urf. Fill again, you unlucky Vermine.

Moo. 'Pray you be not angry, Mistress, I'll ha' it widen'd anon.

Urf. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, e'er the *Fair* be done, you think, now you ha' heated me: A poor vex'd thing I am, I feel my self dropping already, as fast as I can; two Stone a Sewet a day is my proportion: I can but hold Life and Soul together, with this (here's to you, *Nightringale*) and a whiff of Tobacco, at most. Where's my Pipe now? not fill'd? thou errant *Incubee*.

Night. Nay, *Urs'la*, thou'lt gall between the Tongue and the Teeth, with fretting, now.

Urf. How can I hope that ever he'll discharge his place of Trust, Tapster, a Man of reckoning under me, that remembers nothing I say to him? but look to't, Sirrah, you were best, three Pence a Pipe full, I will ha' made, of all my whole half Pound of Tobacco, and a quarter of a Pound of *Coltsfoot* mixt with it too, to ceech it out. I that have dealt so long in the Fire, will not be to seek in Smoke, now. Then six and twenty Shillings a Barrel I will advance o' my Beer, and fifty Shillings a hundred o' my Bottle-Ale; I ha' told you the ways how to raise it. Froth your Cans well i' the filling, at length Rogue, and jog your Bottles o' the Buttock, Sirrah, then skink out the first Glass ever, and drink with all Companies, though you be sure to be drunk; you'll mis-reckon the better, and be less asham'd on't. But your true Trick, Rascal, must be, to be ever busie, and mistake away the Bottles and Cans, in haste, before they be half drunk off, and never hear any body call, (if they should chance to mark you) till you ha' brought fresh, and be able to forswear 'em. Give me a drink of Ale.

Just. This is the very *Womb* and *Bed* of Enormity! grofs as her self! This must all down for Enormity, all, every whit on't.

[*One knocks.*

Urf.

Urf. Look who's there, Sirrah : Five Shillings a Pig is my Price, at least; if it be a Sow Pig, Six-pence more; if she be a great-bellied Wife, and long for't, Six-pence more for that.

Just. O tempora! O mores! I would not ha' lost my discovery of this one Grievance, for my Place, and Worship o'the *Bench*. How is the Poor abus'd here! Well, I will fall in with her, and with her *Mooncalf*, and win out wonders of Enormity. By thy leave, goodly Woman, and the Fatness of the *Fair*; oily as the King's Constable's Lamp, and shining as his Shooing-horn! Hath thy Ale vertue, or thy Beer strength, that the Tongue of Man may be tickled, and his Palate pleas'd in the Morning? let thy pretty Nephew here go search and see.

Urf. What new Roarer is this?

Moo. O Lord! do you not know him, Mistress? 'tis mad *Arthur* of *Bradley*, that makes the Orations. Brave Master, old *Arthur* of *Bradley*, how do you? welcome to the *Fair*; when shall we hear you again, to handle your matters, with your Back against a Booth, ha? I ha' been one o' your little Disciples, i' my days!

Just. Let me drink, Boy, with my Love, thy Aunt, here; that I may be eloquent: but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my Mouth, and my words fall foul on the *Fair*.

Urf. Why dost thou not fetch him Drink? and offer him to sit?

Moo. Is't Ale, or Beer, Master *Arthur*?

Just. Thy best, pretty Stripling, thy best; the same thy Dove drinketh, and thou drawest on Holy-days.

Urf. Bring him a Six-penny Bottle of Ale: they say, a Fool's hansel is lucky.

Just. Bring both, Child. Ale for *Arthur*, and Beer for *Bradley*. Ale for thine Aunt, Boy. My disguise takes to the very wish and reach of it. I shall by

the benefit of this discover enough, and more: and yet get off with the Reputation of what I would be: A certain midling thing, between a Fool and a Madman.

SCENE III.

To them, Knockbum.

Knoc. What! my little lean *Urs'la*! my She-Bear! art thou alive yet, with thy litter of Pigs, to grunt out another *Bartholomew Fair*? ha!

Urs. Yes, and to amble afoot, when the *Fair* is done, to hear you groan out of a Cart, up the heavy Hill.

Knoc. Of *Holborn*, *Urs'la*, mean'st thou so? for what, for what, pretty *Urs*?

Urs. For cutting Half-penny Purse, or stealing little penny Dogs, out o' the *Fair*.

Knoc. O! good words, good words, *Urs*.

Just. Another special Enormity. A Cut-purse of the Sword, the Boot, and the Feather! those are his Marks.

Urs. You are one of those Horse-leaches that gave out I was dead, in *Turn-bull Street*, of a Surfeit of Bottle-Ale and Tripes?

Knoc. No, 'twas better Meat, *Urs*: Cows Udders, Cows Udders!

Urs. Well, I shall be-meet with your mumbling Mouth one day.

Knoc. What? thou'll poyson me with a Neuft in a Bottle of Ale, wilt thou? or a Spider in a Tobacco-pipe, *Urs*? Come, there's no Malice in these fat Folks, I never fear thee, and I can scape thy lean *Moon-calf* here. Let's drink it out, good *Urs*, and no Vapours!

Just. Dost thou hear, Boy? (there's for thy Ale, and the remnant for thee) speak in thy faith of a
Faucet,

Faucet, now; is this goodly Person before us here, this Vapours, a Knight of the Knife?

Moo. What mean you by that, Master *Arthur*?

Just. I mean a Child of the Horn-thumb, a Babe of Booty, Boy, a Cut-purse.

Moo. O Lord, Sir! far from it. This is Master *Dan. Knockbum*: *Jordane* the Ranger of *Turnbull*. He is a Horse-courser, Sir.

Just. Thy dainty Dame, though, call'd him Cut-purse.

Moo. Like enough, Sir; she'll do forty such things in an hour (an you listen to her) for her Recreation, if the Toy take her i' the greasie Kerchief: It makes her fat, you see; she battens with it.

Just. Here might I ha' been deceiv'd now, and ha' put a Fool's blot upon my self, if I had not play'd an after Game o' discretion.

[*Urs'la comes in again dropping.*

Knoc. Alas poor *Urs*, this is an ill Season for thee.

Urs. Hang your self. Hackney-man.

Knoc. How, how, *Urs*? Vapours? Motion breed Vapours?

Urs. Vapours? Never tusk, nor twirle your Dibble, good *Jordane*, I know what you'll take to a very Drop. Though you be Captain o' the Roarers, and fight well at the case of Piss-pots, you shall not fright me with your Lyon-chap, Sir, nor your Tusks; you angry? you are hungry: come, a Pig's Head will stop your Mouth, and stay your Stomach at all times.

Knoc. Thou art such another mad merry *Urs*, still! Troth I do make conscience of vexing thee, now i' the Dog-days, this hot weather, for fear of foundring thee i' the Body, and melting down a *Pillar* of the Fair. Pray thee take thy Chair again, and keep state; and let's have a fresh Bottle of Ale, and a Pipe of Tobacco; and no Vapours. I'll ha' this Belly o' thine taken up, and thy Grasse scou'd, Wench: Look, here's *Ezekiel Edgworth*; a fine Boy of his Inches, as any

any is i' the *Fair!* has still Mony in his Purse, and will pay all, with a kind Heart, and good Vapours.

SCENE IV.

To them, Edgworth, Nightingale, Corn-cutter, Tinder-box-man, Passengers.

Edg. That I will indeed, willingly, Master *Knock-bum*; fetch some Ale and Tobacco.

Leath. What do you lack, Gentlemen? Maid, see a fine Hobby-horse for your young Master; cost you but a Token a Week his Provender.

Cor. Ha' you any Corns i' your Feet and Toes?

Tin. Buy a Mouse-trap, a Mouse-trap, or a Tormentor for a Flea.

Trq. Buy some Gingerbread.

Nigh. Ballads, Ballads! fine new Ballads:

Hear for your Love, and buy for your Mony.

A delicate Ballad o' the Ferret and the Coney.

A Preservative again' the Punques evil.

Another of Goose green-starch, and the Devil.

A dozen of Divine Points, and the Godly Garters!

The Fairing of good Counsel, of an Ell and three quarters. What is't you buy?

The Wind mill blown down by the Witch's Part!

Or Saint George, that O! did break the Dragon's Heart.

Edg. Master *Nightingale*, come hither, leave your Mart a little.

Nigh. O my Secretary! what says my Secretary?

Just. Child o' the Bottles, what's he? what's he?

Moa. A civil young Gentleman, Master *Arthur*, that keeps Company with the Roarers, and disburfes all still. He has ever Mony in his Purse; he pays for them, and they roar for him; one does good offices for another. They call him the Secretary, but he serves no body. A great Friend of the Ballad-man's, they are never asunder.

Just.

Bartholomew Fair.

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Just. What pity 'tis, so civil a young Man should haunt this debauch'd Company? Here's the Bane of the Youth of our Time apparent. A proper Pen-man, I see't in his Countenance, he has a good Clerk's Look with him, and I warrant him a quick Hand.

Moo. A very quick Hand, Sir.

Edg. All the Purfes, and Purchase, I give you to day by conveyance, bring hither to *Ursla's* presently. Here we will meet at Night in her Lodge, and share. Look you chuse good places for your standing i' the Fair, when you sing, *Nightingale*.

[*This they whisper, that Overdo bears it not.*]

Urf. I, near the fullest Passages; and shift 'em often.

Edg. And i' your singing, you must use your Hawks Eye nimbly, and fly the Purse to a mark still, where 'tis worn, and o' which side; that you may gi' me the sign with your Beak, or hang your Head that way i' the tune.

Urf. Enough, talk no more on't: Your Friendship (*Masters*) is not now to begin. Drink your draught of Indenture, your sup of Covenant, and away; the Fair fills apace, Company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'er a Pig ready yet.

Knoc. Well said! fill the Cups, and light the Tobacco: let's give fire i' the Works, and noble Vapours.

Edg. And shall we ha' Smocks *Urf's*, and good whimsies, ha?

Urf. Come, you are i' your bawdy vein! the best the Fair will afford, *Zekiel*, if Bawd *Whit* keep his word. How do the Pigs, *Moon-calf*?

Moo. Very passionate, Mistress, one on 'em has wept out an Eye. Master *Arthur* o' *Bradley* is melancholy here, no body talks to him. Will you any Tobacco, Master *Arthur*?

Just. No, Boy, let my Meditations alone.

Moo. He's studying for an Oration, now.

Just.

Just. If I can with this day's Travel, and all my Policy, but rescue this Youth here out of the hands of the lewd Man and the strange Woman, I will sit down at Night, and say with my Friend Ovid, *Famque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, &c.*

Knoc. Here *Zekiel*, here's a Health to *Urs'la*, and a kind Vapour; thou hast Mony i' thy Purse still, and store! how dost thou come by it? Pray thee vapour thy Friends some in a courteous Vapour.

Edg. Half I have, Master *Dan. Knockbum*, is always at your Service.

Just. Ha, sweet Nature! what Goshawk would prey upon such a Lamb?

Knoc. Let's see what 'tis, *Zekiel*; count it, come, fill him to pledge me,

SCENE V.

To them, Win-wife, Quarulous?

Win-w. We are here before 'em, methinks.

Quar. All the better, we shall see 'em come in now.

Leath. What do you lack, Gentlemen, what is't you lack? a fine Horse? a Lyon? a Bull? a Bear? a Dog, or a Cat? an excellent fine *Bartholomew*-bird? or an Instrument? what is't you lack?

Quar. 'Slid! here's *Orpheus* among the Beasts, with his Fiddle, and all!

Tra. Will you buy any comfortable Bread, Gentlemen?

Quar. And *Ceres* selling her Daughter's Picture, in Ginger-work.

Win-w. That these People should be so ignorant to think us Chapmen for 'em! do we look as if we would buy Ginger-bread, or Hobby-horses?

Quar. Why, they know no better Ware than they have, nor better Customers than come. And our
very

very being here makes us fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would *Cokes* would come! there were a true Customer for 'em.

Knoc. How much is't? thirty Shillings? Who's yonder! *Ned Win-wife?* and *Tom Quarlous*, I think! yes: Gi' me it all, gi' me it all. Master *Win-wife!* Master *Quarlous!* will you take a Pipe of Tobacco with us? Do not discredit me now, *Zekiel*.

Win-w. Do not see him; he is the roaring Horse-courser, pray thee let's avoid him: turn down this way.

Quar. 'Slud, I'll see him, and roar with him too, and he roar'd as loud as *Neptune*; pray thee go with me.

Win-w. You may draw me to as likely an Inconvenience, when you please, as this.

Quar. Go to then, come along, we ha' nothing to do, Man, but to see Sights now.

Knoc. Welcome Master *Quarlous*, and Master *Win-wife*; will you take any Froth and Smoak with us?

Quar. Yes, Sir; but you'll pardon us if we knew not of so much Familiarity between us afore.

Knoc. As what, Sir?

Quar. To be so lightly invited to Smoak and Froth.

Knoc. A good Vapour! Will you sit down, Sir? this is old *Urs'la's* Mansion; how like you her Bower? here you may ha' your Punk and your Pig in State, Sir, both piping hot.

Quar. I had rather ha' my Punk cold, Sir.

Just. There's for me: Punk! and Pig!

Urs. What *Mooncalf*, you Rogue?

[*She calls within.*]

Moo. By and by, the Bottle is almost off, Mistress; here, Master *Arthur*.

Urs. I'll part you and your Play-fellow there, i' the guarded Coat, an you sunder not the sooner.

Knoc. Master *Win-wife*, you are proud methinks, you do not talk, nor drink; are you proud?

Win-w.

Win-w. Not of the Company I am in, Sir, nor the Place, I assure you.

Knoc. You do not except at the Company, do you! are you in Vapours, Sir?

Moo. Nay, good Master *Dan. Knockbum*, respect my Mistress's Bower, as you call it; for the honour of our Booth, none o' your Vapours here.

Urf. Why, you thin lean Polecat you, and they have a mind to be i' their Vapours, must you hinder 'em? what did you know, Vermine, if they would ha' lost a Cloak, or such a Trifle? must you be drawing the Air of Pacification here? while I am tormented within i' the fire, you Weasel?

[*She comes out with a Fire-brand.*]

Moo. Good Mistress, 'twas in the behalf of your Booth's Credit that I spoke.

Urf. Why! would my Booth ha' broke, if they had fal'n out in't, Sir? or would their Heat ha' fir'd it? In, you Rogue, and wipe the Pigs, and mend the Fire, that they fall not, or I'll both baste and roast you 'till your Eyes drop out, like 'em. (Leave the Bottle behind you, and be curst a while.)

Quar. Body o' the *Fair!* what's this? Mother o' the Bawds?

Knoc. No, she's Mother o' the Pigs, Sir, Mother o' the Pigs.

Win. Mother o' the *Furies*, I think, by her Fire-brand,

Quar. Nay, she is too fat to be a *Fury*, sure some walking Sow of Tallow!

Win. An inspir'd Vessel of Kitchen-stuff!

Quar. She'll make excellent Geer for the Coach-makers here in *Smithfield*, to anoint Wheels and Axle-trees with.

[*She drinks this while.*]

Urf. I, I, Gamesters, mock a plain plump soft Wench o' the Suburbs, do, because she's juicy and wholesome; you must ha' your thin pinch'd Ware, pent up i' the compass of a Dog-collar (or 'twill not do)

do) that looks like a long lac'd Conger, set upright, and a green Feather, like Fennel i' the Joll on't.

Knoc. Well said, *Urs*, my good *Urs*; to 'em *Urs*.

Quar. Is she your Quagmire, *Dan. Knockbum*? is this your Bog?

Nig. We shall have a Quarrel presently.

Knoc. How, Bog? Quagmire? foul Vapours! humh!

Quar. Yes, he that would venture for't, I assure him, might sink into her, and be drown'd a Week, e'er any Friend he had could find where he were.

Win. And then he would be a Fort'night weighing up again.

Quar. 'Twere like falling into a whole Shire of Butter; they had need be a Team of *Dutchmen* should draw him out.

Knoc. Answer 'em, *Urs*, where's thy *Bartholomew* Wit now, *Urs*, thy *Bartholomew* Wit?

Urs. Hang 'em, rotten, roguy Cheaters, I hope to see 'em plagu'd one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) with lean Play-house Poultry, that has the Bony Rump, sticking out like the Ace of Spades, or the point of a Partizan, that every Rib of 'em is like the Tooth of a Saw; and will so grate 'em with their Hips and Shoulders, as (take 'em altogether) they were as good lie with a hurdle.

Quar. Out upon her, how she drips! She's able to give a Man the Sweating-sickness with looking on her.

Urs. Marry look off, with a patch o' your Face, and a dozen i' your Breech, tho' they be o' Scarlet, Sir. I ha' seen as fine Our-sides as either o' yours, bring lowlie Linnen to the Brokers, ere now, twice a week.

Quar. Do you think there may be a fine new Cucking-stool i' the *Fair*, to be purchas'd; one large enough, I mean? I know there is a Pond of Capacity for her.

Urs.

Urf. For your Mother, you Rascal, out you Rogue, you Hedge-bird, you Pimp, you Pannier-man's Bastard, you.

Quar. Ha, ha, ha.

Urf. Do you sneer, you Dogs-head, you *Trendle Tail*! you look as you were begotten a' top of a Cart in Harvest-time, when the Whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuff after your Brother's Bitch, Mrs. *Commodity*; that's the Livery you wear, 'twill be out at the Elbows shortly. It's time you went to't for the t'other Remnant.

Knoc. Peace, *Urs*, Peace, *Urs*; they'll kill the poor Whale, and make Oil of her. Pray thee go in.

Urf. I'll see 'em pox'd first, and pil'd, and double pil'd.

Win. Let's away, her Language grows greasier than her Pigs.

Urf. Does't so, Snotty-nose? good Lord! are you sniveling? You were engendred on a She-beggar in a Barn, when the bald Thrasher, your Sire, was scarce warm.

Win. Pray thee let's go.

Quar. No, faith; I'll stay the end of her now: I know she cannot last long; I find by her *Similies* she wanes apace.

Urf. Does she so? I'll set you gone. Gi' me my Pig-pan hither a little. I'll scald you hence, an you will not go.

Knoc. Gentlemen, these are very strange Vapours! and very idle Vapours! I assure you.

Quar. You are a very serious As, we assure you.

Knoc. Humh! As? and serious? nay, then pardon me my Vapour. I have a foolish Vapour, Gentlemen: Any Man that does vapour me the As, Master *Quarulous* —

Quar. What then, Master *Jordan*?

Knoc. I do vapour him the Lie.

Quar. Faith, and to any Man that vapours me the Lie, I do vapour that.

Knoc.

Knoc. Nay then, Vapours upon Vapours!

Edg. Nig. 'Ware the Pan, the Pan, the Pan, she comes with the Pan, Gentlemen. God bless the Woman.

[*Urs'la comes in with the Scalding Pan.*

Urs. Oh.

[*They fight.*

Tra. What's the matter?

Just. Goodly Woman!

Moo. Mistress!

[*She falls with it.*

Urs. Curse of Hell, that ever I saw these Fiends, oh! I ha' scalded my Leg, my Leg, my Leg, my Leg. I ha' lost a Limb in the Service! run for some Cream and Sallad Oil, quickly. Are you underpeering, you Baboon? rip off my Hose, an' you be Men, Men, Men.

Moo. Run you for some Cream, good Mother *Jone*. I'll look to your Basket.

Leath. Best sit up i' your Chair, *Urs'la*. Help, Gentlemen.

Knoc. Be off good cheer, *Urs*, thou hast hindred me the currying of a Couple of Stallions here, that abus'd the good Race-bawd o' *Smithfield*; 'twas time for 'em to go.

Nig. I' faith, when the Pan came, they had made you run else. (This had been a fine time for purchase, if you had ventur'd.)

Edg. Not a whit, these Fellows were too fine to carry Money.

Knoc. *Nightingale*, get some help to carry her Leg out o' the Air; take off her Shooes; body o' me, she has the Mallanders, the Scratches, the Crown Scab, and the Quitter Bone i' the t'other Leg.

Urs. Oh, the Pox! why do you put me in mind o' my Leg thus, to make it prick and shoot? would you ha' me i' the Hospital afore my time?

Knoc. Patience, *Urs*, take a good Heart, 'tis but a Blister as big as a Windgall; I'll take it away with the white of an Egg, a little Honey and Hog's grease, ha' thy Pasterns well roll'd, and thou shalt pace again

by to morrow. I'll tend thy Booth, and look to thy Affairs the while: Thou shalt sit i' thy Chair, and give Directions, and shine *Urfa major*.

SCENE VI.

Justice, Edgworth, Nightingale, Cokes, Waspe, Mistress Overdo, Grace.

Just. These are the Fruits of Bottle Ale and Tobacco! the Fume of the one, and the Fumes of the other! Stay young Man, and despise not the Wisdom of these few Hairs that are grown gray in care of thee.

Edg. Nightingale, stay a little. Indeed I'll hear some o' this!

Cok. Come, *Numps*, come, where are you? Welcome into the Fair, *Mistress Grace*.

Edg. 'Slight, he will call Company, you shall see, and put us into doings presently.

Just. Thirst not after that frothy Liquor, Ale: for who knows when he openeth the Stopple, what may be in the Bottle? Hath not a Snail, a Spider, yea, a Newt been found there? thirst not after it, Youth; thirst not after it.

Cok. This is a brave Fellow, *Numps*, let's hear him.

Was. 'Sblood, how brave is he? in a garded Coat? You were best truck with him, e'en strip, and truck presently, it will become you, why will you hear him, because he is an Ass, and may be a-kin to the *Cokeses*.

Cok. O, good *Numps*.

Just. Neither do thou lust after that tawney Weed Tobacco.

Cok. Brave words!

Just. Whose Complexion is like the *Indian's* that vents it!

Cok. Are they not brave Words, Sister?

Just,

Just. And who can tell, if before the gathering and making up thereof, the *Alligarta* hath not piss'd thereon?

Was. 'Heart let 'em be brave words, as brave as they will! and they were all the brave Words in a Country, how then? will you away yet? ha' you enough on him? Mistress *Grace*, come you away, I pray you, be not you accessary. If you do lose your Licence, or somewhat else, Sir, with listning to his Fables, say *Numps* is a Witch, with all my heart, do, say so.

Cok. Avoid i' your Sattin Doubler, *Numps*.

Just. The creeping Venom of which subtle Serpent, as some late Writers affirm, neither the cutting of the perillous Plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting or burning, can any way persway or aswage.

Cok. Good i' faith! is't not, Sister?

Just. Hence it is that the Lungs of the Tobacco-nist are rotted, the Liver spotted, the Brain smoak'd like the back-side of the Pig-woman's Booth here, and the whole Body within black as her Pan you saw e'en now without.

Cok. A fine Similitude that, Sir! did you see the Pan?

Edg. Yes, Sir.

Just. Nay, the hole in the Nose here, of some Tobacco-takers, or the Third Nostril, (if I may so call it) which makes that they can vent the Tobacco out, like the Ace of Clubs, or rather the Flower-de-Lice, is caused from the Tobacco, the meer Tobacco! when the poor innocent Pox, having nothing to do there, is miserably and most unconscionably slander'd.

Cok. Who would ha' miss'd this, Sister?

Over. Not any body but *Numps*.

Cok. He does not understand.

Edg. Nor you feel.

[He picketh his Purse.

D 2

Cok.

Cok. What would you have, Sister, of a Fellow that knows nothing but a Basket-hilt, and an old Fox in't? the best Musick i' the Fair will not move a Log.

Edg. In, to *Urs'la*, *Nightingale*, and carry her comfort: see it told. This Fellow was sent to us by Fortune, for our first Fairing.

Just. But what speak I of the Diseases of the Body, Children of the Fair?

Cok. That's to us, Sister. Brave i' faith!

Just. Hark, O you Sons and Daughters of *Smithfield*! and hear what malady it doth the Mind: It causeth swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffling and snarling, and now and then a hurt.

Over. He hath something of Master *Overdo*, methinks, Brother.

Cok. So methought, Sister, very much of my Brother *Overdo*: And 'tis when he speaks.

Just. Look into any Angle o' Town, (the *Streights*, or the *Bermuda's*) where the quarrelling Lesson is read, and how do they entertain the time, but with Bottle-Ale and Tobacco? The Lecturer is o' one side, and his Pupils o' the other, but the Seconds are still Bottle-Ale and Tobacco, for which the Lecturer reads, and the Novices pay. Thirty Pound a week in Bottle-Ale! Forty in Tobacco! and Ten more in Ale again. Then for a Suit to drink in, so much, and (that being slaver'd) so much for another Suit, and then a Third Suit, and a Fourth Suit! and still the Bottle-Ale slavereth, and the Tobacco stinketh.

Waf. Heart of a Mad-man! Are you rooted here? Will you never away? What can any Man find out in this bawling Fellow, to grow here for? He is a full handful higher sin' he heard him. Will you fix here, and set up a Booth, Sir?

Just. I will conclude briefly——

Waf. Hold your Peace, you roaring Rascal, I'll run my Head i' your Chaps else. You were best build

a Booth, and entertain him; make your Will, and you say the Word, and him your Heir! Heart, I never knew one taken with a Mouth of a Peck afore. By this Light, I'll carry you away o' my Back, and you will not come.

[He gets him up on pick-pack.

Cok. Stay, *Numps*, stay, let me down: I ha' lost my Purse, *Numps*, O my Purse! One o' my fine Purfes is gone.

Over. Is't indeed, Brother?

Cok. I, as I am an honest man, would I were an errant Rogue else! a plague of all roguery damn'd Cut-purses for me.

Waf. Bless 'em with all my Heart, with all my Heart, do you see! Now, as I am no Infidel, that I know of, I am glad on't. I, I am, (here's my Witness) do you see, Sir? I did not tell you of his Fables, I? no, no, I am a dull Malt-horse I, I know nothing. Are you not justly serv'd, i' your Conscience now? Speak i' your Conscience. Much good do you with all my Heart, and his good Heart that has it, with all my Heart again.

Edg. This Fellow is very Charitable, would he had a Purse too! But I must not be too bold all at a time.

Cok. Nay, *Numps*, it is not my best Purse.

Waf. Not your best! death! why should it be your worst? why should it be any, indeed, at all? Answer me to that, gi' me a Reason from you, why it should be any?

Cok. Nor my Gold, *Numps*; I ha' that yet, look here else, Sister.

Waf. Why so, there's all the feeling he has!

Over. I pray you, have a better care of that, Brother.

Cok. Nay, so I will, I warrant you; let him catch this that catch can. I would fain see him get this, look you here.

Waf. So, so, so, so, so, so, so! Very good.

Cok. I would ha' him come again now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good Jest? I will put it just where th' other was, and if we ha' good luck, you shall see a delicate fine Trap to catch the Cut-purse nibbling.

Edg. Faith, and he'll try ere you be out o' the Fair.

Cok. Come, Mistress Grace, prethee be not melancholy for my Mischance; Sorrow wi' not keep it, Sweet Heart.

Gra. I do not think on't, Sir.

Cok. 'Twas but a little scurvy white Mony, hang it; it may hang the Cut-purse one day. I ha' Gold left to gi' thee a Fairing yet, as hard as the World goes: Nothing angers me but that no body here look'd like a Cut-purse, unless 'twere *Numps*.

Waf. How? I? I look like a Cut-purse? Death! your Sister's a Cut-purse! and your Mother and Father, and all your Kin were Cut-purses! and here is a Rogue is the Bawd o' the Cut-purses, whom I will beat to begin with.

They speak all together; and Waspe beats the Justice.

Cok. Numps, Numps.

Over. Good Mr. Humphrey.

Waf. You are the Patrico! are you? the Patriarch of the Cut-purses? You share, Sir, they say, let them share this with you. Are you i' your hot fit of Preaching again? I'll cool you.

Just. Murther, Murther, Murther.

Just. Hold thy Hand, Child of Wrath, and Heir of Anger, make it not *Childermass* Day in thy Fury, or the Feast of the *French Bartholomew*, Parent of the Massacre.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Whit, Haggise, Bristle, Leather-head, Traph.

NAY, tish all gone, now! dish tish, phen tou vilt not be phitin call, Master Offisher, phat ish a Man te better to lishen out noyshes for tee, and tou art in an oder 'orld, being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantish too, one o' their brabblesh would have fed ush all dish Fortnight, but tou art so bushy about beggersh still, tou hast no leshure to intend shentlemen, and't be.

Hag. Why, I told you, *Davy Bristle.*

Bri. Come, come, you told me a Pudding. *Toby Haggise*, a matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing! You said, let's go to *Ursla's*, indeed; but then you met the Man with the Monsters, and I could not get you from him. An old Fool, not leave seeing yet?

Hag. Why, who would ha' thought any body would ha' quarrell'd so early; or that the Ale o' the *Fair* would ha' been up so soon?

Whit. Phy, phat a Clock toest tou tink it ish, Man?

Hag. I cannot tell.

Whit. Tou art a vish Vatchman, i'te mean teem.

Hag. Why, should the Watch go by the Clock, or the Clock by the Watch, I pray?

Bri. One should go by another, if they did well.

Whit. Tou art right now! phen didst tou ever know or hear of a shuffishient Vatchman, but he did tell the Clock, phat bushiness soever he had?

Bri. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient Watchman knows what a Clock it is.

Whit. Shleeping or vaking! ash well as te Clock himself, or te Jack dat shtrikes him!

Bri. Let's enquire of Master *Leatherhead*, or *Jone Trash* here. Master *Leatherhead*, do you hear, Master *Leatherhead*?

Whit. If it be a *Ledderhead*, tish a very tick *Ledderhead*, tat sho mush noish vill not pierish him.

Lea. I have a little business now, good Friends, do not trouble me.

Whit. Phat? because o' ty wrought neet Cap, and ty Phelvet Sherkin, Man? Phy? I have shcene tee in ty *Ledder Sherkin*, e'er now, Mashter o' de *Hobby-horses*, as bushy and stately as tou sheemest to be.

Tra. Why, what an' you have, Captain *Whit*? he has his choice of *Jerkins*, you may see by that, and his Caps too, I assure you, when he pleases to be either sick or imploy'd.

Lea. God-a-mercy *Jone*, answer for me.

Whit. Away, be not sheen i' my Company, here be Shentlemen, and men of Vorship.

S C E N E II.

Quarlous, Whit, Win-wife, Busy, John, Pure-craft, Win, Knockbum, Moon-calf, Urs'la.

Quar. We had wonderful ill luck, to miss this Prologue o' the Purse; but the best is, we shall have Five *Acts* of him ere Night: He'll be Spectacle enough! I'll answer for't.

Whit. O Creech! Duke *Quarlous*, how dosht tou? tou dosht not know me, I fear? I am te vishesht man, but Justish *Overdo*, in all *Bartholmew Fair* now. Gi' me Twelve Pence from tee, I vill help tee to a Vife worth Forty Marks for't, and't be.

Quar. Away, Rogue; Pimp, away.

Whit. And she shall shew tee as fine cut o'rke for't in her Shmock too as tou cansht vish i' faith; vilt tou have her, Vorshipful *Vin-vife*? I vill help tee to her here, be an't be, into *Pig-Quarter*, gi' me ty Twelve Pence from tee.

Win-w.

Win-w. Why, there's Twelve Pence, pray thee wilt thou be gone.

Whit. Thou art a vorthy Man, and a vorshipful Man still.

Quar. Get you gone, Rascal.

Whit. I do mean it, Man. Prinsh *Quarlous*, if thou hast need on me, thou shalt find me here at *Ursla's*, I vill see phat Ale and Punque ish i' te Pigshy for tee, blefs ty good Vorship.

Quar. Look! who comes here? *John Little-wit!*

Win-w. And his Wife, and my Widow, her Mother: the whole Family.

Quar. 'Slight, you must gi'em all Fairings now.

Win-w. Not I, I'll not see 'em.

Quar. They are going a feasting. What School-matter's that is with 'em?

Win-w. That's my Rival, I believe, the *Baker!*

Bus. So, walk on in the middle way, fore-right, turn neither to the right hand nor to the left; let not your Eyes be drawn aside with Vanity, nor your Ear with Noises.

Quar. O, I know him by that Start!

Lea. What do you lack, what do you buy, pretty Mistress? a fine Hobby-horse, to make your Son a Tilter? a Drum, to make him a Soldier? a Fiddle, to make him a Reveller? What is't you lack? little Dogs for your Daughters? or Babies, Male or Female?

Bus. Look not toward them, hearken not; the place is *Smithfield*, or the *Field of Smiths*, the Grove of Hobby-horses and Trinkets, the Wares are the Wares of Devils, and the whole Fair is the Shop of *Satan*: They are Hooks and Baits, very Baits, that are hung out on every side, to catch you, and to hold you, as it were, by the Gills, and by the Nostrils, as the Fisher doth; therefore you must not look nor turn toward them——The *Heathen* Man could stop his Ears with Wax against the Harlot o' the

the Sea; do you the like with your Fingers against the Bells o' the Beast.

Win-w. What flashes come from him!

Quar. O, he has those of his Oven; a notable hot Baker 'twas when he ply'd the Peel: He is leading his Flock into the Fair now.

Win-w. Rather driving 'em to the Pens; for he will let 'em look upon nothing.

Knoc. Gentlewomen, the Weather's hot; whither walk you? Have a care o' your fine Velvet Caps, the Fair is dusty. Take a sweet delicate Booth, with Boughs, here i' the way, and cool your selves i' the Shade; you and your Friends. The best Pig and Bottle Ale i' the Fair, Sir. Old *Ursula* is Cook, there you may read; the Pig's Head speaks it. Poor Soul, she has had a *Stringbalt*, the *Marybinchco*; but she's prettily amended.

[*Little-wit is gazing at the Sign, which is the Pig's Head, with a large Writing under it.*

Whit. A delicate Show-Pig, little Mistress, with fhweet Sauce, and Crackling, like de Bay-Leaf i' de Fire, la! 'Tou shalt ha' de clean side o' de Table-Clot, and di Glass vash'd with phatersh of Dame *Annessh Cleare*.

Job. This is fine verily, here be the best Pigs, and she does roast 'em as well as ever she did; the Pig's Head says.

Knoc. Excellent, excellent Mistress, with Fire o' *Juniper* and *Rosemary* Branches! The Oracle of the Pig's Head, that, Sir.

Purec. Son, were you not warn'd of the Vanity of the Eye? Have you forgot the wholesome Admonition so soon?

Job. Good Mother, how shall we find a Pig, if we do not look about for't? Will it run off o' the Spit, into our Mouths, think you, as in *Lubberland*, and cry, *we, we?*

Bus.

Bus. No, but your Mother, religiously wise, conceiveth it may offer it self by other means to the Sense, as by way of Steam, which I think it doth here in this Place (Huh, huh) yes, it doth. [*Busy scents after it like a Hound.*] And it were a Sin of Obstinacy, great Obstinacy, high and horrible Obstinacy, to decline or resist the good Titillation of the famelick Sense, which is the Smell. Therefore be bold (huh, huh, huh) follow the Scent. Enter the Tents of the Unclean, for once, and satisfie your Wife's Frailty. Let your frail Wife be satisfied; your zealous Mother, and my suffering self, will also be satisfied.

Job. Come, *Win*, as good winny here as go farther, and see nothing.

Bus. We scape so much of the other Vanities; by our early entring.

Purec. It is an edifying Consideration.

Win. This is scurvy, that we must come into the Fair, and not look on't.

Job. *Win*, have patience, *Win*, I'll tell you more anon.

Knoc. *Moon-calf*, entertain within there, the best Pig i' the Booth, a Pork-like Pig. These are *Banbury-bloods*, o' the sincere stud, come a Pig-hunting. *Whit*, wait, *Whit*, look to your Charge.

Bus. A Pig prepare presently, let a Pig be prepared to us.

Moon. 'Slight, who be these?

Urs. Is this the good Service, *Jordan*, you'd do me?

Knoc. Why, *Urs*? why, *Urs*? thou'lt ha' Vapours i' thy Leg again presently, pray thee go in, 't may turn to the Scratches else.

Urs. Hang your Vapours, they are stale, and stink like you; are these the Guests o' the Game you promis'd to fill my Pit withal to day?

Knoc. I, what ail they, *Urs*?

Urs.

Urs. Ail they? they are all Sippers, Sippers o' the City, they look as they would not drink off two penn'orth of Bottle Ale amongst 'em.

Moon. A body may read that i' their small printed Ruffs.

Knoc. Away, thou art a Fool, *Urs*, and thy *Moon-calf* too, i' your ignorant Vapours now: Hence, good Guests, I say, right Hypocrites, good Gluttons. In, and set a couple o' Pigs o' the Board, and half a dozen of the biggest Bottles afore 'em, and call *Whit*: I do not love to hear Innocents abus'd: Fine ambling Hypocrites! and a Stone-Puritan with a Sorrel Head and Beard, good mouth'd Gluttons: Two to a Pig, away.

Urs. Are you sure they are such?

Knoc. O' the right Breed, thou shalt try 'em by the Teeth, *Urs*; where's this *Whit*?

Whit. *Bebold, man, and see, what a worthy man am ee!*

With the Fury of my Sword, and the shaking of my Beard,

I will make Ten Thousand Men afeard.

Knoc. Well said, brave *Whit*, in, and fear the Ale out o' the Bottles into the Bellies of the Brethren, and the Sisters drink to the Cause, and pure Vapours.

Quar. My Roarer is turn'd Tapster, methinks. Now were a fine time for thee, *Win-wife*, to lay aboard thy Widow, thou'lt never be a Master of a better Season or Place; She that will venture her self into the *Fair*, and a Pig-box, will admit any Assault, be assur'd of that.

Win-w. I love not Enterprises of that suddenness tho'.

Quar. I'll warrant thee then, no Wife out o' the Widow's Hundred: If I had but as much Title to her, as to have breath'd once on that streight Stomacher

macher of hers, I would now assure my self to carry her, yet ere she went out of *Smithfield*. Or she should carry me, which were the fitter fight, I confess. But you are a modest Undertaker, by Circumstances and Degrees; come, 'tis Disease in thee, not Judgment, I should offer at all together. Look, here's the poor Fool again, that was stung by the Wasp ere while.

S C E N E III.

Justice, Win-wife, Quarlous.

Just. I will make no more Orations, shall draw on these tragical Conclusions. And I begin now to think, that by a spice of collateral Justice, *Adam Overdoo* deserv'd this beating; for I the said *Adam* was one Cause (a By-cause) why the Purse was lost: and my Wife's Brother's Purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good Mirth with it at Supper, (that will be the Sport) and put my little Friend, Mr. *Humphrey Wasp's* Choler quite out of countenance. When, sitting at the upper end o' my Table, as I use, and drinking to my Brother *Cokes*, and Mrs. *Alice Overdoo*, as I will, my Wife, for their good Affection to old *Bradley*, I deliver to 'em, it was I that was cudgell'd, and shew 'em the Marks. To see what bad Events may peep out o' the Tail of good Purposes! The Care I had of that civil young Man, I took fancy to this Morning, (and have not left it yet) drew me to that Exhortation, which drew the Company indeed; which drew the Cut-purse; which drew the Money; which drew my Brother *Cokes* his loss; which drew on *Wasp's* Anger; which drew on my beating: A pretty Gradation! and they shall ha' it i' their Dish i' faith at night for Fruit; I love to be merry at my Table. I had thought once, at one special blow he ga' me, to have revealed my self; but then (I thank thee, Fortitude) I remem-
bred

bred that a wise Man (and who is ever so great a part o' the Common-wealth in himself) for no particular Disaster ought to abandon a publick good Design. The Husband-man ought not, for one unthankful Year, to forsake the Plough; the Shepherd ought not for one scab'd Sheep to throw by his Tar-box; the Pilot ought not, for one Leak i' the Poop, to quit the Helm; nor the Alderman ought not, for one Custard more at a Meal, to give up his Cloak; the Constable ought not to break his Staff, and forswear the Watch, for one roaring Night; nor the Piper o' the Parish (*ut parvis componere magna solebam*) to put up his Pipes for one rainy Sunday. These are certain knocking Conclusions; out of which, I am resolv'd, come what come can, come Beating, come Imprisonment, come Infamy, come Banishment; nay, come the Rack, come the Hurdle, (welcome all) I will not discover who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said ever, in Justice name, and the King's, and for the Common-wealth.

Win. What does he talk to himself, and act so seriously? poor Fool!

Quar. No matter what. Here's fresher Argument, intend that.

SCENE IV.

Cokes, Leatherhead, Wasp, Mistrefs Overdoo, Winwife, Quarlous, Trasb, Grace.

Cok. Come, Mistrefs *Grace*, come Sister, here's more fine Sights, yet i' faith. Gods 'lid where's *Numps*?

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? what is't you buy? fine Rattles, Drums, Babies, little Dogs, and Birds for Ladies? What do you lack?

Cok.

Cok. Good honest *Numps*, keep afore, I am so afraid thou'lt lose somewhat; my Heart was at my Mouth, when I mist thee.

Waf. You were best buy a Whip i' your Hand to drive me.

Cok. Nay, do not mistake, *Numps*, thou art so apt to mistake: I would but watch the Goods. Look you now, the treble Fiddle was e'en almost like to be lost.

Waf. Pray you take heed you lose not your self; your best way were e'en get up and ride for more surety. Buy a Token's worth of great Pins, to fasten your self to my Shoulder.

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? fine Purfes, Pouches, Pin-cases, Pipes? What is't you lack? a pair o' Smiths to wake you i' the Morning? or a fine whistling Bird?

Cok. *Numps*, here be finer things than any we ha' bought by odds! and more delicate Horses, a great deal; good *Numps*, stay, and come hither.

Waf. Will you scourse with him? you are in *Smithfield*, you may fit your self with a fine easie going Street-nag, for your Saddle again *Michaelmas* Term, do; has he ne'er a little odd Cart for you to make a Carroch on, i' the Country, with four pyed Hobby-horses? why the Measles, should you stand here, with your Train, cheapning of Dogs, Birds, and Babies? you ha' no Children to bestow 'em on, ha' you?

Cok. No, but again I ha' Children, *Numps*, that's all one.

Waf. Do, do, do, do; how many shall you have, think you? an' I were as you, I'd buy for all my Tenants too, they are a kind o' civil Savages, that will part with their Children for Rattles, Pipes, and Knives. You were best buy a Hatchet or two, and truck with 'em.

Cok.

Cok. Good *Numps*, hold that little Tongue o' thine, and save it a labour. I am resolute *Bar*, thou know'st.

Waf. A resolute Fool you are, I know, and a very sufficient Coxcomb; with all my Heart; nay you have it, Sir, and you be angry, Turd i' your Teet, twice; (if I said it not once afore) and much good do you.

Win. Was there ever such a self-affliction, and so impertinent?

Quar. Alas! his Care will go nere to crack him, let's in and comfort him.

Waf. Would I had been set i' the Ground, all but the Head on me, and had my Brains bowl'd at, or thresh'd out, when first I underwent this plague of a Charge!

Quar. How now, *Numps*? almost tir'd i' your Protectorship? overparted, overparted?

Waf. Why, I cannot tell, Sir, it may be I am; does't grieve you?

Quar. No, I swear does't not, *Numps*; to satisfie you.

Waf. *Numps*? 'Sblood, you are fine and familiar! how long ha' we been acquainted, I pray you?

Quar. I think it may be remembred, *Numps*, that? 'twas since Morning sure.

Waf. Why, I hope I know't well enough, Sir, I did not ask to be told.

Quar. No? why then?

Waf. It's no matter why; you see with your Eyes, now, what I said to you to day? you'll believe me another time?

Quar. Are you removing the Fair, *Numps*?

Waf. A pretty Question! and a very civil one! yes faith, I ha' my Lading you see, or shall have anon; you may know whose Beast I am by my Burden. If the Pannier-man's Jack were ever better known by his Loyns of Mutton, I'll be flead, and feed Dogs for him when his time comes.

Win.

Win. How melancholick Mistress *Grace* is yonder! pray thee let's go enter our selves in *Grace* with her.

Cok. Those six Horses, Friend, I'll have——

Waf. How!

Cok. And the three Jews-trumps; and half a dozen o' Birds, and that Drum (I have one Drum already) and your Smiths; I like that device o' your Smiths, very pretty well, and four Halberts——and (le' me see) that fine painted great Lady, and her three Women for state, I'll have.

Waf. No, the Shop; buy the whole Shop, it will be best, the Shop, the Shop!

Lea. If his Worship please.

Waf. Yes, and keep it during the Fair, Bobchin!

Cok. Peace, *Numps*. Friend, do not meddle with him, an' you be wise, and would shew your Head above board; he will sting thorow your wrought Night-cap, believe me. A set of these Violins I would buy too, for a delicate young Noise I have i' the Country, that are every one a size less than another, just like your Fiddles. I would fain have a fine young Masque at my Marriage, now I think on't: but I do want such a number of things. And *Numps* will not help me now, and I dare not speak to him.

Tra. Will your Worship buy any Ginger-bread, very good Bread, comfortable Bread?

Cok. Ginger-bread! yes, let's see.

Waf. There's the r'other Sprindge.

[*He runs to her Shop.*]

Lea. Is this well, goody *Jone*, to interrupt my Market in the midst, and call away my Customers? Can you answer this at the *Piepouldres*?

Tra. Why? if his Mastership has a mind to buy, I hope my Ware lies as open as another's; I may shew my Ware as well as you yours.

Cok. Hold your peace; I'll content you both: I'll buy up his Shop and thy Basket.

Waf. Will you i' faith?

Lea. Why should you put him from it, Friend?

Waf. Cry you mercy! you'd be sold too, would you? What's the price on you, Jerkin and all, as you stand? ha' you any Qualities?

Tra. Yes, Good-man-angry-man, you shall find he has Qualities if you cheapen him.

Waf. Gods so, you ha' the selling of him! what are they? will they be bought for Love or Money?

Tra. No indeed, Sir.

Waf. For what then, Victuals?

Tra. He scorns Victuals, Sir; he has Bread and Butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will do more for a good Meal, if the Toy take him i' the Belly: marry then they must not set him at lower ends, if they do, he'll go away though he fast. But put him a top o' the Table, where his place is, and he'll do you forty fine things. He has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your great City-tuppers, to put down *Coriat* and *Cokeley*, and been laught at for his Labour; he'll play you all the Puppets i' the Town over, and the Players, every Company, and his own Company too; he spares no body!

Cok. I faith?

Tra. He was the first, Sir, that ever baited the Fellow i' the Bear's Skin, an't like your Worship: no Dog ever came near him since. And for fine Motions!

Cok. Is he good at those too? can he set out a Mask trow?

Tra. O Lord, Master! sought to far and near for his Inventions; and he engrosses all, he makes all the Puppets i' the Fair.

Cok. Do'st thou (in troth) old Velvet Jerkin? give me thy Hand.

Tra. Nay, Sir, you shall see him in his Velvet Jerkin, and a Scarf too, at Night, when you hear him interpret Master *Littlewit's* Motion.

Cok. Speak no more, but shut up Shop presently, Friend, I'll buy both it and thee too, to carry down with

with me, and her Hamper beside. Thy Shop shall furnish out the Mask, and hers the Banquet: I cannot go less, to set out any thing with credit. What's the price, at a word, o' thy whole Shop, Case, and all as it stands?

Lea. Sir, it stands me in Six and twenty Shilling seven Pence half-penny, besides three Shillings for my Ground.

Cok. Well, Thirty Shillings will do all, then! And what comes yours to?

Tra. Four Shillings and eleven Pence, Sir, Ground and all, an't like your Worship.

Cok. Yes, it does like my Worship very well, poor Woman; that's Five Shillings more; what a Mask shall I furnish out, for forty Shillings? (Twenty Pound *Scotch*) and a Banquet of Ginger-bread? there's a stately thing! *Numps*? Sister? and my Wedding Gloves too? (that I never thought on afore.) All my Wedding Gloves, Ginger-bread? O me! what a Device will there be? to make 'em eat their Fingers ends! and delicate Brooches for the Bridemen, and all? and then I'll ha' this Poesie put to 'em, *For the best Grace*, meaning *Mistress Grace*, my Wedding Poesie.

Gra. I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your *Bartholomew* Wit.

Waf. You do not mean this, do you? Is this your first Purchase?

Cok. Yes faith; and I do not think, *Numps*, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest Act that ever I did in my Wardship.

Waf. Like enough! I shall say any thing, I!

SCENE V.

To them, Justice, Edgworth, Nightingale.

Just. I cannot beget a *Project*, with all my political Brain yet; my *Project* is how to fetch off this proper young Man from his debauched Company: I have fol-

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lowed

lowed him all the *Fair* over, and still I find him with this Songster: And I begin shrewdly to suspect their Familiarity; and the young Man of a terrible taint, *Poetry*! with which idle Disease if he be infected, there's no hope of him, in a State-course. *Actum est*, of him for a Common-wealths-man; if he go to't in *Rime* once.

Edg. Yonder he is buying o'Gingebread; set in quickly, before he part with too much of his Money.

Nig. My Masters and Friends, and good People, draw near, &c. [*Cok. runs to the Ballad Man.*]

Cok. Ballads! hark, hark! pray thee, Fellow, stay a little; good *Numps*, look to the Goods. What Ballads hast thou? let me see, let me see my self.

Waf. Why so! he's flown to another Lim-bush, there he will flutter as long more; till he ha' ne'er a Feather left. Is there a vexation like this, Gentlemen? will you believe me now, hereafter? shall I have Credit with you?

Quar. Yes faith shalt thou, *Numps*, and thou art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. I never saw a young Pimp-errant and his Squire better match'd.

Win w. Faith, the Sister comes after 'em well too.

Gra. Nay, if you saw the Justice her Husband, my Guardian, you were fitted for the Mess, he is such a wise one his way——

Win-w. I wonder we see him not here.

Gra. O! he is too serious for this Place, and yet better Sport then than the other three, I assure you, Gentlemen, where-e'er he is, though't be o' the Bench.

Cok. How dost thou call it? A Caveat against Cut-purses! a good Jest i' faith, I would fain see that *Dæmon*, your Cut-purse you talk of, that delicate handed Devil; they say he walks hereabout; I would see him walk now. Look you Sister, here, here, [*He shews his Purse boastingly.*] let him come, Sister, and welcome. Ballad-man, does any Cut-purses haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two; begin and shew me one.

Nig.

Nig. Sir, this is a Spell against 'em, spick and span new; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine own Person, and I sing it in mine own defence. But 'twill cost a Penny alone if you buy it.

Cok. No matter for the price, thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd *Bartholmew*.

Ove. Has't a fine Picture, Brother?

Cok. O Sister, do you remember the Ballads over the Nursery-chimney at home o' my own pasting up; there be brave Pictures, other manner of Pictures than these, Friend.

Waf. Yet these will serve to pick the Pictures out o' your Pockets, you shall see.

Cok. So I heard 'em say. Pray thee mind him not, Fellow; he'll have an Oar in every thing.

Nig. It was intended, Sir, as if a Purse should chance to be cut in my Presence, now, I may be blameless tho'; as by the Sequel will more plainly appear.

Cok. We shall find that i' the matter. Pray thee begin.

Nig. To the Tune of *Paggington's Pound*, Sir.

Cok. *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la.* Nay, I'll put thee in tune and all! Mine own Country Dance! Pray thee begin.

Nig. It is a gentle Admonition, you must know, Sir, both to the Purse-cutter and the Purse-bearer.

Cok. Not a Word more, out of the Tune, an' thou lov'st me: *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la.* Come, when?

Nig. *My Masters, and Friends, and good People draw near,*

And look to your Purses for that I do say;

Cok. Ha, ha, this chimes! Good Counsel at first dash.

Nig. *And tho' little Money in them you do bear,
It cost more to get, than to lose in a Day.* [*Cok.* Good!

*You oft have been told,
Both the Young and the Old,
And bidden beware of the Cut-purse so bold;*

Cok. Well said! he were to blame that would not
i' faith.

Nig. Then if you take heed not, free me from the Curse,
Who both give you warning, for, and the Cut-purse.
*Youth, Youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy Nurse,
Than live to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.*

Cok. Good i' faith, how say you, Numps? is there
any harm i' this?

Nig. It hath been upbraided to Men of my Trade,
That oftentimes we are the Cause of this Crime;

Cok. The more Coxcombs they that did it, I wusse.

Nig. Alack and for Pity, why should it be said?
As if they regarded or Places or Time.

Examples have been

Of some that were seen

*In Westminster Hall, yea the Pleaders between;
Then why should the Judges be free from this Curse,
More than my poor self for cutting the Purse?*

Cok. God a mercy for that! why should they be
more free indeed?

Nig. *Youth, Youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy
Nurse,
Than live to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.*

Cok. That again, good Ballad-man, that again. O
rare! I would fain rub mine Elbow now, but I dare
not pull out my hand. On I pray thee; he that made
this Ballad shall be Poet to my Mask.

[He sings the burden with him.]

Nig. At Worc'ster 'tis known well, and even i' the
Fayl,

*A Knight of good Worship did there shew his Face
Against the foul Sinners, in zeal for to rail,
And lost (ipso facto) his Purse in the place.*

Cok. Is it possible?

Nig.

Bartholomew Fair.

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Nig. *Nay, once from the Seat
Of Judgment so great,
A Judge there did lose a fair Pouch of Velvet.*

Cok. I' faith?

Nig. *O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or worse,
Are those that so venture their Necks for a Purse!
Youth, Youth, &c.*

Cok. *Youth, Youth, &c.* Pray thee stay a little, Friend;
yet o' thy Conscience, *Numps*, speak, is there any
harm i' this?

Waf. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, less
you had grace to follow it.

Jus. It doth discover enormity, I'll mark it more:
I ha' not lik'd a paltry piece of Poetry so well a good
while.

Cok. *Youth, Youth, &c.* where's this Youth now?
A Man must call upon him for his own good, and
yet he will not appear. Look here, here's for him;
Handy-dandy, which Hand will he have? On, I pray
thee, with the rest; I do hear of him, but I cannot
see him, this Master Youth, the Cut-purse.

[He shows his Purse.]

Nig. *At Plays, and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,
'Tis daily their practice such booty to make;
Yea, under the Gallows, at Executions,
They stick not the Stare-about Purse to take.*

Nay one without grace,

At a better place,

At Court, and in Christmas, before the King's Face;

Cok. That was a fine Fellow! I would have him
now.

Nig. *Alack then for pity must I bear the Curse,
That only belongs to the cunning Cut-purse?*

Cok. But where's their Cunning now, when they
should use it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant
you. *Youth, Youth, thou hadst better, &c.* The Rat-
catchers Charms are all Fools and Asses to this! A pox

on 'em, that they will not come! that a Man should have such a desire to a thing, and want it.

Quar. 'Fore God I'd give half the *Fair*, and 'twere mine, for a Cut-purse for him to save his longing.

[*He shews his Purse again.*]

Cok. Look you, Sister, here, here, where is't now? which Pocket is't in, for a Wager?

Was. I beseech you leave your Wagers, and let him end his Matter an't may be.

Cok. O, are you edified, *Numps*?

Jus. Indeed he do's interrupt him too much: There *Numps* spoke to Purpose.

Cok. Sister, I am an Ass, I cannot keep my Purse: On, on, I pray thee, Friend. [*Again.*]

[*Edgworth gets up to him, and tickles him in the Ear with a Straw twice to draw his hand out of his Pocket.*]

Nig. But O, you vile Nation of Cut-purses all,

Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,

And know that you ought not, by honest Mens fall,

Advance your own Fortunes, to die above Ground;

And though you go gay

In Silks, as you may,

It is not the high way to Heaven, (as they say.)

Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse,

And kiss not the Gallows for cutting a Purse.

Youth, Youth, thou hadst better been starv'd by thy Nurse,

Than live to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.

All. An excellent Ballad! an excellent Ballad!

Win-w. Will you see sport? look, there's a Fellow gathers up to him, mark.

Qua. Good, 'i faith! O he has lighted on the wrong Pocket.

Win-w. He has it, 'fore God he is a brave Fellow; pity he should be detected.

Edg.

Edg. Friend, let me ha' the first, let me ha' the first, I pray you.

Cok. Pardon me, Sir; first come first serv'd; and I'll buy the whole Bundle too.

Win. That Conveyance was better than all, did you see't? he has given the Purse to the Ballad-finger.

Quar. Has he?

Edg. Sir, I cry you mercy, I'll not hinder the poor Man's Profit; pray you mistake me not.

Cok. Sir, I take you for an honest Gentleman; if that be mistaking, I met you to Day afore: ha! humh! O God! my Purse is gone, my Purse, my Purse, &c.

Waf. Come do not make a Stir, and cry your self an Ass thorow the Fair afore your time.

Cok. Why, hast thou it, *Numps?* good *Numps*, how came you by it, I marl?

Waf. I pray you seek some other Gamester to play the Fool with; you may lose it time enough, for all your Fair Wit.

Cok. By this good Hand, Glove and all, I ha' lost it already if thou hast it not; feel else, and Mistress Grace's Handkerchief too, out o' the t'other Pocket.

Waf. Why, 'tis well, very well, exceeding pretty and well.

Edg. Are you sure you ha' lost it, Sir?

Cok. O God! yes; as I am an honest Man, I had it but e'en now, at *Toutb, Toutb.*

Nig. I hope you suspect not me, Sir?

Edg. Thee? that were a Jest indeed! Dost thou think the Gentleman is foolish? where hadst thou Hands, I pray thee? Away Ass, away.

Jus. I shall be beaten again, if I be spy'd.

Edg. Sir, I suspect an odd Fellow, yonder, is stealing away.

Ove. Brother, it is the preaching Fellow! you shall suspect him. He was at your t'other Purse, you know! Nay stay, Sir, and view the Work you ha' done, an' you

you be benefic'd at the Gallows, and preach there, thank your own Handy-work.

Cok. Sir, you shall take no pride in your Preferment, you shall be silenc'd quickly.

Jus. What do you mean, sweet Buds of Gentility?

Cok. To ha' my Penyworths out on you: Bud, no less than two Purfes a Day serve you? I thought you a simple Fellow when my Man *Numps* beat you i' the Morning, and pitied you:

Ove. So did I, I'll be sworn, Brother; but now I see he is a lewd and pernicious Enormity (as Master *Overdoo* calls him.)

Jus. Mine own Words turn'd upon me like Swords.

Cok. Cannot a Man's Purse be quiet for you i' the Master's Pocket, but you must intice it forth and debauch it?

Waf. Sir, Sir, keep your Debauch, and your fine *Bartholmew* Terms to your self, and make as much on 'em as you please. But gi' me this from you i' the mean time; I beseech you, see if I can look to this.

[*Wasp takes the License from him.*]

Cok. Why, *Numps*?

Waf. Why? because you are an Ass, Sir, there's a Reason the shortest way, an' you will needs ha' it; now you ha' got the Trick of losing, you'd lose your Breech an' 'twere loose. I know you, Sir, come, deliver, you'll go and crack the Vermine you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine, will you ha' the Truth on't? they are such retchless Flies as you are, that blow Cut-purses abroad in every Corner; your foolish having of Mony makes 'em. An' there were no wiser than I, Sir, the Trade should lye open for you Sir, it should i' faith, Sir. I would teach your Wit to come to your Head, Sir, as well as your Land to come into your Hand, I assure you, Sir.

Win. Alack, good *Numps*.

Waf. Nay, Gentlemen, never pity me, I am not worth it: Lord send me at home once to *Harrow o' the Hill*.

Hill again, if I travel any more, call me *Coriat* with all my heart.

Quar. Stay, Sir, I must have a word with you in private. Do you hear.

Edg. With me, Sir? what's your Pleasure, good Sir?

Quar. Do not deny it, you are a Cut-purse, Sir, this Gentleman here and I saw you: Nor do we mean to detect you (though we can sufficiently inform our selves toward the Danger of concealing you) but you must do us a piece of Service.

Edg. Good Gentlemen, do not undo me, I am a civil young Man, and but a Beginner indeed.

Quar. Sir, your Beginning shall bring on your Ending for us. We are no Catchpoles nor Constables. That you are to undertake is this, you saw the old Fellow with the black Box here?

Edg. The little old Governor, Sir?

Quar. That same: I see you have flown him to a Mark already. I would ha' you get away that Box from him, and bring it us.

Edg. Wou'd you ha' the Box and all, Sir, or only that that is in't? I'll get you that, and leave him the Box to play with still (which will be the harder o' the two) because I would gain your Worship's good Opinion of me.

Win-w. He says well, 'tis the greater Mastery, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

Edg. I, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the sport.

Quar. But look you do it now, Sirrah, and keep your word, or —

Edg. Sir, if ever I break my word with a Gentleman, may I never read word at my need. Where shall I find you?

Quar. Somewhere i' th' Fair, hereabouts. Dispatch it quickly. I would fain see the careful Fool deluded! Of all Beasts, I love the serious Ass; he that takes pains

pains to be one, and plays the fool with the greatest diligence that can be.

Gra. Then you would not chuse, Sir, but love my Guardian, Justice *Overdoo*, who is answerable to that description in every Hair of him.

Quar. So I have heard. But how came you, Mistress *Welborn*, to be his Ward, or have relation to him at first?

Gra. Faith, through a common Calamity, he bought me, Sir; and now he will marry me to his Wife's Brother, this wise Gentleman that you see, or else I must pay value o' my Land.

Quar. 'Slid, is there no device of Disparagement, or so? Tal' with some crafty Fellow, some Picklock o' the Law! Would I had studied a year longer i' th' Inns of Court, and't had been but i' your Case.

Win-w. I, Master *Quarlous*, are you proffering?

Gra. You'd bring but little Aid, Sir.

Win-w. (I'll look to you i' faith, Gamester.) An unfortunate foolish *Tribe* you are faln into, Lady, I wonder you can endure 'em.

Gra. Sir, they that cannot work their Fetters off must wear 'em.

Win-w. You see what care they have on you, to leave you thus.

Gra. Faith the same they have of themselves, Sir. I cannot greatly complain, if this were all the Plea I had against 'em.

Win. 'Tis true! but will you please to withdraw with us a little, and make them think they have lost you. I hope our Manners ha' been such hitherto, and our Language, as will give you no Cause to doubt your self in our Company.

Gra. Sir, I will give my self no Cause; I am so secure of mine own Manners, as I suspect not yours.

Quar. Look where *John Little-wit* comes.

Win-w. Away, I'll not be seen by him.

Quar.

Quar. No, you were not best, he'd tell his Mother, the Widow.

Win-w. Heart! what do you mean?

Quar. Cry you Mercy, is the Wind there? Must not the Widow be nam'd?

SCENE VI.

John, Win, Trash, Leatherhead, Knockbum, Busy, Purecraft.

Job. Do you hear, *Win, Win*?

Win. What say you, *John*?

Job. While they are paying the Reckoning, *Win*, I'll tell you a thing, *Win*; we shall never see any Sights i'the Fair, *Win*, except you long still, *Win*; good *Win*, sweet *Win*, long to see some Hobby-horses, and some Drums, and Rattles, and Dogs, and fine Devices, *Win*. The Bull with the Five Legs, *Win*; and the great Hog. Now you ha' begun with Pig, you may long for any thing, *Win*, and so for my Motion, *Win*.

Win. But we sha' not eat o' the Bull and the Hog, *John*; how shall I long then?

Job. O yes, *Win*: You may long to see, as well as to taste, *Win*: How did the Potheary's Wife, *Win*, that long'd to see the Anatomy, *Win*? or the Lady, *Win*, that desir'd to spit i' the great Lawyer's Mouth, after an eloquent Pleading? I assure you, they long'd, *Win*; good *Win*, go in, and long.

Tra. I think we are rid of our new Customer, Brother *Leather-head*, we shall hear no more of him.

[They plot to be gone.]

Lea. All the better; let's pack up all, and be gone, before he find us.

Tra. Stay a little, yonder comes a Company; it may be we may take some more Mony.

Kno.

Kno. Sir, I will take your Counsel, and cut my Hair, and leave Vapours: I see that Tobacco, and Bottle-Ale, and Pig, and *Whit*, and very *Ursla* herself, is all Vanity.

Bus. Only Pig was not comprehended in my Admonition, the rest were: For long Hair, it is an Ensign of Pride, a Banner; and the World is full of those Banners, very full of Banners. And Bottle-Ale is a Drink of Satan's, a Diet-drink of Satan's, devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this latter Age of Vanity; as the Smoke of Tobacco, to keep us in Mist and Error: But the fleshly Woman (which you call *Ursla*) is above all to be avoided, having the Marks upon her of the three Enemies of Man; the World, as being in the *Fair*; the Devil, as being in the Fire; and the Flesh, as being herself.

Pur. Brother *Zeal-of-the-land*! what shall we do? My Daughter *Win-the-fight* is fall'n into her Fit of Longing again.

Bus. For more Pig? There is no more, is there?

Pur. To see some Sights i' the *Fair*.

Bus. Sister, let her fly the Impurity of the Place swiftly, lest she partake of the Pitch thereof. Thou art the Seat of the Beast, O *Smithfield*, and I will leave thee. Idolatry peepeth out on every Side of thee.

Kno. An excellent right Hypocrite! Now his Belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the Jade. A very good Vapour! I'll in, and joy *Ursla*, with telling how her Pig works; two and a half he eat to his Share; and he has drunk a Pail-full. He eats with his Eyes, as well as his Teeth.

Lea. What do you lack, Gentlemen? What is't you buy? Rattles, Drums, Babies—

Bus. Peace, with thy Apocryphal Wares, thou profane Publican; thy *Bells*, thy *Dragons*, and thy *Tobies Dogs*. Thy Hobby-horse is an Idol, a very Idol, a fierce and rank Idol; and thou, the *Nebuchadnezzar*, the proud *Nebuchadnezzar* of the *Fair*,
that

that sett'st it up, for Children to fall down to, and worship.

Lea. Cry you Mercy, Sir; will you buy a Fiddle to fill up your Noise?

Job. Look, *Win*, do, look a God's Name, and save your Longing. Here be fine Sights.

Pur. I, Child, so you hate 'em, as our Brother *Zeal* does, you may look on 'em.

Lea. Or what do you say to a Drum, Sir?

Bus. It is the broken Belly of the Beast, and thy Bellows there are his Lungs, and these Pipes are his Throat, those Feathers are of his Tail, and thy Rattles the Gnashing of his Teeth.

Tra. And what's my Gingerbread, I pray you?

Bus. The Provender that pricks him up. Hence with thy Basket of Popery, thy Nest of Images, and whole Legend of Ginger-work.

Lea. Sir, if you be not quiet the quicklier, I'll ha' you clapp'd fairly by the Heels, for disturbing the Fair.

Bus. The Sin of the Fair provokes me, I cannot be silent.

Pur. Good Brother *Zeal*!

Lea. Sir, I'll make you silent, believe it.

Job. I'd give a Shilling you could, i'faith Friend.

Lea. Sir, give me your Shilling, I'll give you my Shop, if I do not; and I'll leave it in Pawn with you i' the mean time.

Job. A Match, i'faith; but do it quickly then.

Bus. Hinder me not, Woman. [*He speaks to the Widow.*] I was mov'd in Spirit, to be here this Day, in this Fair, this wicked and foul Fair; and fitter may it be call'd a Foul than a Fair; to protest against the Abuses of it, the foul Abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted Saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the Merchandise of *Babylon* again, and the peeping of *Popery* upon the Stalls

Stalls here, here, in the High Places. See you not *Geldylocks*, the Purple Strumpet there, in her yellow Gown and green Sleeves? the prophane Pipes, the tinkling Timbrels? A Shop of Relicks!

Job. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with 'em.

Bus. And this idolatrous Grove of Images, this Flasket of Idols, which I will pull down—

[*Overtbrows the Gingerbread.*

[*Tra.* O my Ware, my Ware, God bless it.)

Bus. In my Zeal, and glory to be thus exercis'd.

[*Leatherhead enters with Officers.*

Lea. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his Zeal; we cannot sell a Whistle for him in Tune. Stop his Noise first.

Bus. Thou canst not; 'tis a sanctified Noise. I will make a loud and most strong Noise, till I have daunted the prophane Enemy. And for this Cause---

Lea. Sir, here's no Man afraid of you, or your Cause. You shall swear it i' the Stocks, Sir.

Bus. I will thrust my self into the Stocks, upon the Pikes of the Land.

Lea. Carry him away.

Pur. What do you mean, wicked Men?

Bus. Let them alone, I fear them not.

Job. Was not this Shilling well ventur'd, *Win*, for our Liberty? Now we may go play, and see over the Fair, where we list our selves; my Mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and lose us.

Win. Yes, *John*; but I know not what to do.

Job. For what, *Win*?

Win. For a thing I am asham'd to tell you, i' faith; and 'tis too far to go home.

Job. I pray thee be not asham'd, *Win*. Come, i' faith, thou shalt not be asham'd: Is it any thing about the Hobby-horse Man? an't be, speak freely.

Win. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorn him; no, I have very great, what sha' call 'um, *John*.

Job.

Job. O! Is that all, *Win*? We'll go back to Captain *Jordan*, to the Pig-woman's, *Win*, he'll help us, or she, with a Dripping-pan, or an old Kettle, or something. The poor greasie Soul loves you, *Win*; and after we'll visit the *Fair* all over, *Win*, and see my Puppet-play, *Win*; you know it's a fine matter, *Win*.

Lea. Let's away; I counsell'd you to pack up afore. *Jone.*

Tra. A Pox of his *Bedlam* Purity. He has spoil'd half my Ware: But the best is, we lose nothing, if we mills our first Merchant.

Lea. It shall be hard for him to find, or know us; when we are translated, *Jone.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Trouble all, Bristle, Haggise, Cokes, Justice, Pocket, Busy, Purecraft.

Tro. **M**Y Masters, I do make no doubt, but you are Officers.

Bri. What then, Sir?

Tro. And the King's loving and obedient Subjects?

Bri. Obedient, Friend? Take heed what you speak, I advise you; *Oliver Bristle* advises you. His loving Subjects, we grant you; but not his obedient, at this time, by your Leave; we know our selves a little better than so; we are to command, Sir, and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient Subjects going to the Stocks; and we'll make you such another, if you talk.

Tro. You are all wise enough i' your Places, I know.

Bri. If you know it, Sir, why do you bring it in Question?

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Tro.

Bartholomew Fair.

Tro. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you have Warrant for what you do, and so quit you, and so multiply you. [*He goes away again.*]

Hag. What's he? Bring him up to the Stocks there. Why bring you him not up?

Tro. If you have Justice Overdoo's Warrant, 'tis well; [*Comes again.*] you are safe; that is the Warrant of Warrants. I'll not give this Button for any Man's Warrant else.

Bri. Like enough, Sir; but let me tell you, an' you play away your Buttons thus, you will want 'em e'er Night, for any store I see about you; you might keep 'em, and save Pins, I wuss. [*Goes away.*]

Jus. What should he be, that doth so esteem and advance my Warrant? He seems a sober and discreet Person! It is a Comfort to a good Conscience to be follow'd with a good Fame in his Sufferings. The World will have a pretty Taste by this, how I can bear Adversity; and it will beget a kind of Reverence toward me hereafter, even from mine Enemies, when they shall see, I carry my Calamity nobly, and that it doth neither break me, nor bend me.

Hag. Come, Sir, here's a Place for you to preach in: Will you put in your Leg? [*They put him in the Stocks.*]

Jus. That I will, cheerfully.

Bri. O' my Conscience, a Seminary! he kisses the Stocks.

Cok. Well, my Masters, I'll leave him with you; now I see him bestow'd, I'll go look for my Goods, and Numps.

Hag. You may, Sir, I warrant you: Where's the t'other Bawler? Fetch him too, you shall find 'em both fast enough.

Jus. In the midst of this Tumult, I will yet be the Author of mine own Rest, and not minding their Fury, sit in the Stocks in that Calm as shall be able to trouble a *Triumph*.

Tro.

Tro. Do you assure me upon your Words? [*Comes again.*] May I undertake for you, if I be ask'd the Question, that you have this Warrant?

Hag. What's this Fellow, for God's sake?

Tro. Do but shew me *Adam Overdoo*, and I am satisfied. [*Goes out.*]

Bri. He is a Fellow that is distracted, they say; one *Trouble-all*: He was an Officer in the Court of *Pie-powders* here last Year, and put out of his Place by Justice *Overdoo*.

Just. Ha!

Bri. Upon which he took an idle Conceit, and's run mad upon't: So that ever since he will do nothing, but by Justice *Overdoo's* Warrant; he will not eat a Crust, nor drink a little, nor make him in his Apparel ready. His Wife, Sirreverence, cannot get him make his Water, or shift his Shirt, without his Warrant.

Just. If this be true, this is my greatest Disaster! How am I bound to satisfy this poor Man, that is of so good a Nature to me, out of his Wits! where there is no room left for dissembling.

Tro. If you cannot shew me *Adam Overdoo*, [*Comes in.*] I am in doubt of you; I am afraid you cannot answer it. [*Goes again.*]

Hag. Before me, Neighbour *Bristle*, (and now I think on't better) Justice *Overdoo* is a very parantory Person.

Bri. O, are you advis'd of that? and a severe Justice, by your leave.

Just. Do I hear Ill o' that Side too?

Bri. He will sit as upright o' the Bench, an' you mark him, as a Candle i' the Socket, and give Light to the whole Court in every Business.

Hag. But he will burn blue, and swell like a Boil (God bless us) an' he be angry.

Bri. I, and he will be angry too, when his list, that's more; and when he is angry, be it right or wrong;

wrong, he has the Law on's Side ever. I mark that too.

Just. I will be more tender hereafter. I see Compassion may become a Justice, though it be a Weakness, I confess, and nearer a Vice than a Vertue.

Hag. Well, take him out o' the Stocks again; we'll go a sure way to work, we'll ha' the Ace of Hearts of our Side, if we can. [*They take the Justice out.*]

Poc. Come, bring him away to his Fellow there. Master *Busby*, we shall rule your Legs, I hope, though we cannot rule your Tongue.

Bus. No, Minister of Darkness, no; thou canst not rule my Tongue; my Tongue it is my own, and with it I will both knock and mock down your *Bartholomew* Abominations, till you be made a Hissing to the neighbour Parishes round about.

Hag. Let him alone, we have devis'd better upon't.

Pur. And shall he not into the Stocks then?

Bri. No, Mistress, we'll have 'em both to Justice *Overdoo*, and let him do over 'em as is fitting. Then I, and my Gossip *Haggise*, and my Beadle *Pocher* are discharg'd.

Pur. O, I thank you, blessed, honest Men!

Bri. Nay, never thank us; but thank this Madman that comes here; he put it in our Heads.

Pur. Is he mad? Now Heaven increase his Madness, and bless it, and thank it: Sir, your poor Handmaid thanks you. [*Comes again.*]

Tro. Have you a Warrant? An' you have a Warrant, shew it.

Pur. Yes, I have a Warrant, out of the Word, to give Thanks for removing any Scorn intended to the Brethren.

Tro. It is Justice *Overdoo*'s Warrant that I look for, if you have not that, keep your Word, I'll keep mine. Quit ye, and multiply ye.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Edgworth, Trouble-all, Nightringale, Cokes, Costard-monger.

Edg. Come away, *Nightringale*, I pray thee.

Tro. Whither go you? where's your Warrant?

Edg. Warrant! for what, Sir?

Tro. For what you go about, you know how fit it is; an' you have no Warrant, bless you, I'll pray for you, that's all I can do. [*Goes out.*]

Edg. What means he?

Nig. A Mad-man that haunts the *Fair*; do you not know him? It's marvel he has not more Followers after his ragged Heels.

Edg. Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought he had known of our Plot. Guilt's a terrible thing: Ha' you prepar'd the Costard-monger?

Nig. Yes, and agreed for his Basket of Pears; he is at the Corner here, ready. And your Prize, he comes down sailing that way all alone, without his Protector; he is rid of him, it seems.

Edg. I, I know; I should ha' follow'd his Protectorship, for a Feat I am to do upon him: But this offer'd it self so i' the way, I could not let it 'scape: Here he comes, whistle; be this Sport call'd, *Dorring the Dottrel.*

Nig. Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c. [*Nightringale whistles.*]

Cok. By this Light, I cannot find my Gingerbread Wife, nor my Hobby-horse Man, in all the *Fair* now, to ha' my Mony again: And I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more. Do you hear, Friend, you that whistle? what Tune is that you whistle?

Nig. A new Tune, I am practising, Sir.

Cok. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? Nay, on with thy Tune; I ha' no such haste for an Answer: I'll practise with thee.

Cof. Buy any Pears, very fine Pears, Pears fine.

[*Nightingale sets his Foot afore him, and he falls with his Basket.*]

Cok. Gods so! a mufs, a mufs, a mufs, a mufs.

Cof. Good Gentleman, my Ware, my Ware; I am a poor Man. Good Sir, my Ware.

Nig. Let me hold your Sword, Sir, it troubles you.

Cok. Do, and my Cloak an' thou wilt, and my Hat too.
[*Cokes falls a scrambling whilst they run away with his things.*]

Edg. A delicate great Boy! Methinks he out-scrambles 'em all. I cannot perswade myself, but he goes to Grammar-School yet, and plays the Treuant to day.

Nig. Would he had another Purse to cut, *Zekiel*.

Edg. Purse! A Man might cut out his Kidneys, I think, and he never feel 'em, he is so earnest at the Sport.

Nig. His Soul is half-way out on's Body at the Game.

Edg. Away, *Nightingale*; that way.

Cok. I think I am furnish'd for Cattern-Pears, for one Under-meal: Gi' me my Cloak.

Cof. Good Gentleman, give me my Ware.

Cok. Where's the Fellow I ga' my Cloak to? My Cloak and my Hat? Ha! Gods'lid is he gone? Thieves, Thieves; help me to cry, Gentlemen. [*He runs out.*]

Edg. Away, Costard-monger, come to us to *Ursla's*. Talk of him to have a Soul! 'Heart, if he have any more than a thing given him instead of Salt, only to keep him from stinking, I'll be hang'd afore my Time, presently: Where should it be trow? In his Blood? He has not so much to'ard it in his whole Body as will maintain a good Flea: And if he take this Course, he will not ha' so much Land left as to rear a Calf, within this Twelve-month. Was there ever green Plover so pull'd! That his little Overseer had been here now, and been but tall enough to see him steal Pears, in Exchange for his Bever-Hat and his Cloak thus! I must go find him out next, for his Back Box, and his Patent
(it

(it seems) he has of his Place; which I think the Gentleman would have a Reversion of, that spoke to me for it so earnestly. [Cok. comes in again.]

Cok. Would I might lose my Doublet, and Hose too, as I am an honest Man, and never stir, if I think there be any thing but Thieving and Cozening i' this whole Fair. Bartholomew Fair, quoth he; an' ever any Bartholomew had that Luck in't that I have had, I'll be Martyr'd for him, and in Smithfield too. I ha' paid for my Pears, a rot on 'em, I'll keep 'em no longer; [Throws away his Pears.] you were Choak-Pears to me: I had been better ha' gone to Mumchance for you, I wuss. Methinks the Fair should not have us'd me thus, and 'twere but for my Name's-sake; I would not ha' us'd a Dog o' the Name so. O, Numps will triumph now! Friend, do you know who I am? or where I lie? I do not my self, I'll be sworn. Do but carry me home, and I'll please thee; I ha' Mony enough there. I ha' lost my self, and my Cloak, and my Hat, and my fine Sword, and my Sister, and Numps, and Mistress Grace, (a Gentlewoman that I should ha' married) and a Cut-work Handkercheif she ga' me, and two Purse, to day; and my Bargain o' Hobby-horses and Gingerbread, which grieves me worst of all. [Trouble-all comes again.]

Tro. By whose Warrant, Sir, have you done all this?

Cok. Warrant? Thou art a wise Fellow indeed; as if a Man need a Warrant to lose any thing with!

Tro. Yes, Justice Overdoo's Warrant, a Man may get and lose with, I'll stand to't.

Cok. Justice Overdoo? Dost thou know him? I lie there; he is my Brother-in-Law, he married my Sister: Pray thee shew me the way; dost thou know the House?

Tro. Sir, shew me your Warrant; I know nothing without a Warrant, pardon me.

Cok. Why, I warrant thee; come along: Thou shalt see I have wrought Pillows there, and Cambrick Sheets,

Sheets, and Sweet-bags too. Pray thee guide me to the House.

Tro. Sir, I'll tell you; go you thither your self first alone, tell your worshipful Brother your Mind, and but bring me three Lines of his Hand, or his Clerk's, with *Adam Overdoo* underneath; here I'll stay you, I'll obey you, and I'll guide you presently.

Cok. 'Slid, this is an Ass, I ha' found him; Pox upon me, what do I talking to such a dull Fool? Farewel, you are a very Coxcomb, do you hear?

Tro. I think I am; if Justice *Overdoo* sign to it, I am, and so we are all: He'll quit us all, multiply us all.

S C E N E III.

Grace, Quarlous, Win-wife, Trouble-all, Edgworth.

They enter with their Swords drawn.

Gra. Gentlemen, this is no way that you take; you do but breed one another Trouble and Offence, and give me no Contentment at all. I am no she that affects to be quarrell'd for, or have my Name or Fortune made the Question of Mens Swords.

Qua. 'Slood, we love you.

Gra. If you both love me, as you pretend, your own Reason will tell you, but one can enjoy me: And to that Point there leads a directer Line, than by my Infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I have profess'd it to you ingenuously, that rather than to be yoak'd with this Bridegroom is appointed me, I would take up any Husband almost upon any Trust. Though Subtilty would say to me, (I know) he is a Fool, and has an Estate, and I might govern him, and enjoy a Friend beside. But these are not my Aims; I must have a Husband I must love, or I cannot live with him. I shall ill make one of these Politick Wives.

Win-w:

Win-w. Why, if you can like either of us, Lady, say which is he, and the other shall swear instantly to desist.

Qua. Content, I accord to that willingly.

Gra. Sure you think me a Woman of an extream Levity, Gentlemen, or a strange Fancy, that (meeting you by chance in such a place as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two hours acquaintance, neither of you deserving afore the other of me) I should so forsake my Modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, This is he, and name him.

Qua. Why, wherefore should you not? what should hinder you?

Gra. If you would not give it to my Modesty, allow it ye to my Wit; give me so much of Woman, and Cunning, as not to betray my self impertinently. How can I judge of you, so far as to a Choice, without knowing you more? You are both equal, and alike to me yet, and so indifferently affected by me, as each of you might be the Man, if the other were away. For you are reasonable Creatures, you have Understanding and Discourse; and if Fate send me an understanding Husband, I have no fear at all but mine own Manners shall make him a good one.

Quar. Would I were put forth to making for you then.

Gra. It may be you are, you know not what's toward you: Will you consent to a Motion of mine, Gentlemen?

Win-w. Whatever it be, we'll presume Reasonableness, coming from you.

Quar. And Fitness too,

Gra. I saw one of you buy a pair of Tables e'en now.

Win-w. Yes, here they be, and maiden ones too, unwritten in.

Gra.

Gra. The fitter for what they may be employ'd in, You shall write either of you here a Word or a Name, what you like best, but of two or three Syllables at most; and the next Person that comes this way, (because *Destiny* has a high hand in Business of this nature) I'll demand which of the two words he or she doth approve, and according to that Sentence, fix my Resolution and Affection without change.

Quar. Agreed; my Word is conceived already.

Win-w. And mine shall not be long creating after.

Gra. But you shall promise, Gentlemen, not to be curious to know which of you it is, taken; but give me leave to conceal that, till you have brought me either home, or where I may safely tender my self.

Win-w. Why that's but equal.

Quar. We are pleas'd.

Gra. Because I will bind both your Endeavours to work together friendly and jointly each to the other's Fortune, and have my self fitted with some Means, to make him that is forsaken a part of amends.

Quar. These Conditions are very courteous. Well, my Word is out of the *Arcadia* then, *Argalus*.

Win-w. And mine out of the Play, *Palemon*.

[*Trouble-all comes again.*]

Tro. Have you any Warrant for this, Gentlemen?

Quar. Win-w. Ha!

Tro. There must be a Warrant had, believe it.

Win-w. For what?

Tro. For whatsoever it is, any thing indeed, no matter what.

Quar. 'Slight! here's a fine ragged Prophet dropt down i' the nick!

Tro. Heaven quit you, Gentlemen.

Quar. Nay, stay a little: Good Lady, put him to the Question.

Gra. You are content then?

Win-w. Quar. Yes, yes.

Gra. Sir, here are two Names written —

Tro. Is Justice Overdoo one?

Gra. How, Sir? I pray you read 'em to your self; it is for a Wager between these Gentlemen; and with a stroke, or any difference, mark which you approve best.

Tro. They may be both worshipful Names for ought I know, Mistress; but *Adam Overdoo* had been worth three of 'em, I assure you, in this place, that's in plain English.

Gra. This Man amazes me! I pray you like one of 'em, Sir.

Tro. I do like him there, that has the best Warrant, Mistress, to save your Longing, and (multiply him) it may be this. But I am still for Justice Overdoo, that's my Conscience, and quit you.

Win.w. Is't done, Lady?

Gra. I, and strangely, as ever I saw! What Fellow is this, trow?

Quar. No matter what, a Fortune-teller we ha' made him; which is't, which is't?

Gra. Nay, did you not promise not to enquire?

Quar. 'Slid, I forgot that, pray you pardon me. Look, here's our *Mercury* come; the Licence arrives i' the finest time too! 'Tis but scraping out *Cokes* his Name, and 'tis done.

Win.w. How now, Lime-twigg, hast thou touch'd?

Edg. Not yet, Sir; except you would go with me and see't, it's not worth speaking on. The A& is nothing without a Witness. Yonder he is, your Man with the Box, fallen into the finest Company, and so transported with Vapours; they ha' got in a Northern Clothier, and one *Puppy*, a Western Man, that's come to wrestle before my Lord-Mayor anon, and Captain *Whiz*, and one *Val Cutting*, that helps Captain *Jordan* to roar, a circling Boy; with whom your *Numps* is so taken, that you may strip him of his Clothes, if you will. I'll undertake to geld him for you, if you had but a Surgeon ready to sear him. And Mistress Ju-
stice

Since there is the goodest Woman! she does so love 'em all over in terms of Justice and the Style of Authority, with her Hood upright — that I beseech you come away, Gentlemen, and see't.

Quar. 'Slight, I would not lose it for the *Fair*; what'll you do, *Ned*?

Win-w. Why, stay hereabout for you: Mistress *Wel-born* must not be seen.

Quar. Do so, and find out a Priest i' the mean time; I'll bring the Licence. Lead, which way is't.

Edg. Here, Sir, you are o' the back-side o' the Booth already; you may hear the Noise.

SCENE IV.

Knockbum, Nordern, Puppy, Cutting, Whit, Edgworth, Quarlous, Overdoo, Wasp, Bristle.

Kno. *Whit*, bid *Val Cutting* continue the Vapours for a lift, *Whit*, for a lift.

Nor. I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare; the Eale's too meeghty.

Kno. How now! my *Galloway Nag* the Staggers! ha! *Whit*, gi' him a Slit i' the Forehead. Chear up; Man; a Needle and Thread to stitch his Ears. I'd cure him now, an I had it, with a little Butter and Garlick, Long Pepper and Grains. Where's my Horn? I'll give him Mash presently, shall take away this Dizziness.

Pup. Why, where are you, Zurs? Do you vlinch, and leave us i' the Zuds now?

Nor. I'll ne mare, I's e'en as vull as a Paiper's Bag, by my troth, I.

Pup. Do my Northern Cloth zhrink i' the wetting? ha?

Kno. Why, well said, old Flea-bitten; thou'lt never tire I see. *[They fall to their Vapours again.]*

Cut. No, Sir, but he may tire if it please him.

Whi.

Wbi. Who told dee the? that he vuld never teer, Man?

Cut. No matter who told him so, so long as he knows.

Kno. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

Edg. They are at it still, Sir; this they call Vapours.

Wbi. He shall not pardon dee, Captain; dou shalt not be pardon'd. Pre'dee, shweet-heart, do not pardon him.

Cut. 'Slight, I'll pardon him, an' I list, whosoever says nay to't.

Quar. Where's *Numps*? I miss him.

[Here they continue their Game of Vapours, which is Nonsense. Every Man to oppose the last Man that spoke, whether it concern'd him or no.]

Waf. Why, I say nay to't.

Quar. O, there he is.

Kno. To what do you say nay, Sir?

Waf. To any thing, whatsoever it is, so long as I do not like it.

Wbi. Pardon me, little Man, dou musht like it a little.

Cut. No, he must not like it at all, Sir; there you are i' the wrong.

Wbi. I tink I be; he musht not like it indeed.

Cut. Nay, then he both must and will like it, Sir, for all you.

Kno. If he have Reason, he may like it, Sir.

Wbi. By no meansh Captain, upon reason, he may like nothing upon reason.

Waf. I have no reason, nor I will hear of no reason, nor I will look for no reason, and he is an Ass that either knows any, or looks for't from me.

Cut. Yes, in some sense you may have reason, Sir.

Waf. I, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.

Wbi. Pardon me, thou cught to grant him nothing in no shensh, if dou do love dy shelf, angry Man.

Waf.

Waf. Why then, I do grant him nothing; and I have no Sense.

Cut. 'Tis true, thou hast no Sense indeed.

Waf. 'Slid, but I have Sense, now I think on't better, and I will grant him any thing, do you see.

Kno. He is i' the right, and do's utter a sufficient Vapour.

Cut. Nay, it is no sufficient Vapour neither, I deny that.

Kno. Then it is a sweet Vapour.

Cut. It may be a sweet Vapour.

Waf. Nay, it is no sweet Vapour neither, Sir, it stinks, and I'll stand to't.

Whi. Yes, I tink it dosh stink, Captain. All Vapour dosh stink.

Waf. Nay, then it does not stink, Sir, and it shall not stink.

Cut. By your leave, it may, Sir.

Waf. I, by my leave it may stink, I know that.

Whi. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leave, angry Man.

Waf. How can it not?

Kno. Nay, never question him, for he is i' the right.

Whi. Yesh, I am i' de right, I confesh it, so ish de little Man too.

Waf. I'll have nothing confest that concerns me. I am not i' the right, nor never was i' the right, nor never will be i' the right, while I am in my right mind.

Cut. Mind? why, here's no Man minds you, Sir, nor any thing else. *[They drink again.]*

Pup. Vriend, will you mind this that we do?

Qua. Call you this Vapours? this is such belching of Quarrel as I never heard. Will you mind your business, Sir?

Edg. You shall see, Sir.

Nor. I'll ne maire, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

Edg.

Edg. Will you take that, Master *Wasse*, that no body should mind you?

Waf. Why? what ha' you to do? is't any matter to you?

Edg. No, but methinks you should not be unminded, though.

Waf. Nor I wu' not be, now I think on't; do you hear, new Acquaintance? do's no Man mind me, say you?

Cut. Yes, Sir, every Man here minds you, but how?

Waf. Nay, I care as little how as you do; that was not my question.

Whi. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned Man, and I am a valiant Man, i' faith la, tou shalt speak for me, and I vill fight for tee.

Kno. Fight for him, *Whit*? A gross Vapour, he can fight for himself.

Waf. It may be I can, but it may be I wu' not, how then?

Cut. Why then you may chuse:

Waf. Why, and I'll chuse whether I'll chuse or no.

Kno. I think you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a resolute Vapour.

Waf. Nay then, I do think you do not think, and it is no resolute Vapour.

Cut. Yes, in some fort he may allow you.

Kno. In no fort, Sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the Vapour.

Waf. He mistakes nothing, Sir, in no fort.

Whi. Yes I pre dee now, let him mistake.

Waf. A turd i' your Teeth, never pre dee me, for I will have nothing mistaken.

Kno. Turd, ha Turd? a noisom Vapour, strike, *Whit.*

[*They fall by the Ears.*]

Ove. Why Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I charge you upon my Authority, conserve the Peace. In the King's name, and my Husband's, put up your Weapons, I shall be driven to commit you my self, else.

Qua.

Qua. Ha, ha, ha.

Waf. Why do you laugh, Sir?

Qua. Sir, you'll allow me my Christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

Cur. In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, Sir.

Kno. Nay in some sort, Sir, he may neither laugh nor hope in this Company.

Waf. Yes, then he may both laugh and hope in any sort, an't please him.

Qua. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please me exceedingly.

Waf. No exceeding neither, Sir.

Kno. No, that Vapour is too lofty.

Qua. Gentlemen, I do not play well at your Game of Vapours, I am not very good at it, but——

Cur. Do you hear, Sir? I would speak with you in Circle. [*He draws a Circle on the Ground.*]

Qua. In Circle, Sir? what would you with me in Circle?

Cur. Can you lend me a Piece, a *Jacobus*, in Circle?

Qua. 'Slid, your Circle will prove more costly than your Vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

Cur. Your Beard's not well turn'd up, Sir.

Qua. How Raskal? are you playing with my Beard? I'll break Circle with you. [*They draw all, and fight.*]

Pup. Nor. Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

Kno. Gather up, *Whit*, gather up, *Whit*, good Vapours.

Ove. What mean you? are you Rebels, Gentlemen? shall I send out a *Serjeant at Arms*, or a Writ o' Rebellion, against you? I'll commit you upon my Woman-hood, for a Riot, upon my Justice-hood, if you persist.

Waf. Upon your Justice-hood? Marry shite o' your Hood: You'll commit? Spoke like a true Justice of Peace's Wife indeed, and a fine female Lawyer! turd i' your Teeth for a fee, now.

Over.

Over. Why *Numps*, in Master *Overdoo's* Name, I charge you.

Waf. Good Mistress *Underdoo* hold your Tongue.

Over. Alas! poor *Numps*.

Waf. Alas! and why alas from you, I beseech you? or why poor *Numps*, goody *Rich*? am I come to be pitied by your rust Taffata now? Why Mistress, I knew *Adam* the Clerk, your Husband, when he was *Adam* Scrivener, and writ for two Pence a Sheet, as high as he bears his Head now, or you your Hood, Dame. What are you, Sir? [*The Watch comes in.*]

Bri. We be Men, and no Infidels; what is the matter here, and the Noises? can you tell?

Waf. Heart, what ha' you to do? cannot a Man quarrel in quietness, but he must be put out on't by you? what are you?

Bri. Why, we be his Majesty's Watch, Sir.

Waf. Watch? 'Sblood, you are a sweet Watch indeed. A body would think, an you watch'd well a nights, you should be contented to sleep at this time a day. Get you to your Fleas and your Flock-beds, you Rogues, your Kennels, and lye down close.

Bri. Down? yes, we will down, I warrant you, down with him in his Majesty's Name, down, down with him, and carry him away to the Pidgeon-holes.

Ove. I thank you honest Friends, in the behalf o' the Crown, and the Peace, and in Master *Overdoo's* name, for suppressing Enormities.

Whi. Stay, *Bristle*, here ish anoder brash o' Drunkards, but very quiet, special Drunkards, will pay de five Shillings very well. Take 'em to de, in de graish o' God: one of hem do's change Cloth for Ale in the Fair, here; te roder ish a strong Man; a mighty Man, my Lord Mayor's Man, and a Wraistler. He has wraished so long with the Bottle here, that the Man with the Beard hash almosht streck up his heelsh.

Bri. 'Slid, the Clerk o' the Market has been to cry him all the *Fair* over here, for my Lord's service.

Whi. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensh, and make ty best on him. How now Woman o' Shilk, vat ailsh ty shweet faish? art tou melancholy?

Ove. A little distemper'd with these Enormities; shall I entreat a Courtesie of you, Captain?

Whi. Intreat a hundred Velvet Voman, I vill do it, shpeak put.

Ove. I cannot with modesty speak it out, but—

Whi. I vill do it, and more, and more, for de: What *Ursla*, and't be Bitch, and't be Baud an't be!

Urfs. How now Raskal? what roar you for, old Pimp?

Whi. Here, put up de Clokes *Ursh*; de purchase; pre de now, shweet *Ursh*, help dis good brave Voman to a *Jordan*, and't be.

Urfs. 'Slid call your Captain *Jordan* to her, can you not?

Whi. Nay, pre de leave dy consheits, and bring the Velvet Woman to de—

Urfs. I bring her! hang her: heart, must I find a common Pot for every Punk i' your Purlews?

Whi. O good voordsh, *Ursh*, it ish a guest o' Velvet, i' fait la.

Urfs. Let her sell her Hood, and buy a Sprunge, with a Pox to her, my Vessel is employed Sir. I have but one, and 'tis the bottom of an old Bottle. An honest Proctor and his Wife are at it within, if she'll stay her time, so.

Whi. As soon ash tou cansht shweet *Ursh*. Of a valiant Man I tink I am te patientsh Man i' the World, or in all *Smithsfeld*

Kno. How now *Whit*? close Vapours, stealing your leaps? covering in corners, ha?

Whi. No fait, Captain, dough tou beesht a vishe Man, dy vit is a mile hence, now. I vas procuring a shmall courtesie for a Woman of fashion here.

Ove.

Ove. Yes, Captain, though I am Justice of Peace's Wife, I do love Men of War, and the Sons of the Sword, when they come before my Husband.

Kno. Say'st thou so, Filly? thou shalt have a leap presently, I'll horse thee my self, else.

Urs. Come, will you bring her in now? and let her take her turn?

Whi. Gramercy, good *Ursb.* I tank de.

Over. Master *Overdoo* shall thank her.

SCENE V.

John, Win, Ursula, Knockbum, Whit, Overdoo, Alice.

John. Good Ga'mere *Urs, Win* and I are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captain *Jordan*, and Captain *Whit*. *Win*, I'll be bold to leave you, i' this good Company, *Win*; for half an hour or so, *Win*; while I go, and see how my matter goes forward, and if the Puppets be perfect; and then I'll come and fetch you, *Win*.

Win. Will you leave me alone with two Men, *John*?

Job. I, they are honest Gentlemen, *Win*, Captain *Jordan* and Captain *Whit*; they'll use you very civilly, *Win*. God b' w' you, *Win*.

Urs. What's her Husband gone?

Kno. On his false gallop, *Urs*, away.

Urs. An' you be right *Bartholomew*-birds, now shew your selves so: we are undone for want of Fowl i' the Fair, here. Here will be *Zekiel Edgworth*, and three or four Gallants with him at night, and I ha' neither Plover nor Quail for 'em: Perswade this between you two, to become a Bird o' the Game, while I work the Velvet Woman within, (as you call her.)

Kno. I conceive thee, *Urs*! go thy ways Dost thou hear, *Whit*? is't not pity, my delicate dark chestnut here, with the fine lean Head, large Forehead, round

Eyes, even Mouth, sharp Ears, long Neck, thin Crest, close Withers, plain Back, deep Sides, short Fillets, and full Flanks; with a round Belly, a plump Buttock, large Thighs, knit Knees, strait Legs, short Pasterns, smooth Hoofs, and short Heels, should lead a dull honest Woman's life, that might live the life of a Lady?

Wbi. Yes by my fait and trot it is, Captain; de honest Woman's life is a scurvy dull life indeed, la.

Win. How, Sir? is an honest Woman's life a scurvy life?

Wbi. Yes fait, shweet heart, believe him, de leef of a Bond-woman! but if dou vilt hearken to me, I vill make tee a Free-woman and a Lady; dou shalt live like a Lady, as te Captain saish.

Kno. I, and be honest too sometimes; have her Withers and her Tiers, her green Gowns and Velvet Petticoats.

Wbi. I, and ride to *Ware* and *Rumford* i' dy Coash, shce de Players, be in love vit 'em; sup vit gallantsh, be drunk, and cost de noting.

Kno. Brave Vapours!

Wbi. And lie by twenty on 'em, if dou pleaseh, shweet heart.

Win. What, and be honest still? that were fine sport.

Wbi. Tish common, shweet heart, tou may't do it by my Hand: it shall be justified to thy Husband's Faish, now: tou shalt be as honest as the Skin between his Hornsh, la!

Kno. Yes, and wear a Dressing, top and top-gallant, to compare with e'er a Husband on 'em all, for a Foretop: It is the Vapour of Spirit in the Wife to cuckold now-a-days, as it is the Vapour of fashion in the Husband not to suspect. Your prying Cat-eyed Citizen is an abominable Vapour.

Win. Lord, what a Fool have I been!

Wbi. Mend then, and do every ting like a Lady hereafter; never know ty Husband from another Man.

Kno!

Kno. Nor any one Man from another, but i' the dark.

Whi. I, and then it ish no dishgrash to know any Man.

Urf. Help, help here.

Kno. How now? what Vapour's there?

Urf. O, you are a sweet *Ranger*! and look well to your Walks. Yonder is your Punk of *Turnbull*, ramping *Alice*, has saln upon the poor Gentlewoman within, and pull'd her Hood over her Ears, and her Hair through it.

Alice enters, beating the Justice's Wife.

Ove. Help, help, i' the King's Name.

Ali. A mischief on you, they are such as you are that undo us, and take our Trade from us, with your Tuft-taffata Haunches.

Kno. How now, *Alice*!

Ali. The poor common Whores can ha' no Traffick for the privy rich ones; your Caps and Hoods of Velvet call away our Customers, and lick the Fat from us.

Urf. Peace, you foul ramping Jade you —

Ali. Od's foot, you Bawd in greace, are you talking?

Kno. Why, *Alice*, I say.

Ali. Thou Sow o' *Smithfield*, thou.

Urf. Thou Tripe of *Turnbull*.

Kno. Cat-a mountain Vapours, ha!

Urf. You know where you were taw'd lately, both lash'd and flash'd you were in *Bridewell*.

Ali. I, by the same token you rid that week, and broke out the bottom o' the Cart, Night-tub.

Kno. Why, Lion face! ha! do you know who I am? shall I tear Ruff, slit Waistcoat, make Rage of Petticoat? ha! go to, vanish for fear of Vapours.

Whit. a kick, *Whit*, in the parting Vapour. Come, brave Woman, take a good Heart, thou shalt be a Lady too.

Whi. Yes fait, dey shall all both be Ladies, and write Madam. I vill do't my self for dem. *Do* is the vord, and *D* is the middle Letter of *Maddam*, *D D*, put 'em together, and make Deeds, without which all words are alike, la.

Kno. 'Tis true, *Ursla*, take 'em in, open thy Wardrobe, and fit 'em to their calling. Green Gowns, Crimson Petticoats, Green Women! my Lord Mayor's Green Women! Guests o' the Game, true bred. I'll provide you a Coach to take the Air in.

Win. But do you think you can get one?

Kno. O, they are as common as Wheelbarrows, where there are great Dunghils. Every Pettifogger's Wife has 'em; for first he buys a Coach that he may marry, and then he marries that he may be made Cuckold in't: For if their Wives ride not to their Cuckolding, they do 'em no credit. Hide and be hidden, ride and be ridden, says the Vapour of Experience.

SCENE VI.

Trouble-all, Knockbum, Whit, Quarulous, Edgworth, Bristle, Waspe, Haggise, Justice, Busy, Pure-craft.

Tro. By what Warrant do's it say so?

Kno. Ha! mad Child o' the *Pye-poulders*, art thou there? fill us a fresh Kan, *Urs*, we may drink together.

Tro. I may not drink without a Warrant, Captain.

Kno. 'Slood, thou'll not stale without a Warrant shortly. *Whit*, give me Pen, Ink and Paper, I'll draw him a Warrant presently.

Tro. It must be Justice *Overdoo's*.

Kno. I know, Man; fetch the Drink, *Whit*.

Whi. I pre dec now, be very brief, Captain; for de new Ladies stay for dee.

Kno. O, as brief as can be, here 'tis already. *Adam Overdoo.*

Tro.

Tro. Why now I'll pledge you, Captain.

Kno. Drink it off, I'll come to thee anon again.

Qua. Well, Sir, you are now discharg'd; beware of being spy'd hereafter. [*Quarrous to the Cut-purse.*]

Edg. Sir, will it please you, enter in here at *Ursla's*, and take part of a Silken Gown, a Velvet Petticoat, or a wrought Smock; I am promis'd such, and I can spare any Gentleman a moiety.

Qua. Keep it for your Companions in beastliness, I am none of 'em, Sir. If I had not already forgiven you a greater trespass, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners, to whom you made your offers. But go your ways, talk not to me, the Hangman is only fit to discourse with you; the hand of Beadle is too merciful a punishment for your Trade of life. I am sorry I employ'd this Fellow, for he thinks me such; *Fascinus quos inquinat, aequat.* But it was for sport; and would I make it serious, the getting of this License is nothing to me, without other circumstances concur. I do think how impertinently I labour, if the word be not mine that the ragged Fellow mark'd; and what advantage I have given *Ned Win-wife* in this time now of working her, though it be mine. He'll go near to form to her what a debauch'd Raskal I am, and fright her out of all good conceit of me: I should do so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper yet; and it must needs be next to despair, that is grounded on any part of a Woman's discretion. I would give, by my troth now, all I could spare (to my Cloaths and my Sword) to meet my tatter'd *Sooth-sayer* again, who was my judge i' the question, to know certainly whose word he has damn'd or sav'd; for till then I live but under a *Reprieve*. I must seek him. Who be these? [*Enter Wasp with the Officers.*]

Waf. Sir, you are a welsh Cuckold, and a prating Runt, and no Constable.

Bri. You say very well. Come put in his Leg in the middle Roundel, and let him hole there.

Waf. You stink of Leeks, *Metbeglyn*, and Cheese, you Rogue.

Bri. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the Stocks in the mean time? If you have a mind to stink too, your Breeches sit close enough to your Bum. Sit you merry, Sir.

Qua. How now, *Numps*?

Waf. It is no matter how; pray you look off.

Qua. Nay, I'll not offend you, *Numps*; I thought you had sat there to be seen.

Waf. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your business, an' you have any.

Qua. Cry you mercy, *Numps*; do's your Leg lie high enough?

Bri. How now, Neighbour *Haggise*, what says Justice *Overdoo's* Worship to the other offenders?

Hag. Why he says just nothing, what should he say, or where should he say? He is not to be found, Man; he ha' not been seen i' the Fair here all this live-long day, never since seven a Clock i' the Morning. His Clerks know not what to think on't. There is no Court of *Pie-poulders* yet. Here they be return'd.

Bri. What shall be done with 'em then, in your discretion?

Hag. I think we were best put 'em in the Stocks in discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an hour, or such a thing, till his Worship come.

Bri. It is but a hole matter if we do, Neighbour *Haggise*; come, Sir, here is company for you; heave up the Stocks.

[As they open the Stocks, Wasp puts his Shoe on his Hand, and slips it in for his Leg.]

Waf. I shall put a trick upon your welsh diligence perhaps.

Bri. Put in your Leg, Sir.

Qua.

Qua. What, Rabby Busy! is he come?

[*They bring Busy, and put him in.*]

Bus. I do obey thee, the Lion may roar, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the *Hearthen* of the Land, and put a Part in the Stocks for the Holy Cause.

Waf. What are you, Sir?

Bus. One that rejoyceth in his Affliction, and sitteth here to prophesie the Destruction of *Fairs* and *May-games*, *Wakes*, and *Whitson-Ales*, and doth sigh and groan for the Reformation of these Abuses.

Waf. And do you sigh and groan too, or rejoyce in your Affliction?

Jus. I do not feel it, I do not think of it, it is a thing without me: *Adam*, thou art above these Batties, these Contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy Friend *Horace* says; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore as another Friend of thine says, (I think it be thy Friend *Persius*) *Non te quasiveris extra*.

Qua. What's here! a Stoick i' the Stocks? The Fool is turn'd *Philosopher*.

Bus. Friend, I will leave to communicate my Spirit with you, if I hear any more of those superstitious Relicks, those Lists of *Latin*, the very Rags of *Rome*, and Patches of *Popery*.

Waf. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, Gentlemen, I'll leave you. I ha' paid for quarrelling too lately: Look you, a Device, but shifting in a Hand for a Foot. God b'w' you. [*He gets out.*]

Bus. Wilt thou then leave thy Brethren in Tribulation?

Waf. For this once, Sir.

Bus. Thou art a halting *Neutral*; stay him there, stop him, that will not endure the Heat of Persecution.

Bri. How now, what's the matter?

Bus. He is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.
Bus.

Bri. What, has he made an Escape, which way? Follow, Neighbour *Haggise*.

Pur. O me! in the Stocks? Have the Wicked prevail'd?

Bus. Peace, religious Sister, it is my Calling, comfort your self; an extraordinary Calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

Tro. By whose Warrant, by whose Warrant, this?

[*The Mad-man enters.*]

Qua. O, here's my Man dropt in I look'd for.

Just. Ha!

Pur. O good Sir, they have set the Faithful here to be wonder'd at; and provided Holes for the Holy of the Land.

Tro. Had they Warrant for it? shew'd they *Justice Overdoo's* Hand? If they had no Warrant, they shall answer it.

Bri. Sure you did not lock the Stocks sufficiently, Neighbour *Toby*!

Hag. No! see if you can lock 'em better.

Bri. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truly, yet something is in the matter.

Tro. True, your Warrant is the matter that is in Question; by what Warrant?

Bri. Mad-man, hold your Peace, I will put you in his Room else, in the very same Hole, do you see?

Qua. How! is he a Mad-man!

Tro. Shew me *Justice Overdoo's* Warrant, I obey you.

Hag. You are a mad Fool, hold your Tongue.

Tro. In *Justice Overdoo's* Name, I drink to you, and here's my Warrant.

[*Shews his Can.*]

Just. Alas, poor Wretch! how it earns my Heart for him!

Qua. If he be mad, it is in vain to question him. I'll try though. Friend, there was a Gentlewoman shew'd you two Names some Hours since, *Argalus* and *Palemon*, to mark in a Book, which of 'em was it you mark'd?

Tro.

Tro. I mark no Name, but *Adam Overdoo*, that is the Name of Names, he only is the sufficient Magistrate; and that Name I reverence, shew it me.

Qua. This Fellow's mad indeed: I am further off now than afore.

Just. I shall not breath in Peace 'till I have made him some Amends.

Qua. Well, I will make another Use of him, is come in my Head: I have a Nest of Beards in my Trunk, one something like his.

Bri. This mad Fool has made me that I know not whether I have lock'd the Stocks or no; I think I lock'd 'em.

[*The Watch-men come back again. The Mad-man fights with 'em, and they leave open the Stocks.*]

Tro. Take *Adam Overdoo* in your Mind, and fear nothing.

Bri. 'Slid, Madness it self, hold thy Peace, and take that.

Tro. Strikest thou without a Warrant? Take thou that.

Bus. We are deliver'd by Miracle; Fellow in Fetters, let us not refuse the means; this Madness was of the Spirit: The Malice of the Enemy hath mock'd it self.

Pur. Mad do they call him! the World is mad in Error, but he is mad in Truth: I love him o' the sudden (the cunning Man said all true) and shall love him more and more. How well it becomes a Man to be mad in Truth! O, that I might be his Yoke-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should we draw to Madness in Truth with us!

Bri. How now! all 'scap'd? where's the *Woman*? it is Witchcraft! Her Velvet Hat is a Witch, o' my Conscience, or my Key! t'one. The Mad-man was a Devil, and I am an Ass; so bless me, my Place, and mine Office.

[*The Watch missing them, are affrighted.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Lantborn, Filcher, Sharkwel.

Lan. **W**ELL, Luck and Saint *Bartholomew*; our with the Sign of our Invention, in the Name of *Wit*, and do you beat the Drum the while; all the Fowl i'the *Fair*, I mean all the Dirt in *Smithfield*, (that's one of Master *Little-wit*'s *Carwhitcher*'s now) will be thrown at our Banner to day, if the matter do's not please the People. O the Motions that I *Lantborn Leatherhead* have given Light to, i' my Time, since my Master * *Pod* died! *Jerusalem* was a stately Thing, and so was *Ninive*, and the City of *Norwich*, and *Sodom* and *Gomorrab*; with the rising o' the Prentices, and pulling down the Bawdy-houses there upon *Shrove-Tuesday*; but the *Gun-powder-Plot*, there was a Get-penny! I have presented that to an Eighteen or Twenty Pence Audience, Nine times in an Afternoon. Your home-born Projects prove ever the best, they are so easie and familiar; they put too much Learning i' their things now o' days: And that I fear will be the Spoil o' this. *Little-wit*? I say, *Mickle-wit*! if not too mickle! Look to your Gathering there, Goodman *Filcher*.

Fil. I warrant you, Sir.

Lan. An there come any Gentlefolks, take Two-pence a-piece, *Sharkwell*.

Sba. I warrant you, Sir, Three-pence an' we can.

* *Pod* was a Master of Motions before him.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Justice, Win-wife, Grace, Quarlous, Pure-craft.

The Justice comes in like a Porter.

Just. This latter Disguise, I have borrow'd of a Porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good Ends; which however interrupted, were never destroyed in me: Neither is the Hour of my Severity yet come to reveal my self, wherein, Cloud-like, I will break out in Rain and Hail, Lightning and Thunder, upon the Head of Enormity. Two main Works I have to prosecute: First, one is to invent some Satisfaction for the poor kind Wretch, who is out of his Wits for my sake, and yonder I see him coming, I will walk aside, and project for it.

Win. I wonder where *Tom Quarlous* is, that he returns not, it may be he is struck in here to seek us.

Gra. See, here's our Mad-man again.

Qua. I have made my self as like him, as his Gown and Cap will give me Leave.

[Quarlous in the Habit of the Mad-man is mistaken by Mrs. Pure-craft.]

Pur. Sir, I love you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

Win-w. How! my Widow in Love with a Mad-man?

Pur. Verily, I can be as mad in Spirit as you.

Qua. By whose Warrant? leave your Canting, Gentlewoman, have I found you? (save ye, quit ye, and multiply ye) where's your Book? 'twas a sufficient Name I mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

[He desires to see the Book of Mistress Grace.]

Gra. What would you with it, Sir?

Qua. Mark it again and again at your Service.

Gra. Here it is, Sir, this was it you mark'd.

Qua. *Palemon?* Fare you well, fare you well.

Win-w.

Win-w. How, *Palemon*!

Gra. Yes faith, he has discover'd it to you now, and therefore 'twere vain to disguise it longer, I am yours, Sir, by the Benefit of your Fortune.

Win-w. And you have him, Mistress, believe it, that shall never give you Cause to repent her Benefit, but make you rather to think, that in this Choice she had both her Eyes.

Gra. I desire to put it to no Danger of Protestation.

Qua. *Palemon* the Word, and *Win-wife* the Man?

Pur. Good Sir, vouchsafe a Yoke-fellow in your Madness, shun not one of the sanctified Sisters, that would draw with you in truth.

Qua. Away, you are a Herd of hypocritical proud Ignorants, rather wild than mad; Fitter for Woods, and the Society of Beasts, than Houses, and the Congregation of Men. You are the Second Part of the Society of *Canterers*, Out-laws to Order and Discipline, and the only privileg'd Church-Robbers of Christendom. Let me alone, *Palemon* the Word, and *Win-wife* the Man?

Pur. I must uncover my self unto him, or I shall never enjoy him, for all the *Cunning Mens* Promises. Good Sir, hear me, I am worth Six Thousand Pound, my Love to you is become my Rack, I'll tell you all and the Truth, since you hate the Hypocrisie of the party-colour'd Brotherhood. These Seven Years I have been a wilful holy Widow, only to draw Feasts and Gifts from my intangled Suitors: I am also by Office an assisting Sister of the *Deacons*, and a Devourer, instead of a Distributer of the Alms. I am a special Maker of Marriages for our decayed *Brethren*, with our rich *Widows*, for a third part of their Wealth, when they are married, for the Relief of the poor *Elest*: As also our poor handsome young Virgins, with our wealthy Batchelors, or Widowers, to make them steal from their Husbands, when I have confirmed them

them in the Faith, and got all put into their Custodies. And if I ha' not my Bargain, they may sooner turn a scolding Drab into a silent *Minister*, than make me leave pronouncing *Reprobation* and *Damnation* unto them. Our Elder, *Zeal-of-the-land*, would have had me, but I know him to be the Capital Knave of the Land, making himself rich, by being made a *Feoffee* in trust to deceased *Brethren*, and coz'ning their *Heirs*, by swearing the absolute Gift of their Inheritance. And thus having eas'd my Conscience, and utter'd my Heart with the Tongue of my Love: Enjoy all my Deceits together, I beseech you. I should not have revealed this to you, but that in time I think you are mad, and I hope you'll think me so too, Sir?

Quar. Stand aside, I'll answer you presently. [*He considers with himself of it.*] Why should not I marry this Six Thousand Pound, now I think on't? and a good Trade too that she has beside, ha? Thet'other Wench *Win-wife* is sure of; there's no Expectation for me there! Here I may make my self some Saver, yet, if she continue mad, there's the Question. It is Money that I want, why should not I marry the Money when 'tis offer'd me? I have a *Licence* and all, it is but razing out one Name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a Man's Fortune! I am resolv'd, I were truly mad an' I would not! Well, come your ways, follow me, an' you will be mad, I'll shew you a Warrant! [*He takes her along with him.*]

Pur. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

Jus. Sir, let me speak with you. [*The Justice calls*]

Quar. By whose Warrant? [*him.*]

Jus. The Warrant that you tender, and respect so; Justice *Overdoo's*! I am the Man, Friend *Trouble-all*, tho' thus disguis'd (as the careful *Magistrate* ought) for the good of the Republick in the *Fair*, and the weeding out of Enormity. Do you want a House, or Mear, or Drink, or Clothes? Speak whatsoever it is, it shall be supplied you; what want you?

Qua.

Qua. Nothing but your *Warrant*.

Jus. My *Warrant*? for what?

Qua. To be gone, Sir.

Jus. Nay, I pray thee stay, I am serious, and have not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee. Think what may do thee good.

Qua. Your Hand and Seal will do me a great deal of good; nothing else in the whole *Fair* that I know.

Jus. If it were to any end, thou should'st have it willingly.

Qua. Why, it will satisfy me, that's end enough; to look on; an' you will not gi' it me, let me go.

Jus. Alas! thou shalt ha' it presently; I'll but step into the Scriveners here by, and bring it. Do not go away. *[The Justice goes out.]*

Qua. Why, this mad Man's shape will prove a very fortunate one, I think! Can a ragged Robe produce these Effects? if this be the wise Justice, and he bring me his hand, I shall go near to make some use on't. He is come already! *[And returns.]*

Jus. Look thee! here is my Hand and Seal, *Adam Overdoo*; if there be any thing to be written above in that Paper that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter, think on't, it is my Deed, I deliver it so; can your Friend write?

Qua. Her hand for a *Witness*, and all is well.

Jus. With all my heart. *[He urgeth Mrs. Purecraft.]*

Qua. Why should not I ha' the Conscience to make this a Bond of a Thousand Pound now, or what I would else?

Jus. Look you, there it is, and I deliver it as my Deed again.

Qua. Let us now proceed in Madness.

[He takes her in with him.]

Jus. Well, my Conscience is much eas'd; I ha' done my part, though it doth him no good, yet *Adam* hath offer'd Satisfaction! The Sting is remov'd from hence!

Poor

Poor man, he is much alter'd with his Affliction, it has brought him low! Now for my other work, reducing the young Man (I have follow'd so long in Love) from the Brink of his Bane to the Center of Safety. Here, or in some such like vain place, I shall be sure to find him. I will wait the good time.

SCENE III.

Cokes, Sharkwell, Justice, Filcher, Jobn, Lanterne.

Cok. How now? what's here to do, Friend? art thou the *Master of the Monuments*?

Sha. 'Tis a *Motion*, an't please your Worship.

Jus. My fantastical Brother-in-Law, Master *Bartholomew Cokes*!

Cok. A *Motion*, what's that? [*He reads the Bill.*] The ancient modern History of *Hero and Leander*, otherwise called *The Touchstone of true Love*, with as true a Trial of Friendship between *Damon and Pythias*, two faithful Friends o' the *Bank side*? Pretty i' faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an *Enterlude*? or what is't?

Fil. Yes, Sir, please you come near, we'll take your Money within.

Cok. Back with these Children; they do so follow me up and down. [*The Boys o' the Fair follow him.*]

Job. By your leave, Friend.

Fil. You must pay, Sir, an' you go id.

Job. Who, I? I perceive thou know'st not me; call the Master o' the *Motion*.

Sha. What, do you not know the *Author*, Fellow *Filcher*? You must take no Money of him; he must come in *gratis*: Master *Little-wit* is a Voluntary; he is the *Author*.

Job. Peace, speak not too loud, I would not have any notice taken that I am the *Author*, till we see how it passes.

VOL. IV.

H

Cok.

Cok. Master *Little-wit*, how dost thou?

Job. Master *Cokes*! you are exceeding well met! What, in your Doublet and Hose, without a Cloak or a Hat?

Cok. I would I might never stir, as I am an honest Man, and by that Fire; I have lost all i' the *Fair*, and all my Acquaintance too; didst thou meet any body that I know, Master *Little-wit*? my Man *Numps*, or my Sister *Over-doo*, or Mistress *Grace*? Pray thee, Master *Little-wit*, lend me some Money to see the *Enterlude* here; I'll pay thee again, as I am a Gentleman. If thou'lt but carry me home, I have Money enough there.

Job. O, Sir, you shall command it; what, will a Crown serve you?

Cok. I think it will; what do we pay for coming in, Fellows?

Fil. Two Pence, Sir.

Cok. Two Pence? There's Twelve Pence, Friend: Nay, I am a *Gallant*, as simple as I look now; if you see me with my Man about me, and my *Artillery* again.

Job. Your Man was i' the Stocks e'en now, Sir.

Cok. Who, *Numps*?

Job. Yes faith.

Cok. For what i' faith? I am glad o' that; remember to tell me on't anon; I have enough now! What manner of matter is this, Mr. *Little-wit*? What kind of *Actors* ha' you? Are they good *Actors*?

Job. Pretty Youths, Sir, all Children both old and young; here's the Master of 'em —

(*Lan.* Call me not *Leatherhead*, but *Lantern*.)

[*Leatherhead* whispers to *Little-wit*.]

Job. Master *Lantern*, that gives light to the business.

Cok. In good time; Sir, I would fain see 'em, I would be glad drink with the young Company; which is the *Tiring-house*?

Lan.

Lan. Troth, Sir, our Tiring-house is somewhat little; we are but Beginners yet, pray pardon us; you cannot go upright in't.

Cok. No, not now my Hat is off? what would you have done with me, if you had had me Feather and all, as I was once to day? Ha' you none of your pretty impudent Boys now, to bring Stools, fill Tobacco, fetch Ale, and beg Money, as they have at other Houses? let me see some o' your *Actors*.

Job. Shew him 'em, shew him 'em. Master *Lantern*, this is a Gentleman that is a Favourer of the Quality.

Jus. I, the favouring of this licentious Quality is the Consumption of many a young Gentleman; a pernicious Enormity.

Cok. What, do they live in Baskets?

[*He brings them out in a Basket.*]

Lan. They do lie in a Basket, Sir, they are o' the small *Players*.

Cok. These be *Players minors* indeed. Do you call these *Players*?

Lan. They are *Actors*, Sir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb Shows: Indeed I am the mouth of 'em all.

Cok. Thy mouth will hold 'em all. I think one *Taylor* would go near to beat all this Company, with a Hand bound behind him.

Job. I, and eat 'em all too, an' they were in Cake-bread.

Cok. I thank you for that, Master *Little-wit*, a good Jest! which is your *Burbage* now?

Lan. What mean you by that, Sir?

Cok. Your best *Actor*, your *Field*?

Job. Good i' faith! you are even with me, Sir.

Lan. This is he, that acts young *Leander*, Sir. He is extreemly belov'd of the Womenkind, they do so affect his Action, the green Gamesters, that come here, and this is lovely *Hero*; this with the beard,

Damon; and this pretty *Pythias*: this is the Ghost of King *Dionysius* in the Habit of a *Scrivener*; as you shall see anon at large.

Cok. Well, they are a Civil Company, I like 'em for that; they offer not to flect, nor jeer, nor break Jest, as the great *Players* do: And then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of 'em, or making 'em drunk, as to the other, by reason of their Little-ness. Do they use to play perfect? Are they never fluster'd?

Lan. No, Sir, I thank my Industry and Policy for it; they are as well govern'd a Company, though I say it — And here is young *Leander*, is as proper an *Actor*, of his Inches, and shakes his Head like an *Hofler*:

Cok. But do you play it according to the printed Book? I have read that.

Lan. By no means, Sir.

Cok. No? how then?

Lan. A better way, Sir, that is too learned and poetical for our Audience: What, do they know what *Hellepont* is? guilty of true Love's Blood? or what *Abidos* is? or the other *Sestos* height?

Cok. Th' art i' the right, I do not know my self.

Lan. No, I have entreated Master *Little-wit* to take a little pains to reduce it to a more familiar strain for our people.

Cok. How, I pray thee, good Master *Little-wit*?

Job. It pleases him to make a matter of it, Sir. But there is no such matter, I assure you: I have only made it a little easie, and *modern* for the Times, Sir, that's all. As for the *Hellepont*, I imagine our *Thames* here; and then *Leander* I make a Dyer's Son about *Puddle-Wharf*; and *Hero* a Wench o' the *Bank-side*, who going over one Morning to *Old-Fishstreet*, *Leander* spies her land at *Trigs-Stairs*, and falls in Love with h'r. Now do I introduce *Cupid*, having *metamorphos'd* himself into a Drawer, and he strikes *Hero*

in love with a Pint of *Sberry*, and other pretty Passages there are o' the Friendship, that will delight you, Sir, and please you of Judgment.

Cok. I'll be sworn they shall: I am in Love with the *Actors* already, and I'll be allied to them presently. (They respect Gentlemen, these Fellows:) *Hero* shall be my Fairing: But which of my Fairings? (Let me see) i' faith, my *Fiddle!* and *Leander* my *Fiddle-Strick*: Then *Damon* my *Drum*; and *Pythias* my *Pipe*, and the Ghost of *Dionysius* my *Hobby-horse*. All fitted.

S C E N E IV.

To them *Win-wife*, *Grace*, *Knockbum*, *Whitt*, *Edgworth*,
Win, *Mistress Overdo*. And to them *Waspe*.

Win-w. Look yonder's your *Cokes* gotten in among his Play-fellows; I thought we could not miss him at such a Spectacle.

Gra. Let him alone, he is so busie he will never spy us.

Lan. Nay, good Sir.

Cok. I warrant thee I will not hurt her, Fellow; what dost think me uncivil? I pray thee be not jealous; I am toward a Wife. [*Cokes is handling the Puppets.*]

Job. Well, good Master *Lantern*, make ready to begin, that I may fetch my Wife, and look you be perfect, you undo me else i' my Reputation.

Lan. I warrant you, Sir, do not you breed too great an Expectation of it among your Friends; that's the only Hurter of these things.

Job. No, no, no.

Cok. I'll stay here and see; pray thee let me see.

Win-w. How diligent and troublesome he is!

Gra. The Place becomes him, methinks.

Just. My Ward, Mistress *Grace*, in the Company of a Stranger? I doubt I shall be compell'd to discover my self before my Time.

Fil. Two-pence apiece, Gentlemen, an excellent Motion. *[The Door-keepers speak.]*

Kno. Shall we have fine Fire-works, and good Vapours?

Sba. Yes, Captain, and Water-works too.

Whi. I pree dee take a Care o' dy shmall Lady there, *Edgworth*: I will look to dish tall Lady my self.

Lan. Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen.

Whi. Predee Mashter o' de *Monsther*s, help a very sick Lady here to a Chair to shit in.

Lan. Presently, Sir.

Whi. Good fait now, *Ursla*'s Ale and *Aqua-vita* ish to blame for't; Shit down, Shweet-heart, shit down and sleep a little. *[They bring Mistress Overdoo a Chair.]*

Edg. Madam, you are very welcome hither.

Kno. Yes, and you shall see very good Vapours.

Just. Here is my Care come! I like to see him in so good Company; and yet I wonder that Persons of such Fashion should resort hither! *[By Edgworth.]*

Edg. There is a very private House, Madam.

[The Cut-purse courts Mistress Little-wit.]

Lan. Will it please your Ladyship sit, Madam?

Win. Yes, Goodman. They do so all to be Madam me, I think they think me a very Lady!

Edg. What else, Madam?

Win. Must I put off my Mask to him?

Edg. O, by no means.

Win. How should my Husband know me then?

Kno. Husband? an idle Vapour, he must not know you, nor you him; there's the true Vapour.

Just. Yea, I will observe more of this: Is this a Lady, Friend?

Whi. I, and dat is anoder Lady, Shweet-heart; if dou hasht a mind to 'em, give me Twelve-pence from tee, and dou shalt have eder-oder on 'em.

Just.

Just. I? This will prove my chiefest Enormity: I will follow this.

Edg. Is not this a finer Life, *Lady*, than to be clogg'd with a Husband?

Win. Yes, a great deal. When will they begin, trow? in the Name o' the *Motion*?

Edg. By and by, *Madam*; they stay but for Company.

Kno. Do you hear, *Puppet-Master*, these are tedious Vapours; when begin you?

Lan. We stay but for Master *Little-wit*, the *Author*, who is gone for his Wife; and we begin presently.

Win. That's I, that's I.

Edg. That was you, *Lady*; but now you are no such poor thing.

Kno. Hang the *Author's* Wife, a running Vapour! here be *Ladies* will stay for ne'er a *Delia* o' 'em all.

Whi. But hear me now, here ish one o' de *Ladish a*, shleep, stay till shee but wake, Man.

Waf. How now, Friends? what's here to do?

Fil. Two-pence apiece, Sir, the best *Motion* in the Fair. [The Door-keepers again:

Waf. I believe you lie; if you do, I'll have my Money again, and beat you.

Win. *Numps* is come!

Waf. Did you see a Master of mine come in here; a tall young 'Squire of *Harrow o' the Hill*, Master *Bartholomew Cokes*?

Fil. I think there be such a one within.

Waf. Look he be, you were best: But it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I ha' been at the *Eagle*, and the *Black Wolf*, and the *Bull* with the Five Legs and Two Pizzles: (He was a Calf at *Uxbridge-Fair* Two Years ago:) And at the *Dogs* that dance the *Morrice*, and the Hair o' the *Taber*; and mist him at all these! Sure this must

needs be some fine Sight that holds him so, if it have him.

Cok. Come, come, are you ready now?

Lan. Presently, Sir.

Waf. Hoyday, he's at Work in his Doublet and Hose; Do you hear, Sir? Are you imploy'd, that you are bare-headed and so busie?

Cok. Hold your Peace, *Numps*; you ha' been i' the Stocks, I hear.

Waf. Do's he know that? Nay, then the Date of my *Authority* is out; I must think no longer to reign, my Government is at an End. He that will correct another must want Fault in himself.

Win-w. Sententious *Numps*! I never heard so much from him before.

Lan. Sure Master *Little-wit* will not come; please you take your Place, Sir; we'll begin.

Cok. I pray thee do, mine Ears long to be at it, and my Eyes too. O *Numps*, i' the Stocks, *Numps*? Where's your Sword, *Numps*?

Waf. I pray you intend your Game, Sir, let me alone.

Cok. Well then, we are quit for all. Come, sit down, *Numps*; I'll interpret to thee: Did you see Mistress *Grace*? It's no matter neither, now I think on't, tell me anon.

Win-w. A great deal of Love and Care he expresses.

Gra. Alas! would you have him to express more than he has? that were Tyranny.

Cok. Peace, ho; now, now.

Lan. Gentiles, that no longer your Expectations may wander,

Behold our chief Actor, amorous Leander.

With a great deal of Cloth, lapp'd about him like a Scarf,
For he yet serves his Father, a Dyer at Puddle-Wharf;
Which

*Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our Abidus,
As the Bank-side is our Sestos; and let it not be deny'd us.
Now as he is beating, to make the Dye take the fuller,
Who chances to come by, but Fair Hero in a Sculler;
And seeing Leander's naked Leg and goodly Calf,
Cast at him from the Boat a Sheep's Eye and an half.
Now she is landed, and the Sculler come back,
By and by you shall see what Leander doth lack.*

Pup. L. Cole, Cole, old Cole.

Lan. *That is the Sculler's Name, without controul.*

Pup. L. Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.

Lan. *We do hear you.*

Pup. L. Old Cole.

Lan. Old Cole? *Is the Dyer turn'd Collier? how do you sell?*

Pup. L. *A Pox o' your manners, kiss my hole here, and smell.*

Lan. *Kiss your hole and smell? there's manners indeed.*

Pup. L. Why, Cole, I say, Cole.

Lan. *It's the Sculler you need.*

Pup. L. I, and be hang'd.

Lan. *Be hang'd; look you yonder.*

Old Cole, you must go hang with Master Leander.

Pup. C. *Where is he?*

Pup. L. *Here, Cole: What Fairest of Fairs,
Was that Fare that thou landedst but now at Trigs-Stairs?*

Cok. *What was that fellow? Pray thee tell me, I scarce understand 'em.*

Lan. *Leander do's ask, Sir, what Fairest of Fairs,
Was the Fare he landed but now at Trigs-Stairs?*

Pup. C. *It is lovely Hero,*

Pup. L. Nero?

Pup. C. No, Hero,

Lan. *It is Hero*

Of the Bank-side, he saith, to tell you truth without erring,

Is come over into Fish-Street to eat some Fresh Herring.

Leander

Leander says no more, but as fast as he can,
Gets on all his best Clothes, and will after to the Swan,

Cok. Most admirable good, is't not?

Lan. Stay, Sculler.

Pup. C. What say you?

Lan. You must stay for Leander,
And carry him to the Wench.

Pup. C. You Rogue, I am no Pandar.

Cok. He says he is no Pandar. 'Tis a fine Language;
I understand it now.

Lan. Are you no Pandar, Goodman Cole? Here's no
Man says you are:

You'll grow a hot Cole, it seems, pray you stay for your Fare,

Pup. C. Will he come away?

Lan. What do you say?

Pup. C. I'd ha' him come away.

Lan. Would you ha' Leander come away? why, pray
Sir, stay.

You are angry, Goodman Cole; I believe the Fair Maid
Came over with you a' trust: tell us, Sculler, are you paid?

Pup. C. Yes, Goodman Hogrubber, o' Pickt-hatch.

Lan. How? Hogrubber o' Pickt-hatch.

Pup. C. I, Hogrubber o' Pickt-hatch. Take you that.
[The Puppet strikes him over the Pate,

Lan. O, my Head!

Pup. C. Harm watch, harm catch.

Cok. Harm watch, harm catch, he says: Very good
i' faith, the Sculler had like to ha' knock'd you, Sir,
rah.

Lan. Yes, but that his Fare call'd him away.

Pup. L. Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row,
row.

Lan. You are knavishly loaden, Sculler, take heed where
you go.

Pup. C. Knave i' your Face, Goodman Rogue.

Pup. L. Row, row, row, row, row, row.

Cok. He said, Knave i' your Face, Friend.

Lan.

Lan. I, Sir, I heard him. But there's no talking to these Water-men, they will ha' the last word.

Cok. God's my life! I am not allied to the Sculler yet, he shall be *Dauphin* my Boy. But my Fiddle-stick do's fiddle in and out too much: I pray thee speak to him on't; tell him I would have him tarry in my sight more.

Lan. I pray you be content; you'll have enough on him, Sir.

Now, Gentiles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid, But that you have heard of a little God of Love call'd Cupid;

Who out of Kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw her, This present day and hour doth turn himself to a Drawer. And because he would have their first meeting to be merry, He strikes Hero in love to him with a Pint of Sherry; Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent her, Who after him into the Room of Hero doth venture.

[*Pup.* Leander goes into Mistress Hero's Room.

Pup. Jo. A Pint of Sack, score a Pint of Sack i' the Conney.

Cok. Sack? you said but e'en now it should be Sherry.

Pup. Jo. Why so it is; Sherry, Sherry, Sherry.

Cok. Sherry, Sherry, Sherry. By my Troth he makes me merry. I must have a Name for *Cupid* too. Let me see, thou might'st help me now, an' thou would'st, *Numps*, at a dead lift; but thou art dreaming o' the Stocks still. Do not think on't, I have forgot it; 'tis but a Nine Day's Wonder, Man; let it not trouble thee.

Waf. I would the Stocks were about your Neck, Sir; condition I hung by the Heels in them till the Wonder were off from you, with all my heart.

Cok. Well said, resolute *Numps*: But hark you, Friend, where is the friendship all this while between my Drum *Damon*, and my Pipe *Pythias*?

Lan. You shall see by and by, Sir.

Cok.

Cok. You think my Hobby-horse is forgotten too; no, I'll see 'em all enact before I go; I shall not know which to love best else.

Kno. This Gallant has interrupting Vapours, troublesome Vapours; *Whit*, puff with him.

Whit. No, I pre dee, Captain, let him alone; he is a Child i' faith, la.

Lan. Now Gentiles, to the Friends, who in Number are Two,

And lodg'd in that Ale-house in which Fair Hero do's do; Damon (for some kindness done him the last Week)

Is come, Fair Hero, in Fish-street, this morning to seek; Pythias do's smell the Knavery of the Meeting,

And now you shall see their true friendly greeting.

Pup. Pi. You Whore-masterly Slave, you.

Cok. Whore-masterly Slave you? very friendly and familiar, that.

Pup. Da. Whore-master i' thy Face,

Then hast lain with her thy self, I'll prove't i' this place.

Cok. Damon says Pythias has lain with her himself, he'll prove't in this place.

Lan. They are Whore-masters both, Sir, that's a plain Case.

Pup. Pi. You lie like a Rogue.

Lan. Do I lie like a Rogue?

Pup. Pi. A Pimp and a Scab.

Lan. A Pimp and a Scab?

I say, between you, you have both but one Drab,

Pup. Da. You lie again.

Lan. Do I lie again?

Pup. Da. Like a Rogue again.

Lan. Like a Rogue again?

Pup. Pi. And you are a Pimp again.

Cok. And you are a Pimp again, he says.

Pup. Da. And a Scab again.

Cok. And a Scab again, he says.

Lan. And I say again, you are both Whore-masters again,

And

And you have both but one Drab again. [They fight.

Pup. Da. Pi. *Dost thou, dost thou, dost thou?*

Lan. *What, both at once?*

Pup. P. *Down with him, Damon.*

Pup. D. *Pink his Guts, Pythias.*

Lan. *What, so malicious?*

Will ye murder me, Masters both, i' my own House?

Cok. *Ho! well acted, my Drum, well acted, my Pipe, well acted still.*

Waf. *Well acted, with all my heart.*

Lan. *Hold, hold your hands.*

Cok. *I, both your hands, for my sake! for you ha' both done well.*

Pup. D. *Gramercy, pure Pythias.*

Pup. P. *Gramercy, dear Damon.*

Cok. *Gramercy to you both, my Pipe and my Drum.*

Pup. P. D. *Come, now we'll together to breakfast to Hero.*

Lan. *'Tis well you can now go to breakfast to Hero.*

You have given me my breakfast, with a hone and honero.

Cok. *How is't, Friend, ha' they hurt thee?*

Lan. *O no!*

Between you and I, Sir, we do but make show.

Thus, Gentiles, you perceive, without any denial,

'Twixt Damon and Pythias here, Friendship's true tryal.

Tho' hourly they quarrel thus, and roar each with other,

They fight you no more than do's Brother with Brother.

But friendly together, at the next Man they meet,

They let fly their Anger, as here you might see't.

Cok. *Well, we have seen't, and thou hast felt it, whatsoever thou sayest. What's next? what's next?*

Lan. *This while young Leander with fair Hero is drinking,*

And Hero grown drunk, to any man's thinking!

Yet was it not three Pints of Sherry could flaw her,

Till Cupid distinguish'd like Jonas the Drawer,

From under his Apron, where his lechery lurks,

Put love in her Sack. Now mark how it works.

Pup.

Pup. H. O Leander, Leander, my dear my dear Leander,

I'll for ever be thy Goose, so thou'lt be my Gander.

Cok. Excellently well said, Fiddle, she'll ever be his Goose, so he'll be her Gander, was't not so?

Lan. Yes, Sir, but mark his answer now.

Pup. L. *And sweetest of Geese, before I go to Bed, I'll swim o'er the Thames, my Goose, thee to tread.*

Cok. Brave! he will swim o'er the Thames, and tread his Goose to night, he says.

Lan. I, peace, Sir, they'll be angry if they hear you eaves-dropping, now they are setting their match.

Pup. L. *But lest the Thames should be dark, my Goose, my dear Friend,*

Let thy Window be provided of a Candle's end.

Pup. H. *Fear not, my Gander, I protest I should handle My matters very ill, if I had not a whole Candle.*

Pup. L. *Well then, look to't, and kiss me to boot.*

Lan. Now here come the Friends again, Pythias and Damon,

[Damon and Pythias enter.

And under their Cloaks they have of Bacon a Gammon.

Pup. P. Drawer, fill some Wine here.

Lan. How, some Wine there?

There's Company already, Sir, pray forbear!

Pup. D. 'Tis Hero.

Lan. Yes, but she will not be taken,

After Sack and Fresh-herring, with your Dunmow-bacon.

Pup. P. You lie, it's Westfabian.

Lan. Westphalian you should say.

Pup. D. *If you hold not your peace, you are a Coxcomb I would say.*

[Leander and Hero are kissing.

Pup. *What's here, what's here? kifs, kifs, upon kifs?*

Lan. I, wherefore should they not? what harm is in this? 'tis Mistress Hero.

Pup. D. *Mistress Hero's a whore.*

Lan. *Is she a whore? keep you quiet, or, Sir Knave, out of door.*

Pup. D. *Knave out of door?*

Pup.

Pup. H. Yes, Knave out of door.

Pup. D. Whore out of door.

[Here the Puppets

Pup. H. I say, Knave out of door. quarrel and fall

Pup. D. I say, Whore out of door. together by the

Pup. P. Yea, so say I too. Ears.

Pup. H. Kifs the whore o' the Arse.

Lan. Now you ha' something to do:

You must kifs her o' the Arse, she says.

Pup. D. P. So we will, so we will.

Pup. H. O my Haunches, O my Haunches, hold, hold.

Lan. Stand'st thou still?

Leander, where art thou? stand'st thou still like a Sor,

And not offer'st to break both their Heads with a Pot?

See who's at thine Elbow there! Puppet Jonas and Cupid;

Pup. I. Upon 'em, Leander, be not so stupid. [They fight.

Pup. L. You Goat-bearded Slave!

Pup. D. You whore-master Knave!

Pup. L. Thou art a whore-master.

Pup. I. Whore-masters all.

Lan. See, Cupid with a word has rane up the brawl.

Kno. These be fine Vapours!

Cok. By this good day they fight bravely! do they not, Numps?

Waf. Yes, they lack'd but you to their second all this while.

Lan. This tragical encounter falling out thus to busie us,

It raises up the Ghost of their Friend Dionysius;

Not like a Monarch, but the Master of a School,

In a Scrivener's furr'd Gown, which shews he is no Fool.

For therein he hath wit enough to keep himself warm.

O Damon, he cries, and Pythias, what harm

Hath poor Dionysius done you in his Grave,

That after his death you should fall out thus and rave,

And call amorous Leander whore-master Knave?

Pup. D. I cannot, I will not, I promise you, endure it.

SCENE

SCENE V.

To them, Busy.

Bus. Down with *Dagon*, down with *Dagon*; 'tis I, will no longer endure your Profanations.

Lan. What mean you, Sir?

Bus. I will remove *Dagon* there, I say, that *Idol*, that heathenish *Idol*, that remains (as I may say) a Beam, a very Beam, not a Beam of the *Sun*, nor a Beam of the *Moon*, nor a Beam of a Ballance, neither a House-Beam, nor a Weavers Beam, but a Beam in the Eye, in the Eye of the Brethren; a very great Beam, an exceeding great Beam; such as are your *Stage-players*, *Rimers*, and *Morrice-dancers*, who have walked hand in hand, in contempt of the *Brethren*, and the *Cause*; and been born out by Instruments of no mean Countenance.

Lan. Sir, I present nothing but what is licens'd by Authority.

Bus. Thou art all *License*, even *Licentiousness* it self, *Shimei*!

Lan. I have the Master of the *Revell's* Hand for't, Sir.

Bus. The Master of *Rebells* hand, thou hast *Satan's*! hold thy peace, thy scurrility, shut up thy Mouth, thy Profession is damnable, and in pleading for it thou dost plead for *Baal*. I have long opened my Mouth wide and gaped, I have gaped as the Oyster for the Tide, after thy destruction: but cannot compass it by suit or dispute; so that I look for a Bickering, ere long, and then a Battel.

Kno. Good *Banbury Vapours*.

Cok. Friend, you'd have an ill Match on't, if you bicker with him here, though he be no Man o' the *Fist*, he has Friends that will go to *Cuffs* for him. *Numps*, will not you take our side?

Edg.

Edg. Sir, it shall not need, in my Mind he offers him a fairer Course, to end it by disputation! hast thou nothing to say for thy self, in defence of thy quality?

Lan. Faith Sir, I am not well studied in these Controversies, between the Hypocrites and us. But here's one of my *Motion*, *Puppet Dionysius*, shall undertake him, and I'll venture the Cause on't.

Cok. Who? my Hobby-horse? will he dispute with him?

Lan. Yes, Sir, and make a Hobby-As of him, I hope.

Cok. That's excellent! indeed he looks like the best Scholar of 'em all. Come, Sir, you must be as good as your Word now.

Bus. I will not fear to make my Spirit and Gifts known! assist me Zeal, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full.

Win-w. What a desperate, profane Wretch is this! is there any Ignorance or Impudence like his? to call his Zeal to fill him against a *Puppet*?

Qua. I know no fitter Match than a *Puppet* to commit with an Hypocrite!

Bus. First, I lay unto thee Idol, thou hast no *Calling*.

Pup. D. You lie, I am call'd Dionysius.

Lan. The *Motion* says, you lie, he is call'd *Dionysius* i' the matter, and to that *calling* he answers.

Bus. I mean no *vocation*, Idol, no present lawful *Calling*.

Pup. D. Is yours a lawful *Calling*?

Lan. The *Motion* asketh, if yours be a lawful *Calling*?

Bus. Yes, mine is of the Spirit.

Pup. D. Then Idol is a lawful *Calling*.

Lan. He says, then Idol is a lawful *Calling*; for you call'd him Idol, and your *Calling* is of the Spirit.

Cok. Well disputed, Hobby-horse.

Bus. Take not part with the wicked, young Gallant: He neigheth and hinnieth, all is but hinnying Sophistry. I call him *Idol* again; yet, I say, his *Calling*, his Profession is prophane, it is prophane, *Idol*.

Pup. D. *It is not prophane.*

Lan. It is not prophane, he says.

Bus. It is prophane.

Pup. *It is not prophane.*

Bus. It is prophane.

Pup. *It is not prophane.*

Lan. Well said, confute him with *not*, still. You cannot bear him down with your base noise, Sir.

Bus. Nor he me, with his treble creaking, though he creak like the Chariot Wheels of *Satan*; I am zealous for the *Cause* —

Lan. As a Dog for a Bone.

Bus. And I say, it is prophane, as being the Page of *Pride*, and the Waiting-woman of *Vanity*.

Pup. D. *Tea? what say you to your Tire-women, then?*

Lan. Good.

Pup. Or *Feather-makers* i' the Fryers, that are o' your faction of faith? Are not they, with their *Perukes*, and their *Puffs*, their *Fans*, and their *Huffs*, as much Pages of *Pride*, and Waiters upon *Vanity*? What say you? what say you? what say you?

Bus. I will not answer for them.

Pup. Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a Bugle-maker a lawful Calling? or the Confect-makers? such you have there; or your French Fashioner? you'd have all the Sin within your selves, would you not? would you not?

Bus. No, Dagon.

Pup. What then, Dagonet? is a Puppet worse than these?

Bus. Yes, and my main Argument against you is, that you are an *Abomination*; for the Male, among you, putteth on the Apparel of the *Female*, and the *Female* of the *Male*.

Pup.

Pup. *You lye, you lye, you lye abominably.*

Cok. Good, by my Troth, he has given him the lye thrice.

Pup. *It is your old stale Argument against the Players, but it will not hold against the Puppets, for we have neither Male nor Female amongst us. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind zeal as thou art!* [The Puppet takes up his Garment.

Edg. By my faith, there he has answer'd you, Friend, by plain demonstration.

Pup. *Nay, I'll prove, against e'er a Rabbin of 'em all, that my Standing is as lawful as his; that I speak by Inspiration, as well as he; that I have as little to do with learning as he; and do scorn her helps as much as he.*

Bus. I am confuted, the Cause hath failed me.

Pup. *Then be converted, be converted.*

Lan. Be converted, I pray you, and let the Play go on!

Bus. Let it go on; for I am changed, and will become a Beholder with you!

Cok. That's brave i' faith, thou hast carried it away; Hobby-horse, on with the Play!

Just. Stay, now do I forbid; I am *Adam Overdoo!* sit still, I charge you.

[The Justice discovers himself,

Cok. What, my Brother i' Law!

Gra. My wise Guardian!

Edg. Justice *Overdoo!*

Just. It is time to take Enormity by the Forehead, and brand it; for I have discover'd enough.

S C E N E VI.

To them, Quarlous, (like the Madman;) Purecraft; (a while after) John: To them, Trouble-all, Ursla, Nightingale.

Quar. Nay come, Mistress Bride; you must do as I do, now. You must be mad with me, in Truth; I have here *Justice Overdoo* for it.

Just. Peace, good *Trouble-all*; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your Friend too; you also, young Man, shall be my care; stand there.

[To the Cut-purse, and Mistress Little-wit,

Edg. Now, Mercy upon me.

Kno. Would we were away, *Whit*, these are dangerous Vapours, best fall off with our Birds for fear o' the Cage.

[The rest are stealing away.

Just. Stay, is not my Name your Terror?

Whi. Yesh faith Man, and it ish for tat we would be gone, Man.

Job. O Gentlemen! did you not see a Wife of mine? I ha' lost my little Wife, as I shall be trusted: my little pretty *Win*. I left her at the great Woman's House in trust yonder, the Pig-woman's, with Captain *Jordan*, and Captain *Whit*, very good Men, and I cannot hear of her. Poor Fool, I fear she's stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see *Win*?

Just. If this Grave Matron be your Mother, Sir, stand by her, *Et digito, compesce labellum*, I may perhaps spring a Wife for you, anon. Brother *Bartholomew*, I am sadly sorry to see you so lightly given, and such a *Disciple* of Enormity, with your grave Governor *Humphrey*: But stand you both there, in the middle Place; I will reprehend you in your Courle. Mistress *Grace*, let me rescue you out of the Hands of the Stranger.

Win.w.

Win-w. Pardon me, Sir, I am a Kinsman of hers.

Just. Are you so? of what name, Sir?

Win-w. *Win-wife*, Sir.

Just. Master *Win-wife*? I hope you have won no Wife of her, Sir: If you have, I will examine the possibility of it, at fit leisure. Now, to my Enormities: Look upon me, O *London*! and see me, O *Smithfield*! The *Example of Justice*, and *Mirror of Magistrates*; the true top of Formality, and scourge of Enormity. Harken unto my *Labours*, and but observe my *Discoveries*; and compare *Hercules* with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or *Columbus*, *Magellan*, or our Country-man *Drake* of later times: Stand forth you Weeds of Enormity, and spread. [*To Busy.*] First, *Rabbi Busy*, thou *superlunatical* Hypocrite: [*To Lantern.*] Next, thou other Extremity, thou prophane Professor of *Puppetry*, little better than *Poetry*: [*To the Horse-courser, and Cut purse.*] Then thou strong Debaucher and Seducer of Youth; witness this easie and honest young Man: [*To Captain Whit, and Mistress Little-wit.*] Now thou *Esquire of Dames, Madams*, and *Twelve-penny Ladies*: Now my green *Madam* her self, of the price; let me unmask your *Ladiship*.

Joh. O my Wife, my Wife, my Wife!

Just. Is she your Wife? *Redde te Harpocartem!*

Enter Trouble-all.

Trou. By your leave, stand by my Masters, be uncover'd.

Urf. O stay him, stay him, help to cry, *Nightingale*; my Pan, my Pan.

Just. What's the matter?

Nig. He has stoln Gammar *Urf*'s Pan.

Trou. Yes, and I fear no Man but *Justice Overdoo*.

Just. *Urf*? where is she? O the Sow of Enormity, this! welcome, stand you there; you, Songster, there. [*To Urf and Nightingale.*]

Urf. An' please your Worship, I am in no fault: A Gentleman stripp'd him in my Booth, and borrow'd

his Gown, and his Hat; and he ran away with my Goods here for it.

Just. Then this is the true Mad-man, and you are the Enormity! [To Quarious.]

Qua. You are i' the right; I am mad, but from the Gown outward.

Just. Stand you there.

Qua. Where you please, Sir.

Over. O lend me a Bason, I am sick, I am sick; where's Mr. Overdoo? *Bridget*, call hither my *Adam*.

[Mrs. Overdoo is sick, and her Husband is silenc'd.]

Just. How?

Whi. Dy very own Wife, i' fait, worshipful *Adam*.

Over. Will not my *Adam* come at me? Shall I see him no more then?

Qua. Sir, why do you not go on with the Enormity? Are you oppress'd with it? I'll help you: Hark you, Sir, i' your Ear; your *Innocent Young Man*, you have ta'en such Care of all this Day, is a *Cut-purse*, that hath got all your Brother *Cokes's* Things, and help'd you to your Beating, and the Stocks; if you have a mind to hang him now, and shew him your *Magistrates* Wit, you may: But I should think it were better recovering the Goods, and to save your Estimation in him. I thank you, Sir, for the Gift of your *Ward*, Mrs. *Grace*: Look you, here is your Hand and Seal, by the way. Mr. *Win wife* give you Joy, you are *Palemon*, you are possesst o' the Gentlewoman, but she must pay me Value, here's Warrant for it. And, honest Mad-man, there's thy Gown and Cap again; I thank thee for my Wife. [To the Widow.] Nay, I can be mad, Sweet-heart, when I please still; never fear me: And careful *Numps*, where's he? I thank him for my Licence.

Was. How!

[Waspe misseth the Licence.]

Qua. 'Tis true, *Numps*.

Was. I'll be hang'd then,

Qua.

Qua. Look i' your Box, *Numps*; nay, Sir, stand not you fix'd here, like a Stake in *Finsbury*, to be shot at, or the Whipping-Post i' the *Fair*, but get your Wife out o' the Air, it will make her worse else; and remember you are but *Adam*, Flesh and Blood! you have your frailty, forget your other Name of *Overdoo*, and invite us all to Supper. There you and I will compare our *Discoveries*; and drown the Memory of all Enormity in your biggest Bowl at home.

Cok. How now, *Numps*, ha' you lost it? I warrant 'twas when thou wert i' the Stocks: Why dost not speak?

Waf. I will never speak while I live again, for ought I know.

Just. Nay, *Humphrey*, if I be patient, you must be so too; this pleasant-conceited Gentleman hath wrought upon my Judgment, and prevail'd: I pray you take care of your sick Friend, Mistress *Alice*, and my good Friends all——

Qua. And no Enormities.

Just. I invite you home with me to my House to Supper: I will have none fear to go along, for my Intents are *Ad correctionem, non ad destructionem; ad edificandum, non ad diruendum*: So lead on.

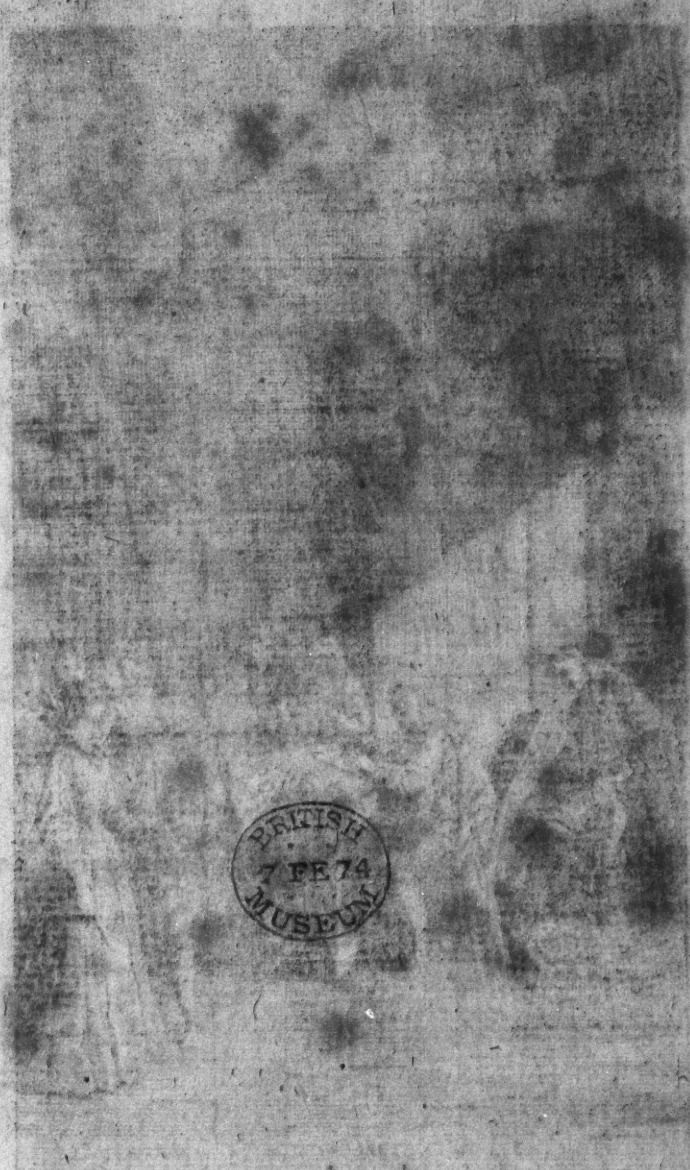
Cok. Yes, and bring the *Actors* along, we'll ha' the rest o' the *Play* at home.



THE
EPILOGUE.

Your Majesty hath seen the Play, and
you
Can best allow it from your Ear and View.
You know the Scope of Writers, and what store
Of Leave is given them, if they take not more,
And turn it into Licence: You can tell
If we have us'd that Leave you gave us, well:
Or whether we to Rage or Licence break,
Or be prophane, or make prophane Men speak:
This is your Power to judge (Great Sir) and not
The Envy of a few. Which if we have got,
We value less what their Dislike can bring,
If it so happy be t' have pleas'd the King.

THE



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LONDON



The Staple of News. Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.

THE
STAPLE
OF
NEWS.
A
COMEDY.

Acted in the YEAR 1625,

BY

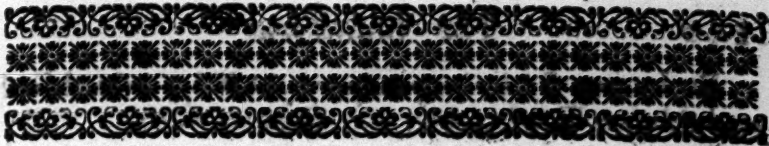
By His MAJESTY's Servants.

*Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ:
Aut simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.
Hor. in Art. Poet.*

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVI.

THE HISTORY OF SWEDE N





THE INDUCTION.

The PROLOGUE enters;

After him, Gossip *Mirth*, Gossip *Tattle*, Gossip *Expectation*, and Gossip *Censure*, four Gentlewomen, Lady-like attired.

Prologue. **F**OR your own sake, not ours —
Mirth. Come, Gossip, be not a sham'd. The Play is the Staple of News, and you are the Mistress and Lady of 'Tattle; let's ha' your Opinion of it. Do you hear, Gentleman? what are you? Gentleman-Usher to the Play? Pray you help us to some Stools here.

Prologue. *Where? o' the Stage, Ladies?*

Mirth. Yes, o' the Stage; we are Persons of Quality, I assure you, and Women of Fashion, and come to see and to be seen. My Gossip Tattle here, and Gossip Expectation, and my Gossip Censure, and I am Mirth, the Daughter of Christmas, and Spirit of Shrovetide. They say, It's merry when Gossips meet; I hope your Play will be a merry one.

Prologue. *Or you will make it such, Ladies. Bring a Form here. But what will the Noblemen think, or the grave Wits here, to see you seated on the Bench thus?*

Mirth. Why, what should they think, but that they had Mothers as we had; and those Mothers had Gossips (if their Children were christned) as we are; and such as had a Longing to see Plays, and sit upon them, as we do, and arraign both them and their Poets?

Prologue.

Prologue. *O! Is that your purpose? Why, Mrs. Mirth and Madam Tattle, enjoy your Delights freely.*

Tattle. *Look your News be new and fresh, Mr. Prologue, and untainted; I shall find them else, if they be stale or fly-blown, quickly.*

Prologue. *We ask no Favour from you; only we would entreat of Madam Expectation —*

Expectation. *What, Mr. Prologue?*

Prologue. *That your Ladyship would expect no more than you understand.*

Expectation. *Sir, I can expect enough!*

Prologue. *I fear, too much, Lady, and teach others to do the like.*

Expectation. *I can do that too, if I have cause.*

Prologue. *Cry you mercy, you never did wrong but with just cause. What's this, Lady?*

Mirth. *Curiosity, my Lady Censure.*

Prologue. *O, Curiosity! You come to see who wears the new Sute to day; whose Clothes are best penn'd, whatever the part be; which Actor has the best Leg and Foot; what King plays without Cuffs, and his Queen without Gloves; who rides Post in Stockings, and dances in Boors.*

Censure. *Yes, and which amorous Prince makes love in drink, or does over-act prodigiously in beaten Sattin, and, having got the trick on't, will be monstrous still, in despite of Counsel.*

Book-holder. *Mend your Lights, Gentlemen. Master Prologue begin.*

[The Tire-men enter to mend the Lights.

Tattle. *Ay me!*

Expectation. *Who's that?*

Prologue. *Nay, start not, Ladies; these carry no Fire-works to fright you, but a Torch i' their Hands, to give Light to the Business. The truth is, there are a Set of Gamesters within, in travel of a thing call'd a Play, and would fain be deliver'd of it: and they have entreated me to be their Man-Midwife, the Prologue; for they are like to have a hard Labour on't.*

Tattle.

Tattle. *Then the Poet has abus'd himself, like an Ass as he is.*

Mirth. *No, his Actors will abuse him enough, or I am deceiv'd. Tonder he is within (I was i' the Tiring-house a while to see the Actors drest) rolling himself up and down like a Tun i' the midst of 'em, and purges, never did Vessel of Wort or Wine work so! His Sweating put me in mind of a good Shroving Dish (and I believe would be taken up for a Service of State somewhere, an't were known) a stew'd Poet! He doth sit like an unbrac'd Drum, with one of his Heads beaten out; for that you must note, a Poet hath two Heads, as a Drum has; one for making, the other repeating; and his repeating Head is all to pieces; they may gather it up i' the Tiring-house; for he hath torn the Book in a Poetical Fury, and put himself to silence in dead Sack, which, were there no other Vexation, were sufficient to make him the most miserable Emblem of Patience.*

Censure. *The Prologue, peace.*



The PROLOGUE

for the STAGE.

FOR your own sakes, not his, he bad me say,
 Would you were come to hear, not see a Play,
 Though we, his *Actors*, must provide for those
 Who are our Guests here, in the way of Shows,
 The Maker hath not so; he'd have you wise,
 Much rather by your Ears; than by your Eyes;
 And prays, you'll not prejudge his Play for ill,
 Because you mark it not, and sit not still;
 But have a Longing to salute, or talk
 With such a Female, and from her to walk
 With your Discourse, to what is done, and where;
 How, and by whom, in all the Town, but here.
 Alas! what is it to his Scene, to know
 How many Coaches in *Hide-Park* did show
 Last Spring, what Fare to day at *Medley's* was,
 If *Dunstan* or the *Phoenix* best Wine has?
 They are things — But yet the Stage might stand
 as well,
 If it did neither hear these things, nor tell.
 Great noble Wits, be good unto your selves,
 And make a difference 'twixt Poetick Elves,
 And Poets: All that dabble in the Ink,
 And defile Quills, are not those few, can think,
 Conceive, exprefs, and steer the Souls of Men,
 As with a Rudder, round thus, with their Pen.
 He must be one that can instruct your Youth,
 And keep your *Acme* in the state of Truth,
 Must enterprize this Work; mark but his Ways,
 What Flight he makes, how new: And then he
 says,
 If that not like you, that he sends to night,
 'Tis you have left to judge, not he to write.

THE

THE
PROLOGUE
FOR THE
COURT.

A *Work not smelling of the Lamp, to
night,
But fitted for Your Majesty's Disport,
And writ to the Meridian of Your Court,
We bring; and hope it may produce Delight:
The rather, being offered as a Rite,
To Scholars, that can judge, and fair report
The Sense they hear, above the vulgar sort
Of Nut-crackers, that only come for sight.
Wherein, although our Title, Sir, be News,
We yet adventure here to tell You none,
But shew You common Follies, and so known,
That though they are not Truths, th' innocent
Muse
Hath made so like, as Phant'sie could them
state,
Or Poetry, without Scandal, imitate.*

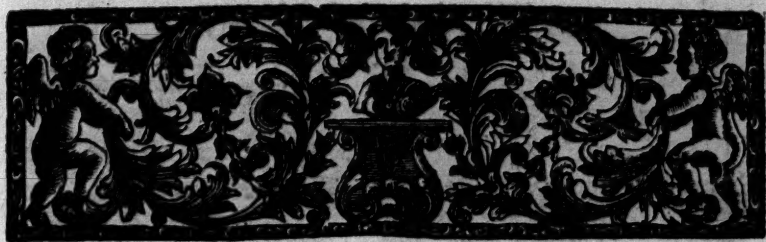
Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Penny-Boy, *the Son, the Heir and Suitor.*
Penny-Boy, *the Father, the Canter.*
Penny-Boy, *the Uncle, the Usurer.*
Symbal, *Master of the Staple, and prime Jeerer.*
Fitton, *Emissary Court, and Jeerer.*
Almanack, *Doctor in Physick, and Jeerer.*
Shun-Field, *Sea-Captain, a Jeerer.*
Madrigal, *Poetaster, and Jeerer.*
Picklock, *Man o' Law, and Emissary Westminster.*
Pyed-mantle, *Pursuivant at Arms, and Herald.*
Register, *of the Staple, or Office.*
Nathaniel, *First Clerk of the Office.*
Tho. Barber, *Second Clerk of the Office.*
Pecunia, *Infanta of the Mines.*
Mortgage, *her Nurse.*
Statute, *First Woman.*
Band, *Second Woman.*
Wax, *Chamber-maid.*
Broker, *Secretary, and Gentleman-Usher to her Grace.*
Lick-finger, *a Master-Cook, and Parcel-Poet.*
Fashioner, *the Taylor of the Times.*
Linener.
Haberdasher.
Shoos-maker.
Spurrier.
Customers, *Male and Female.*
Porter,
Two Dogs.

The SCENE, LONDON.

T H E



THE
STAPLE of NEWS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Penny Boy jun. Lether-leg.

*His Shoemaker has pull'd on a new Pair of Boots; and
he walks in his Gown, Waistcoat, and Trousers, ex-
pecting his Taylor.*

PENNY-BOY.



Ramercy *Lether-leg*: Get me the Spur-
rier,

And thou hast fitted me.

Let. I'll do't presently.

P. jun. Look to me, Wit, and look
to my Wit, Land,

That is, look on me, and with all thine Eyes,
Male, Female, yea, *Hermaphroditick* Eyes,
And those bring all your Helps and Perspicils,
To see me at best advantage, and augment
My Form as I come forth; for I do feel
I will be one worth looking after shortly;

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K

Now,

Now, by and by, that's shortly. 'T strikes! One,
Two,

[*He draws forth his Watch, and sets it on the Table.*
Three, Four, Five, Six. Enough, enough, dear Watch,
Thy Pulse hath beat enough. Now sleep and rest;
Would thou could'st make the Time to do so too:
I'll wind thee up no more. The Hour is come
So long expected! There, there, drop my Wardship.
[*He throws off his Gown.*

My Pupillage and Vassalage together;
And Liberty, come throw thy self about me,
In a rich Suit, Cloak, Hat, and Band, for now
I'll sue out no Man's Livery, but mine own,
I stand on my own Feet, so much a Year,
Right round and sound, the Lord of mine own
Ground.

And (to Rhime to it) Threescore Thousand Pound!
Not come? Not yet? Taylor, thou art a Vermin,
[*He goes to the Door and looks.*

Worse than the same thou prosecut'st, and prick'st
In subtil Seam—— (Go too, I say no more)
Thus to retard my Longings: On the Day
I do write Man, to beat thee. One and twenty
Since the Clock struck, compleat! and thou wilt
feel it,

Thou foolish *Animal*! I could pity him,
(An' I were not heartily angry with him now)
For this one Piece of Folly he bears about him,
To dare to tempt the Fury of an Heir
T'above Two Thousand a Year; yet hope his Custom!
Well, Master *Fashioner*, there's some must break——
A Head, for this your breaking. Are you come, Sir?

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Fashioner, Penny-boy, Thomas, Barber, Haberdasher.

Fas. God give your Worship Joy.

P. jun. What? of your staying?
And leaving me to stalk here in my Trowses,
Like a tame *Her'n-sew* for you?

Fas. I but waited
Below, 'till the Clock struck.

P. jun. Why, if you had come
Before a Quarter, would it so have hurt you,
In Reputation, to have waited here?

Fas. No, but your Worship might have pleaded
Nonage,
It you had got 'em on, e'er I could make
Just *Affidavit* of the Time.

P. jun. That Jest
Has gain'd thy Pardon, thou had'st liv'd condemn'd
To thine own Hell else, never to have wrought
Stitch more for me, or any *Penny-boy*,
I could have hinder'd thee: But now thou art mine
For One and Twenty Years, or for Three Lives.
Chuse which thou wilt, I'll make thee a *Copy-holder*,
And thy first *Bill* unquestion'd. Help me on.

[*He says his Suit.*]

Fas. Presently, Sir: I am bound unto your Worship.

P. jun. Thou shalt be, when I have seal'd thee a
Lease of my Custom.

Fas. Your Worship's Barber is without.

P. jun. Who? *Thom*?
Come in, *Thom*; set thy Things upon the Board,
And spread thy Cloaths, lay all forth in *procinctu*,
And tell's what News?

Tho. O Sir, a Staple of News!
Or the *New Staple*, which you please.

P. jun. What's that?

Faf. An Office, Sir, a brave young Office set up:
I had forgot to tell your Worship.

P. jun. For what?

Tho. To enter all the *News*, Sir, o' the Time.

Faf. And vent it as Occasion serves! A Place
Of huge Commerce it will be!

P. jun. Pray thee Peace;

I cannot abide a talking Taylor: Let *Thom*

(He's a Barber) by his place relate it.

What is't, an Office, *Thom*?

Tho. Newly erected

Here in the House, almost on the same Floor,
Where all the News of all sorts shall be brought,
And there be Examin'd, and then Registered,
And so to be issu'd under the Seal of the Office,
As *Staple News*; no other News be currant.

P. jun. 'Fore me, thou speak'st of a brave business,
Thom.

Faf. Nay, if you knew the Brain that hatch'd it, Sir----

P. jun. I know thee well enough: Give him a Loaf,
Thom——

Quiet his Mouth, that Oven will be venting else.
Proceed——

Tho. He tells you true, Sir, Master *Cymbal*
Is Master of the Office, he projected it,
He lies here i' the House; and the great Rooms
He has taken for the Office, and set up
His Desks and Classes, Tables and his Shelves.

Faf. He's my Customer, and a *Wit*, Sir, too.
But h' has brave Wits under him——

Tho. Yes, four *Emissaries*.

P. jun. *Emissaries*? stay, there's a fine new word, *Thom*!
Pray God it signifie any thing; what are *Emissaries*?

Tho. Men imploy'd outward, that are sent abroad
To fetch in the Commodity.

Faf. From all Regions
Where the best News are made.

Tho. Or vented forth.

Faf.

Fas. By way of Exchange, or Trade.

P. jun. Nay, thou wilt speak——

[He gives the Taylor leave to talk.]

Fas. My share, Sir, there's enough for both.

P. jun. Go on then,

Speak all thou canst: Methinks the Ordinaries
Should help them much.

Fas. Sir, they have Ordinaries,
And Extraordinaries, as many Changes
And Variations, as there are Points i' the Compass.

Tbo. But the four Cardinal Quarters.

P. jun. Ay those, *Thom*——

Tbo. The Court, Sir, *Pauls*, *Exchange*, and *Westmin-
ster-hall*.

P. jun. Who is the Chief? which hath Precedency?

Tbo. The Governor o' the *Staple*, Master *Cymball*,
He is the Chief; and after him the *Emissaries*:
First *Emissary Court*, one Master *Fitton*,
He's a Jeerer too.

P. jun. What's that?

Fas. A *Wit*.

Tbo. Or half a *Wit*, some of them are *Half-wits*,
Two to a *Wir*, there are a set of 'em.

Then Master *Ambler*, *Emissary Pauls*,
A fine pac'd Gentleman, as you shall see, walk
The middle Isle: And then my *Froy Hans Buz*,
A *Dutch-man*; he's *Emissary Exchange*.

Fas. I had thought Mr. *Burst* the Merchant had had it.

Tbo. No,

He has a Rupture, he has sprung a Leak.

Emissary Westminster's undispos'd of yet;
Then the *Examiner*, *Register*, and two *Clerks*,
They manage all at home, and sort, and file,
And seal the News, and issue them.

P. jun. *Thom*, dear *Thom*,

What may my Means do for thee? ask and have it,
I'd fain be doing some Good, It is my *Birth-day*,
And I'd do it betimes, I feel a grudging

Of Bounty, and I would not long lye fallow.
I pray thee think and speak, or wish for something?

Tho. I would I had but one o' the *Clerk's* Places
I' this *News-Office*.

P. jun. Thou shalt have it *Thom*,
If Silver or Gold will fetch it; what's the Rate?
At what is't set i' the Market?

Tho. Fifty Pound, Sir.

P. jun. An 'twere a hundred, *Thom*, thou shalt not
want it. [*The Taylor leaps and embraceth him.*]

Faf. O Noble Master!

P. jun. How now, *Æsop's* As!
Because I play with *Thom*, must I needs run
Into your rude Embraces? stand you still, Sir;
Clowns Fawnings are a Horse's Salutations.
How dost thou like my Suit, *Thom*?

Tho. Mr. *Fashioner*

Has hit your Measures, Sir, h' has moulded you,
And made you, as they say.

Faf. No, no, not I,
I am an As, old *Æsop's* As.

P. jun. Nay, *Fashioner*,
I can do thee a good turn too, be not musty,
Though thou hast moulded me, as little *Thom* says,
(I think thou hast put me in mouldy Pockets.)

Faf. As good, [*He draws out his Pockets.*]
Right *Spanish* Perfume, the Lady *Estifania's*,
They cost Twelve Pound a Pair.

P. jun. Thy Bill will say so,
I pray thee tell me, *Fashioner*, what Authors
Thou read'st to help thy Invention: *Italian* Prints?
Or *Arras* Hangings? They are Taylors *Libraries*.

Faf. I scorn such helps.

P. jun. O! though thou art a Silk-worm,
And deal'st in Sattins and Velvets, and rich Plushes,
Thou canst not spin all Forms out of thy self;
They are quite other things: I think this Suit
Has made me wittier than I was.

Faf.

Fas. Believe it, Sir,
That Clothes do much upon the Wit, as Weather
Does on the Brain; and thence comes your Proverb,
The Taylor makes the Man: I speak by experience
Of my own Customers. I have had Gallants,
Both Court and Country, would ha' fool'd you up
In a new Suit, with the best Wits in being,
And kept their speed as long as their Clothes lasted
Handsom and neat; but then as they grew out
At the Elbows again, or had a stain or spot,
They have sunk most wretchedly.

P. jun. What thou report st,
Is but the common Calamity, and seen daily;
And therefore you've another answering Proverb,
A broken Sleeve keeps the Arm back.

Fas. 'Tis true, Sir.
And thence we say, that such a one plays at *Peep-arm*.

P. jun. Do you so? it is wittily said. I wonder,
Gentlemen,
And Men of Means, will not maintain themselves
Fresher in Wit, I mean in Clothes, to the highest.
For he that's out o' Clothes is out o' Fashion,
And out of Fashion, is out of Countenance,
And out o' Countenance is out o' Wit.
Is not Rogue *Haberdasher* come?

Hab. Yes, here Sir. [*They are all busie about him.*]
I ha' been without this half hour.

P. jun. Give me my Hat.
Put on my Girdle, Rascal; sits my Ruff well?

Lin. In print.

P. jun. Slave.

Lin. See your self.

P. jun. Is this same Hat
O' the Block Passant? Do not answer me,
I cannot stay for an Answer. I do feel
The Powers of *One* and *twenty*, like a Tide
Flow in upon me, and perceive an Heir
Can conjure up all Spirits in all Circles,
Rogue, Rascal, Slave, give Tradesmen their true names,

And they appear to 'em presently.—

Lin. For Profit.

P. jun. Come, cast my Cloak about me, I'll go see
This Office, *Thom*, and be trimm'd afterwards!
I'll put thee in possession, my prime work!
Gods so; my Spurrier! put 'em on Boy, quickly,
[*His Spurrier comes in.*]
I'd like to ha' lost my Spurs with too much speed.

SCENE III.

To them, Peni-boy Canter, singing.

P. Ca. Good morning to my Joy, my jolly Penny boy!
The Lord, and the Prince of Plenty!
I come to see what Riches, Thou bearest in thy Breeches,
The first of thy One and Twenty:
What, do thy Pockets gingle? Or shall we need to mingle
Our strength both of Foot and Horses!
These Fellows look so eager, As if they would beleaguer
An Heir in the midst of his Forces!
I hope they be no Serjeants! That hang upon thy Margents.
This Rogue has the Foul of a Jaylor!

[*The young Penny-boy answers in tune.*]

P. jun. O Founder, no such matter, My Spurrier,
[and my Hatter,

My Linnen-man, and my Taylor.

Thou should'st have been brought in too, *Shoomaker*,
If the time had been longer, and *Thom Barber*.
How dost thou like my Company, old Canter?
Do I not muster a brave Troop? all *Bill-men*?
Present your Arms before my Founder here,
This is my Founder, this same learned Canter!
He brought me the first news of my Father's Death,
I thank him; and ever since I call him Founder.

[*He takes the Bills, and puts them up in his Pockets.*]

Worship him, Boys; I'll read only the Sums,
And pass 'em streight.

Sho.

Sho. Now Ale —

Rest. And strong Ale bless him.

P. jun. Gods so, some Ale and Sugar for my *Founder*!
Good Bills, sufficient Bills, these Bills may pass.

P. Ca. I do not like those Paper-squibs, good Master.
They may undo your store, I mean, of Credit,
And fire your *Arsenal*, if case you do not
In time make good those *Outer-works*, your *Pockets*,
And take a *Garrison* in of some *two hundred*,
To beat these *Pioneers* off, that carry a *Mine*
Would blow you up, at last. Secure your *Casamates*,
Here Master *Picklock*, Sir, your Man o' Law,
And learn'd Attorney, has sent you a Bag of *Munition*.

P. jun. What is't?

P. Ca. Three hundred Pieces.

P. jun. I'll dispatch 'em.

P. Ca. Do, I would have your strengths lin'd, and per-
With Gold as well as Amber. [sum'd

P. jun. God a mercy,
Come, *Ad solvendum*, Boys! there, there, and there, &c.
[He pays all.

I look on nothing but *Totalis*.

P. Ca. See!

The difference 'twixt the Covetous and the Prodigal!

"The Covetous Man never has Money! and

"The Prodigal will have none shortly!

P. jun. Ha,

What says my *Founder*? I thank you, I thank you, Sirs.

All. God bless your Worship, and your Worship's
Chanter.

P. Ca. I say 'tis nobly done, to cherish Shopkeepers,
And pay their Bills, without examining thus.

P. jun. Alas! they have had a pitiful hard time on't,
A long Vacation, from their Cozening.

Poor Rascals, I do do it out of Charity.

I would advance their Trade again, and have them
Haste to be rich, swear and forswear wealthily.

What do you stay for, Sirrah?

Spur.

Spur. To my Box, Sir.

P. jun. Your Box? why, there's an *Angel*; if my
Spurs [He gives the Spurrier, to his Box.

Be not right *Rippon*—

Spur. Give me never a Penny

If I strike not thorow your Bounty with the Rowels,

P. jun. Do'st thou want any Money, *Founder*?

P. Ca. Who, Sir, I?

Did I not tell you I was bred i' the *Mines*,

Under Sir *Bevis Bullion*?

P. jun. That is true,

I quite forgot, you *Mine-men* want no Money,

Your Streets are pav'd with't: there, the Molten Silver
Runs out like Cream on Cakes of Gold.

P. Ca. And Rubies

Do grow like Strawberries.

P. jun. 'Twere brave being there!

Come *Thom*, we'll go to the Office now.

P. Ca. What Office?

P. jun. *News Office*, the *New Staple*; thou shalt go too;

'Tis here i' the House, on the same Floor, *Thom*. says.

Come *Founder*, let us trade in Ale and Nutmegs.

SCENE IV.

Register, Clerk, Woman.

[Table,

Reg. What, are those Desks fit now? set forth the
The Carpet and the Chair: where are the *News*
That were examin'd last? ha' you fil'd them up?

Cle. Not yet, I had no Time.

Reg. Are those *News* registred
That *Emissary Buz* sent in last Night,
Of *Spinola* and his Eggs?

Cle. Yes Sir, and fil'd.

Reg. What are you now upon?

Cle. That our new *Emissary*
Westminster gave us, of the *Golden Hair*.

Reg!

The Staple of News.

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Reg. Dispatch, that's News indeed, and of Importance.
What would you have, good Woman?

[A Country Woman waits there.]

Wo. I would have, Sir,
A *Greatsworth* of any *News*, I care not what,
To carry down this *Saturday*, to our *Vicar*.

Reg. O! you are a Butterwoman; ask *Nathaniel*
The *Clerk* there.

Cle. Sir, I tell her she must stay
'Till *Emissary Exchange*, or *Pauls*, send in,
And then I'll fit her.

Reg. Do good Woman, have patience;
It is not now, as when the *Captain* liv'd.

Cle. You'll blast the Reputation of the Office
Now i'the Bud, if you dispatch these *Groats*
So soon: let them attend in name of Policy.

SCENE V.

Penny-boy, Cymbal, Fitton, Tho. Barber, Canter.

P. jun. In troth they are dainty Rooms; what place
is this?

Cym. This is the outer Room, where my *Clerks* sit,
And keep their sides, the *Register* i'the midst;
The *Examiner*, he sits private there, within;
And here I have my several *Rolls* and *Fyles*
Of *News* by the *Alphabet*, and all put up
Under their Heads.

P. jun. But those too subdivided?

Cym. Into *Authentic*, and *Apocryphal*.

Fit. Or *News* of doubtful Credit, as *Barbers News*.

Cym. And *Taylor's News*, *Porters*, and *Watermens News*.

Fit. Whereto, beside the *Coranti*, and *Gazetti*,

Cym. I have the *News* of the Season.

Fit. As *Vacation-news*,

Term-news, and *Christmas-news*.

Cym. And *News* o' the *Faction*.

Fit.

Fit. As the *Reformed-news*; *Protestant-news*;

Cym. And *Pontifical-news*; of all which several,
The *Day-books*, *Characters*, *Precedents* are kept.

Together with the Names of special Friends——

Fit. And Men of *Correspondence* i' the Country——

Cym. Yes, of all Ranks, and all Religions.——

Fit. *Factors* and *Agents*——

Cym. *Liegers*, that lye out
Through all the Shires o' the Kingdom.

P. jun. This is fine,
And bears a brave relation! But what says
Mercurius Britannicus to this?

Cym. O Sir, he gains by't half in half.

Fit. Nay more
I'll stand to't. For, where he was wont to get
In hungry *Captains*, obscure *Statesman*.

Cym. Fellows
To drink with him in a dark Room in a Tavern,
And eat a Sawfage.

Fit. We ha' seen't.

Cym. As fain, to keep so many *politick Pens*,
Going to feed the Press.

Fit. And dish out News,
Were't true, or false.

Cym. Now all that Charge is fav'd
The publick *Chronicler*.

Fit. How do you call him there?

Cym. And gentle *Reader*.

Fit. He that has the Maidenhead
Of all the *Books*

Cym. Yes, *dedicated* to him.

Fit. Or rather *prostituted*.

P. jun. You are right, Sir.

Cym. No more shall be abus'd, nor Country *Parsons*
O' the *Inquisition*, nor busie *Justices*
Trouble the *Peace*, and both torment themselves,
And their poor ign'rant Neighbours, with inquiries
After the many and most innocent *Monsters*,

That

That never came i'th' Counties they were charg'd with.

P. jun. Why, methinks Sir, if the honest common People

Will be abus'd, why should not they ha' their pleasure;
In the believing Lyes, are made for them;

As you i'th' Office, making them your selves?

Fit. O Sir! it is the printing we oppose.

Cym. We not forbid that any *News* be made;
But that't be printed; for when *News* is printed,
It leaves, Sir, to be *News*; while 'tis but written——

Fit. Tho' it be ne'er so false, it runs *News* still.

P. jun. See divers Mens Opinions! unto some,
The very printing of 'em makes them *News*;
That ha' not the Heart to believe any thing,
But what they see in print.

Fit. I, that's an Error

Has abus'd many; but we shall reform it,
As many things beside (we have a hope)
Are crept among the popular *Abuses*.

Cym. Nor shall the *Stationer* cheat upon the Time,
By buttering over again——

Fit. Once in seven Years,
As the Age doats——

Cym. And grows forgetful o' them,
His antiquated *Pamphlets*, with new Dates.
But all shall come from the *Mint*.

Fit. Fresh and new stamp'd,

Cym. With the *Office-Seal*, *Staple-Commodity*.

Fit. And if a Man will assure his *News*, he may;
Two-pence a Sheet he shall be warranted,
And have a *Policy* for't.

P. jun. Sir, I admire
The Method o' your Place; all things within't
Are so digested, fitted, and compos'd,
As it shews *Wit* had married *Order*.

Fit. Sir.

Cym. The best we could to invite the Times.

Fit.

Fit. It has
Cost Sweat and Freezing.

Cym. And some broken Sleeps,
Before it came to this.

P. jun. I easily think it.

Fit. But now it has the Shape——

Cym. And is come forth.

P. jun. A most polite neat thing, with all the Limbs,
As Sense can taste!

Cym. It is, Sir, though I say it,
As well-begotten a Business, and as fairly
Helpt to the World.

P. jun. You must be a Mid-wife, Sir,
Or else the Son of a Midwife, (pray you pardon me)
Have helpt it forth so happily! What *News* ha' you?
News o' this Morning? I would fain hear some
Fresh from the Forge, (as new as Day, as they say.)

Cym. And such we have, Sir.

Reg. Shew him the last Roll,
Of *Emissary Westminster's*, the *Heir*.

P. jun. Come nearer, *Thom*.

Cle. There is a brave young *Heir*
Is come of Age this Morning, Mr. *Penny-boy*.

P. jun. That's I! [*Penny rejoiceth that he is in.*]

Cle. His Father died on this Day Seven-night.

P. jun. True!

Cle. At Six o' the Clock i' the Morning, just a Week
E're he was *One and Twenty*.

P. jun. I am here, *Thom*! [*Tells Thom of it.*]
Proceed, I pray thee.

Cle. An old *Cantering Beggar*
Brought him first *News*, whom he has entertain'd
To follow him since.

P. jun. Why, you shall see him! *Founder*.

[*Calls in the Canter.*]

Come in; no *Follower*, but *Companion*:

I pray thee put him in, Friend; there's an *Angel* ——
[*He gives the Clerk.*]
Thou

Thou dost not know, he's a wise old Fellow,
Tho' he seem patch'd thus, and made up o' Pieces.
Founder, we are in here, in, i' the *News-Office*!
In this Day's *Roll* already! I do muse
How you came by us, Sirs!

Cym. One Master *Pick-lock*,
A Lawyer that hath purchas'd here a Place
This Morning of an *Emissary* under me.

Fit. *Emissary Westminster.*

Cym. Gave it into th' Office

Fit. For his *Essay*, his Piece.

P. jun. My Man o' Law

He's my Attorney, and Solicitor too!
A fine *Pragmatick*! what's his Place worth?

Cym. A *Nemo-scit*, Sir.

Fit. 'Tis as *News* come in.

Cym. And as they are issued. I have the just *Moiety*
For my part: Then the other *Moiety*
Is parted into Seven: The Four *Emissaries*,
Whereof my Cousin *Fitton* here's for *Court*,
Ambler for *Paul's*, and *Buz* for the *Exchange*,
Pick-lock for *Westminster*, with the *Examiner*,
And *Register*, they have full Parts: And then one Part
Is under-parted to a Couple of *Clerks*;
And there's the just Division of the Profits.

P. jun. Ha' you those *Clerks*, Sir?

Cym. There is one Desk empty,
But it has many Suitors.

P. jun. Sir, may I
Present one more, and carry it, if his Parts
Or Gifts, (which you will call 'em)

Cym. Be sufficient, Sir.

P. jun. What are your present *Clerk's* Habilities?
How is he qualified?

Cym. A decay'd *Stationer*
He was, but knows *News* well, can sort and rank 'em.

Fit. And for a Need can make 'em.

Cym. True *Paul's* bred,

I'the

I the Church-yard.

P. jun. And this at the West Door
O' th' other Side; he's my Barber, *Thom*;
A pretty *Scholar*, and a *Master of Arts*,
Was made, or went out *Master of Arts* in a Throng
At the *University*; as before, one *Christmas*,
He got into a *Masque* at Court, by his Wit,
And the good means of his *Cythern*, holding up thus
For one o' the *Musick*: He's a nimble Fellow,
And alike skill'd in every *Liberal Science*,
As having certain Snaps of all; a neat
Quick Vein in forging *News* too: I do love him,
And promis'd him a good Turn, and I would do it.
What's your Price? the Value?

Cym. *Fifty Pounds*, Sir.

P. jun. Get in, *Thom*, take Possession, I instal thee.
Here, tell your Money: Give thee Joy, good *Thom*;

[*He buys Thom a Clerk's Place.*

And let me hear from thee every Minute of *News*,
While the *New Staple* stands, or the *Office* lasts,
Which I do wish may ne'er be less, for thy sake.

Cle. The *Emissaries*, Sir, would speak with you,
And Master *Fitton*; they have brought in *News*,
Three *Bale* together.

Cym. Sir, you are welcome here.

[*They take leave of Penny-boy and Canter.*

Fit. So is your Creature.

Cym. Business calls us off, Sir,
That may concern the *Office*.

P. jun. Keep me fair, Sir,
Still i' your *Staple*; I am here your Friend,
On the same Floor.

Fit. We shall be your Servants.

P. jun. How dost thou like it, *Founder*?

P. Ca. All is well,
But that your Man o' Law, methinks, appears not
In his due time. O! here comes Master's Worship.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Picklock, Penny-boy jun. P. Canter.

Pic. How does the *Heir*, bright Master Penny boy?
Is he awake yet in his *One and Twenty*?
Why, this is better far, than to wear Cypress,
Dull smutting Gloves, or melancholy Blacks,
And have a Pair of Twelve-penny broad Ribbons
Laid out like Labels.

P. jun. I should ha' made shift
To have laught as heartily in my Mourner's Hood,
As in this Suit, if it had pleas'd my Father
To have been buried with the Trumpeters.

Pic. The *Heralds of Arms*, you mean.

P. jun. I mean,
All noise that is superfluous!

Pic. All that idle Pomp,
And Vanity of a Tomb-stone, your wise Father
Did by his Will prevent. Your Worship had —

P. jun. A loving and obedient Father of him,
I know it; a right kind-natur'd Man,
To die so opportunely.

Pic. And to settle
All things so well, compounded for your Wardship
The Week afore, and left your State entire,
Without any charge upon't.

P. jun. I must needs say,
I lost an Officer of him, a good Bailiff,
And I shall want him: but all peace be with him;
I will not wish him alive again, not I,
For all my Fortune. Give your Worship joy
O' your new Place, your *Emissary ship*
I' the *News Office*.

Pic. Know you why I bought it, Sir?

P. jun. Not I.

Pic. To work for you, and carry a Mine

VOL. IV. L. Against

Against the Master of it, Master *Cymbal*,
Who hath a Plot upon a Gentlewoman
Was once design'd for you, Sir.

P. jun. Me?

Pic. Your Father,
Old Master *Penny-boy*, of happy Memory,
And Wisdom too, as any i' the County,
Careful to find out a fit Match for you,
In his own Life-time, (but he was prevented)
Left it in Writing in a *Schedule* here,
To be annexed to his *Will*, That you,
His only Son, upon his Charge and Blessing,
Should take due Notice of a Gentlewoman
Sojourning with your Uncle, *Richer Penny-boy*.

P. jun. A *Cornish* Gentlewoman, I do know her,
Mistress Pecunia Do-all.

Pic. A great Lady,
Indeed she is, and not of mortal Race,
Infanta of the *Mines*; her Grace's Grandfather
Was *Duke*, and Cousin to the *King of Opbyr*,
The *Subterranean*. Let that pass. Her Name is
Or rather, her three Names are (for such she is)
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, a great Princess,
Of mighty Power, though she live in private,
With a contracted Family! Her *Secretary*——

P. Ca. Who is her *Gentleman-Usher* too.

Pic. One *Broker*;
And then two Gentlewomen, *Mistress Statute*
And *Mistress Band*, with *Wax* the Chambermaid,
And Mother *Mortgage* the old Nurse, two Grooms,
Pawn and his Fellow: You have not many to bribe, Sir.
The Work is feasible, and th' Approaches easie,
By your own Kindred. Now, Sir, *Cymbal* thinks,
The Master here, and Governor o' the *Staple*,
By his fine Arts, and Pomp of his great Place,
To draw her! He conc'uies, she is a Woman!
And that so soon as sh' hears of the *New Office*,
She'll come to visit it, as they all have Longings
After new Sights and Motions! But your Bounty,

P. rson,

Person, and Bravery, must atchieve her.

P. Ca. She is

The Talk o'the Time! th' Adventure o' the Age.

Pic. You cannot put your self upon an Action
Of more Importance.

P. Ca. All the World are Suitors to her.

Pic. All Sorts of Men, and all Professions!

P. Ca. You shall have Stall-fed *Doctors*, cramm'd *Di-*
Make Love to her, and with those studied [vines,
And perfum'd Flatteries, as no Room can stink
More elegant, than where they are.

Pic. Well chanted,
Old *Canter*, thou sing'st true.

P. Ca. And (by your Leave)
Good *Masters Worship*, some of your Velvet Coat
Make corpulent Curt'sies to her, 'till they crack for't.

Pic. There's *Doctor Almanac* woos her, one of the
A fine Physician. [Jeerers,

P. Ca. Your Sea-Captain, *Shunfield*,
Gives out; he'll go upon the *Cannon* for her.

Pic. Tho' his loud Mourning get him little Credit.

P. Ca. Young Master *Pied-mantle*, the fine *Herald*,
Professes to derive her through all Ages,
From all the *Kings* and *Queens* that ever were.

Pic. And Master *Madrigal*, the crowned *Poet*
Of these our Times, doth offer at her Praises
As fair as any, when it shall please *Apollo*
That Wit and Rhime may meet both in one Subject.

P. Ca. And you to bear her from all these, it will be--

Pic. A Work of Fame.

P. Ca. Of Honour.

Pic. Celebration.

P. Ca. Worthy your Name.

Pic. The *Penny boys* to live in't.

P. Ca. It is an Action you were built for, Sir.

Pic. And none but you can do it.

P. jun. I'll undertake it.

P. Ca. And carry it.

L 2

P. jun.

P. jun. Fear me not; for since I came
Of mature age, I have had a certain itch
In my right eye, this corner here, do you see?
To do some work, and worthy of a *Chronicle*.

The First Intermean after the First Act.

Mirth. **H**OW now, *Gossip*! how does the Play please you?

Censure. Very scurvily, methinks, and sufficiently naughty.

Expectation. As a Body would wish: Here's nothing but a young Prodigal come of age, who makes much of the Barber, buys him a Place in a New Office, i' the Air, I know not where, and his Man o' Law to follow him, with the Beggar to boot, and they two help him to a Wife.

Mirth. I, she is a proper Piece! that such Creatures can broke for.

Tattle. I cannot abide that nasty Fellow the Beggar; if he had been a Court-Beggar in good Cloaths, a Beggar in Velvet, as they say, I could have endur'd him.

Mirth. Or a begging Scholar in black, or one of these beggarly Poets, *Gossip*, that would hang upon a young Heir like a Horseleech.

Expectation. Or a thread-bare Doctor of Physick, a poor Quacksalver.

Censure. Or a Sea-Captain half starv'd.

Mirth. I, these were tolerable Beggars, Beggars of fashion! You shall see some such anon.

Tattle. I would fain see the Fool, *Gossip*; the Fool is the finest Man i' the Company, they say, and has all the Wit: He is the very Justice o' Peace o' the Play, and can commit whom he will, and what he will, Error, Absurdity, as the toy takes him, and no Man say, Black is his Eye, but laugh at him.

Mirth. But they ha' no Fool i' this Play, I am afraid, *Gossip*.

Tattle. It's a wise Play then.

Expectation.

Expectation. They are all Fools, the rather, in that.

Censure. Like enough.

Tattle. My Husband (Timothy Tattle, God rest his poor Soul) was wont to say, There was no Play without a Fool and a Devil in't; he was for the Devil still, God bless him. The Devil for his Mony, would he say, I would fain see the Devil. And why would you so fain see the Devil? would I say. Because he has Horns, Wife, and may be a Cuckold as well as a Devil, he would answer. You are e'en such another, Husband, quoth I. Was the Devil ever married? Where do you read, the Devil was ever so honourable to commit Matrimony? The Play will tell us that, says he, we'll go see't to morrow, The Devil is an Ass. He is an errant learn'd Man that made it, and can write, they say, and I am foully deceiv'd but he can read too.

Mirth. I remember it, Gossip; I went with you, by the same token Mrs. Trouble Truth dissuaded us, and told us he was a profane Poet, and all his Plays had Devils in them: That he kept School upo' the Stage, could conjure there, above the School of Westminster, and Doctor Lamb too: Not a Play he made, but had a Devil in it: And that he would learn us all to make our Husbands Cuckolds at Plays: By another token, that a young married Wife i' the Company said, she could find in her heart to steal thither, and see a little o' the Vanity through her Mask, and come practise at home.

Tattle. O, it was Mistress ———

Mirth. Nay, Gossip, I name no body. It may be'twas my self.

Expectation. But was the Devil a proper Man, Gossip?

Mirth. As fine a Gentleman of his Inches as ever I saw trusted to the Stage, or any where else; and lov'd the Commonwealth as well as e'er a Patriot of 'em all: He would carry away the Vice on his back, quick to Hell, in every Play where he came, and reform Abuses.

Expectation. There was the Devil of Edmonton, no such Man, I warrant you.

Censure. *The Conjuror cosen'd him with a Candle's end; he was an Ass.*

Mirth. *But there was one Smug, a Smith, would have made a Horse laugh, and broke his Halter, as they say.*

Tattle. *O, but the poor Man had got a shrewd mischance one day.*

Expectation. *How, Gossip?*

Tattle. *He had drest a Rogny Jade i' the morning, that had the Staggers, and had got such a spice of 'em himself by noon, as they would not away all the Play-time, do what he could for his heart.*

Mirth. *'Twas his Part, Gossip; he was to be drunk by his Part.*

Tattle. *Say you so? I understood not so much.*

Expectation. *Would we had such another Part, and such a Man in this Play. I fear 'twill be an excellent dull thing.*

Censure. *Expect, intend it.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Penny-boy Sen. Pecunia, Mortgage, Statute, Band, Broker.

P. sen. **Y***OUR* Grace is sad, methinks, and melancholy

*You do not look upon me with that Face
As you were wont, my Goddess, bright Pecunia:
Altho' your Grace be fain, of Two i' the Hundred,
In vulgar Estimation; yet am I*

*Your Grace's Servant still: and teach this Body
To bend, and these my aged Knees to buckle,
In Adoration, and just Worship of you.*

*Indeed, I do confess, I have no shape
To make a Minion o', but I'm your Martyr.*

Your Grace's Martyr. I can hear the Rogues,

As

As I do walk the Streets, whisper and point,
There goes old *Penny-boy*, the Slave of Money,
Rich *Penny-boy*, Lady *Pecunia's* Drudge,
A sordid Rascal, one that never made
Good Meal in his Sleep, but sells the Acates are sent
him,

Fish, Fowl, and Venison, and preserves himself,
Like an old hoary Rat, with mouldy Pye-Crust.

This I do hear, rejoycing I can suffer
This, and much more for your good *Grace's* sake.

Pec. Why do you so, my Guardian? I not bid you,
Cannot my *Grace* be gotten, and held too,
Without your Self-tormentings and your Watches,
Your macerating of your body thus
With Cares and Scantings of your Diet and Rest?

P. sen. O no, your Services, my *Princely Lady*,
Cannot with too much zeal of *Rites* be done,
They are so sacred.

Pec. But my Reputation
May suffer, and the Worship of my Family,
When by so servile means they both are sought.

P. sen. You are a noble, young, free, gracious *Lady*,
And would be every bodies, in your Bounty,
But you must not be so. They are a few
That know your Merit, *Lady*, and can value't.
Your self scarce understands your proper Powers,
They are *All-mighty*, and that we your Servants,
That have the Honour here to stand so near you,
Know, and can use too. All this *Nether-world*
Is yours, you command it, and do sway it,
The Honour of it, and the Honesty,
The Reputation, I, and the Religion,
(I was about to say, and had not err'd)
Is Queen *Pecunia's*. For that Stile is yours,
If Mortals knew your *Grace*, or their own good.

Mor. Please your *Grace* to retire.

Ban. I fear your *Grace*
Hath ta'en too much of the sharp Air.

Pec. O, no!

I could endure to take a great deal more
(And with my Constitution) were it left
Unto my choice; what think you of it, *Statute*?

Sta. A little now and then does well, and keeps
Your *Grace* in your Compl. xion.

Ban. And true Temper.

Mor. But too much, *Madam*, may encrease cold
Rheumes,

Nourish Catarrhs, Green Sicknesſes, and Agues,
And put you in Consumption.

P. ſen. Beſt to take

Advice of your grave Women, Noble *Madam*,
They know the State o' your Body, and ha' ſtudied
Your *Grace*'s Health.

Ban. And Honour. Here'll be Viſitants,
Or Suitors by and by; and 'tis not fit
They find you here.

Sta. 'Twill make your *Grace* too cheap
To give them Audience preſently.

Mor. Leave your Secretary
To answer them.

Pec. Wait you here, *Broker*.

Bro. I ſhall, *Madam*,
And do your *Grace*'s Truſts with diligence;

SCENE II.

Pied-Mantle, Broker, Penny-Boy ſen.

Pie. What luck's this? I am come an Inch too late.
Do you hear, Sir? Is your Worſhip o' the Family
Unto the Lady *Pecunia*?

Bro. I ſerve her *Grace*, Sir,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the *Infanta*.

Pie. Has ſhe all thoſe *Titles*, and her *Grace* beſides?
I muſt correct that Ignorance and Overſight,
Before

Before I do present. Sir, I have drawn
A *Pedigree* for her Grace, tho' yet a Novice
In that so noble Study.

Bro. A *Herald* at *Arms*?

Pie. No, Sir, a *Pursivant*, my Name is *Pyed-mantle*.

Bro. Good Master *Pyed-mantle*.

Pie. I have deduc'd her —

Bro. From all the *Spanish Mines* in the *West Indies*,
I hope; for she comes that way by her Mother,
But by her Grandmother she's *Dutchess* of *Mines*.

Pie. From Man's Creation I have brought her.

Bro. No farther?

Before, Sir, long before, you have done nothing else,
Your *Mines* were before *Adam*, search your Office,
Roll *Five* and *Twenty*, you will find it so.
I see you are but a Novice, Master *Pyed-mantle*,
If you had not told me so.

Pie. Sir, an *Apprentice*

In *Armoiry*. I have read the *Elements*,
And *Accidence*, and all the leading Books;
And I have now upon me a great ambition
How to be brought to her Grace, to kiss her Hands.

Bro. Why, if you have acquaintance with *Mistress*
Statute,

Or *Mistress Band*, my *Lady's Gentlewomen*,
They can induce you. One is a *Judge's Daughter*,
But somewhat stately; th' other, *Mistress Band*,
Her Father's but a *Scrivener*, but she can
Almost as much with my *Lady* as the other,
Especially if *Rose Wax* the *Chambermaid*
Be willing. Do you not know her, Sir, neither?

Pie. No, in troth, Sir.

Bro. She's a good pliant *Wench*,
And easie to be wrought, Sir; but the *Nurse*,
Old Mother *Mortgage*, if you have a *Tenement*,
Or such a *Morsel*, tho' she have no Teeth,
She loves a *Sweet-Meat*, any thing that melts
In her warm Gums, she could command it for you

On

On such a trifle, a toy. Sir, you may see
How for your Love, and this so pure Complexion,
(A perfect *Sanguine*) I ha' ventur'd thus,
The straining of a Ward, opening a Door
Into the Secrets of our Family.

Pie. I pray you let me know, Sir, unto whom
I am so much beholden; but your name.

Bro. My name is *Broker*; I am *Secretary*
And *Usher* to her *Grace*.

Pie. Good Master *Broker*!

Bro. Good Master *Pied-mantle*.

Pie. Why, you could do me,
If you would, now, this Favour of your self.

Bro. Truly I think I could; but if I would,
I hardly should, without, or *Mistress Band*,
Or *Mistress Statute*, please to appear in it.
Or the good *Nurse* I told you of, *Mistress Mortgage*,
We know our places here, we mingle not
One in another's Sphere, but all move orderly
In our own Orbs; yet we are all *Concentricks*.

Pie. Well, Sir, I'll wait a better Season.

Bro. Do,

And study the right means; get *Mistress Band*
To urge on your behalf, or little *Wax*.

[*Broker makes a mouth at him.*]

Pie. I have a hope, Sir, that I may, by chance,
Light on her *Grace*, as she's taking the Air.

Bro. That Air of Hope has blasted many an airy
Of *Castrils* like your self, good Master *Pied-mantle*.

[*He jeers him again.*]

P. sen. Well said, Mr. *Secretary*, I stood behind

[*Old Penny-boy leaps.*]

And heard thee all. I honour thy *Dispatches*.
If they be rude, untrained in our Method,
And have not studied the Rule, dismiss 'em quickly:
Where's *Lick-finger* my Cook, that unctuous Rascal?
He'll never keep his Hour, that Vessel of Kitchen-
stuff!

SCENE

SCENE III.

Broker, Penny-boy sen. Lick-finger.

Bro. Here he is come, Sir.

P. sen. Pox upon him, Kidney,
Always too late!

Lic. To wish 'em you, I confess,
That ha' them already.

P. sen. What?

Lic. The Pox!

P. sen. The Piles,
The Plague, and all Diseases light on him,
Knows not to keep his word. I'd keep my word, sure!
I hate that Man that will not keep his word.
When did I break my word?

Lic. Or I, till now.
And 'tis but half an Hour.

P. sen. Half a Year,
To me, that stands upon a Minute of Time.
I am a just Man, I love still to be just.

Lic. Why, you think I can run like light-foot *Ralph*,
Or keep a Wheel-barrow with a Sail in Town here,
To whirl me to you. I have lost two Stone
Of Suet i' the Service, posting hither:
You might have follow'd me like a Watering-pot,
And seen the Knots I made along the Street;
My Face dropt like the Skimmer in a Fritter-pan,
And my whole Body is yet (to say the Truth)
A roasted Pound of Butter, with grated Bread in't!

[He sweeps his Face.]

P. sen. Believe you he that list; you staid of purpose
To have my Venison stink, and my Fowl mortified,
That you might ha' 'em —

Lic. A Shilling or two cheaper,
That's your Jealousie.

P. sen. Perhaps it is.

Will

Will you go in, and view, and value all?
 Yonder is Venison sent me, Fowl, and Fish,
 In such abundance, I am sick to see it!
 I wonder what they mean! I ha' told 'em of it!
 To burden a weak Stomach, and provoke
 A dying Appetite! thrust a Sin upon me
 I ne'er was guilty of! nothing but Gluttony!
 Gross Gluttony! that will undo this Land!

Lic. And bating Two i' the Hundred.

P. sen. I, that same's
 A crying Sin, a fearful damn'd Device,
 Eats up the Poor, devours 'em ———

Lic. Sir, take heed
 What you give out.

P. sen. Against your grave great *Solons?*
Numa Pompilius, they that made that *Law?*
 To take away the Poor's Inheritance:
 It was their Portion; I will stand to't:
 And they have robb'd 'em of it, plainly robb'd 'em,
 I still am a just Man, I tell the Truth.
 When Moneys went at Ten i' the Hundred, I,
 And such as I, the Servants of *Pecunia*,
 Could spare the Poor *Two* out of *Ten*, and did it:
 How say you, *Broker?*

(*Lic.* Ask your *Eccho.*)

Bro. You did it.

P. sen. I am for Justice; when did I leave Justice?
 We knew 'twas theirs, they had Right and Title to't.
 Now ———

Lic. You can spare 'em nothing.

P. sen. Very little.

Lic. As good as nothing.

P. sen. They have bound our Hands
 With their wise solemn Act, shortned our Arms.

Lic. Beware those worshipful Ears, Sir, be not shortned,
 And you play Crop i' the *Fleet*, if you use this Licence.

P. sen. What Licence, Knave, Informer?

Lic. I am *Lick-finger*, your Cook,

P. sen.

P. sen. A sawcy *Jack* you are, that's once.
What said I, *Broker*?

Bro. Nothing that I heard, Sir.

Lic. I know his Gift, he can be deaf when he list.

P. sen. Ha' you provided me my Bushel of Eggs
I did bespeak? I do not care how stale
Or stinking that they be; let 'em be rotten:
For Ammunition here, to pelt the Boys
That break my Windows.

Lic. Yes, Sir, I ha' spar'd 'em
Out of the Custard-politick for you, the Mayor's.

P. sen. 'Tis well; go in, take hence all that Excess,
Make what you can of it, your best: and when
I have Friends that I invite at home, provide me
Such, such, and such a Dish, as I bespeak;
One at a time, no Superfluity.
Or if you have it not, return me Money:
You know my ways.

Lic. They are a little crooked.

P. sen. How, Knave?

Lic. Because you do indent.

P. sen. 'Tis true, Sir,
I do indent you shall return me Money.

Lic. Rather than Meat, I know it: you are just still.

P. sen. I love it still. And therefore if you spend
The Red-Deer Pies i' your House, or sell 'em forth, Sir,
Cast so, that I may have their Coffins all
Return'd here, and pil'd up: I would be thought
To keep some kind of House.

Lic. By the mouldy Signs?

P. sen. And then remember Meat for my two Dogs:
Fat Flaps of Mutton, Kidneys, Rumps of Veal,
Good plenteous Scraps; my Maid shall eat the Relicks.

Lic. When you and your Dogs have din'd. A sweet
Reversion.

P. sen. Who's here? my *Courrier*, and my little *Doctor*?
My *Muster-Master*? And what *Plover's* that
They have brought to pull?

Bro.

Bro. I know not, some green Plover;
I'll find him out.

P. sen. Do, for I know the rest:
They are the *Fearers*, mocking, flouting *Jacks*.

SCENE IV.

*Fitton, Penny-boy sen. Almanack, Shunfield, Madrigal,
Lick-finger, Broker.*

Fit. How now, old *Money-Bawd*? W'are come--

P. jun. To jeer me,

As you were wont, I know you:

Alm. No, to give thee
Some good Security, and see *Pecunia*.

P. sen. What is't?

Fit. Our selves.

Alm. We'll be one bound for another.

Fit. This noble *Doctor* here.

Alm. This worthy *Courtier*.

Fit. This *Man o' War*, he was our *Muste-master*.

Alm. But a *Sea-captain* now, brave *Captain Shunfield*.
[*He holds up his Nose.*

Shun. You snuff the Air now, has the Scent displeas'd
you? [sound.

Fit. Thou need'st not fear him, Man, his Credit is

Alm. And season'd too, since he took Salt at Sea.

P. sen. I do not love pickled Security;
Would I had one good *Fresh-man* in for all:
For truth is, you three stink.

Shun. You are a Rogue.

P. sen. I think I am; but I will lend no Money
On that Security, *Captain*.

Alm. Here's a Gentleman,
A *Fresh-man* i' the World, one Master *Madrigal*.

Fit. Of an untainted Credit; what say you to him?

[*Madrigal steps aside with Broker.*

Shun. He's gone, methinks; where is he? *Madrigal*?

P. sen.

P. sen. H' has an odd singing Name: is he an Heir?

Fit. An Heir to a fair Fortune.

Alm. And full Hopes:

A dainty *Scholar*, and a pretty *Poet*!

P. sen. Y've said enough. I ha' no Mony, Gentlemen,
An' he go to't in Rhyme once, not a Penny.

[He snuffs again.

Shun. Why, he's of Years, though he have little
Beard.

P. sen. His Beard has time to grow. I have no Money.
Let him still dabble in *Poetry*. No *Pecunia*

Is to be seen. *Alm.* Come, thou lov'st to be costive
Still i' thy Curt'sie; but I have a Pill,

A golden Pill, to purge away this Melancholy.

Shun. 'Tis nothing but his keeping o' the House
here,

With his two drowsie Dogs.

Fit. A Drench of Sack

At a good Tavern, and a fine fresh Pullet,
Would cure him.

Lic. Nothing but a young Heir in White-broth;
I know his Diet better than the *Doctor*.

Shun. What, *Lick-finger*? mine old Host of *Ram-ally*?
You ha' some Market here.

Alm. Some Doffer of Fish
Or Fowl to fetch off.

Fit. An odd Bargain of Venison
To drive.

P. sen. Will you go in, Knave?

Lic. I must needs,

You see who drives me, Gentlemen:

Alm. Not the Devil.

Fit. He may in time, he is his *Agent* now.

[Penny-boy thrusts him in.

P. sen. You are all cogging *Facks*, a Covey o' Wits,
The Jeerers, that still call together at Meals:

Or rather an Airy; for you are Birds of Prey,
And fly at all; nothing's too big or high for you.

And

And are so truly fear'd, but not below'd
One of another, as no one dares break
Company from the rest, lest they should fall
Upon him absent.

Alm. O! the only Oracle
That ever peep'd or spake out of a Doublet.

Shun. How the Rogue stinks, worse than a Fish-
monger's Sleeves!

Fit. Or Curriers Hands!

Shun. And such a par-boil'd Visage!

Fit. His Face looks like a Dier's Apron, just!

Alm. A sodden Head, and his whole Brain a Pos-
set-curd!

P. sen. I, now you jeer, jeer on; I have no Money.

Alm. I wonder what Religion he's of!

Fit. No certain *Species* sure! A kind of Mule!
That's half an *Ethnick*, half a *Christian*!

P. sen. I have no Money, Gentlemen.

Shun. This Stock

He has no sense of any *Virtue*, *Honour*,
Gentry, or *Merit*.

P. sen. You say very right,

My *meritorious Captain*, (as I take it!)

Merit will keep no House, nor pay no House-rent.

Will Mistress *Merit* go to Market, think you,
Set on the Pot, or feed the Family?

Will *Gentry* clear with the Butcher, or the Baker?

Fetch in a Pheasant, or a Brace of Partridges,

From Goodwife *Poulter*, for my *Lady's Supper*?

Fit. See! this pure Rogue!

P. sen. This Rogue has Money though;

My worshipful brave *Courtier* has no Money;

No, nor my valiant *Captain*.

Shun. Hang you, Rascal.

P. sen. Nor you, my learned *Doctor*. I lov'd you
While you did hold your Practice, and kill Tripe-wives,
And kept you to your Urinal; but since your Thumbs
Have greas'd the *Ephemerides*, casting *Figures*,
And

And turning over for your Candle-rents;
And your Twelve Houses in the Zodiack,
With your *Almutens*, *Alma Cantaras*.

Troth you shall cant alone for Penny-boy.

Sbun. I told you what we should find him, a meer

Fit. A Rogue, a Cheater. [Bawd.

P. sen. What you please, Gentlemen:

I am of that humble Nature and Condition,
Never to mind your Worships, or take notice
Of what you throw away thus. I keep House here
Like a lame Cocker, never out of doors,
With my two Dogs, my Friends; and (as you say)
Drive a quick pretty Trade, still. I get Money:
And as for Titles, be they *Rogue*, or *Rascal*,
Or what your Worships fancy, let 'em pass,
As transitory things; they're mine to day,
And yours to morrow.

Alm. Hang thee, Dog;

Sbun. Thou Cur.

P. sen. You see how I do blush, and am asham'd
Of these large Attributes? Yet you've no Money.

Alm. Well Wolf, *Hyena*, you old pocky Rascal,
You will ha' the *Hernia* fall down again
Into your *Scrotum*, and I shall be sent for.

I will remember then, that, and your *Fistula*
In ano, I cur'd you of.

P. sen. Thank your Dog-leech Craft:

They were 'holesome Piles, afore you meddl'd with 'em;

Alm. What an ungrateful Wretch is this?

Sbun. He minds

A Courtesie no more, than *London-bridge*

What Arch was mended last.

Fit. He never thinks,

More than a Log, of any Grace at Court

A Man may do him; or that such a Lord

Reach'd him his Hand.

P. sen. O yes! if Grace would strike
The Brewer's Tally, or my good Lord's Hand

Would quit the Scores. But, Sir, they will not do it.
Here's a Piece, my good *Lord Piece*, doth all;

[*He shews a Piece.*

Goes to the Butchers, fetches in a Mutton;
Then to the Bakers, brings in Bread, makes Fires,
Gets Wine, and does more real Courtesies
Than all my *Lords* I know: My sweet *Lord Piece*!
You are my *Lord*, the rest are cogging *Jacks*,
Under the *Rose*.

Shun. Rogue, I could beat you now.

P. sen. True, *Captain*, if you durst beat any other,
I should believe you; but indeed you are hungry;
You are not angry, *Captain*, if I know you
Arigh, good *Captain*. No *Pecunia*
Is to be seen, though *Mistress Band* would speak,
Or little *Blushet-Wax* be ne'er so easie;
I'll stop mine Ears with her, against the *Syrens*,
Court, and *Philosophy*. God be wi' you, Gentlemen,
Provide you better Names, *Pecunia* is for you.

Fit. What a damn'd *Harpy* it is! Where's *Madrigal*?
Is he sneak'd hence?

Shun. Here he comes with *Broker*, [*Madr. returns.*
Pecunia's Secretary.

Alm. He may do some good
With him perhaps. Where ha' you been, *Madrigal*?
Mad. Above, with my *Lady's* Women reading Verses.

Fit. That was a Favour. Good morrow, Mr. *Secretary*.

Shun. Good morrow, Mr. *Usher*.

Alm. Sir, by both
Your worshipful *Titles*, and your Name, Mas *Broker*.
Good morrow.

Mad. I did ask him if he were
Amphibion Broker.

Shun. Why?

Alm. A Creature of two Natures,
Because he has two *Offices*.

Bro. You may jeer,
You ha' the Wits, young Gentlemen: But your hope
Of

Of *Helicon* will never carry it here,
 With our fat Family; we ha' the dullest,
 Most unbor'd Ears for Verse amongst our Females:
 I griev'd you read so long, Sir; old Nurse *Mortgage*
 She snoar'd i' the Chair, and *Statute* (if you mark'd her)
 Fell fast asleep, and Mistress *Band* she nodded,
 But not with any Consent to what you read.
 They must have somewhat else to chink, than Rymes.
 If you could make an *Epitaph* on your Land,
 (Imagine it on departure) such a *Poem*
 Would wake 'em, and bring *Wax* to her true Temper.

Mad. I' faith Sir, and I will try.

Bro. 'Tis but Earth,
 Fit to make Bricks and Tyles of.

Shun. Pox upon't,
 'Tis but for Pots, or Pipkins at the best.
 If it would keep us in good Tobacco-pipes,

Bro. 'Twere worth keeping.

Fit. Or in *Porc'lane* Dishes,
 There were some hope.

Alm. But this is a hungry Soil;
 And must be helpt.

Fit. Who would hold any Land,
 To have the Trouble to marle it?

Shun. Not a Gentleman.

Bro. Let Clowns and Hinds affect it, that love Plows;
 And Carts, and Harrows, and are busie still
 In vexing the dull Element.

Alm. Our sweet *Songster*
 Shall rarifie't into Air.

Fit. And you, Mas *Broker*,
 Shall have a feeling.

Bro. So it supple, Sir,
 The Nerves.

Mad. O! it shall be palpable,
 Make thee run through a Hoop, or a Thumb-ring;
 The Nose of a Tobacco-pipe, and draw
 Thy ductile Bones out, like a Knitting-needle,

To serve my subtile turns.

Bro. I shall obey, Sir,
And run a Thread, like an Hour-glass.

P. sen. Where is *Broker*?
Are not these Flies gone yet? 'Pray quit my House,
I'll smoak you out else.

Fir. O the Prodigal!
Will you be at so much Charge with us, and Loss?

Mad. I've heard you ha' offer'd, Sir, to lock up Smoak,
And cauk your Windows, spar up all your Doors,
Thinking to keep it a close Prisoner wi' you,
And wept when it went out, Sir, at your Chimney.

Fir. And yet his Eyes were drier than a Pumice.

Shun. A wretched Rascal, that will bind about
The Nose of his Bellows, lest the Wind get out
When he's abroad.

Alm. Sweeps down no Cobwebs here,
But sells 'em for cut Fingers; and the Spiders,
As Creatures rear'd of Dust, and cost him nothing,
To fat old *Ladies* Monkeys.

Fir. He has offer'd
To gather up spilt Water, and preserve
Each Hair falls from him, to stop Balls withal.

Shun. A Slave, and an Idolater to *Pecunia*!

P. sen. You all have happy Memories, Gentlemen,
In rocking my poor Cradle. I remember too,
When you had Lands and Credit, Worship, Friends,
I and could give Security: Now you have none,
Or will have none right shortly. This can Time,
And the vicissitude of Things. I have
All these, and Money too, and do possess 'em,
And am right heartily glad of all our Memories,
And both the Changes.

Fir. Let us leave the Viper.

P. sen. He's glad he is rid of his Torture, and so soon.

Broker, come hither; up, and tell your *Lady*,
She must be ready presently, and *Statute*,
Band, Mortgage, Wax: my prodigal young Kinsman
Will

Will freight be here to see her; 'top of our House,
The flourishing and flunting *Penny-boy*.
We were but three of us in all the world,
My Brother *Francis*, whom they call'd *Frank Penny-boy*,
Father to this; he's dead. This *Penny-boy*
Is now the Heir! I, Richer *Penny-boy*,
Not *Richard*, but old *Harry Penny-boy*,
And (to make Ryme) close, wary *Penny-boy*,
I shall have all at last, my Hopes do tell me.
Go, see all ready; and where my Dogs have faulted,
Remove it with a Broom, and sweeten all
With a Slice of Juniper, not too much, but sparing,
We may be faulty our selves else, and turn prodigal,
In entertaining of the *Prodigal*.
Here he is, and with him — what! a *Clapper-Dudgeon*!
That's a good Sign, to have the Beggar follow him
So near, at his first entry into Fortune,

SCENE V.

Penny-boy jun. Penny-boy sen. Pick-lock, Canter.

[*Broker, Pecunia, Statute, Band, Wax, Mortgage, hid
in the Study.*]

P. jun. How now, old Uncle? I am come to see thee,
And the brave *Lady* here, the Daughter of *Ophir*,
They say thou keep'st.

P. sen. Sweet Nephew, if she were
The Daughter of the *Sun*, she's at your Service,
And so am I, and the whole Family,
Worshipful Nephew.

P. jun. Saist thou so, dear Uncle?
Welcome my Friends then: Here is *Domine Picklock*,
My *Man o' Law*, solicits all my Causes,
Follows my Business, makes and compounds my Quarrels
Between my Tenants and me; sows all my Strifes,
And reaps them too; troubles the Country for me,
And vexes any Neighbour that I please.

M 3

P. sen.

P. sen. But with Commission?

P. jun. Under my Hand and Seal,

P. sen. A worshipful Place!

Pic. I thank his Worship for it.

P. sen. But what is this old Gentleman?

P. Ca. A Rogue,

A very *Canter*, I, Sir, one that *maunds*

Upon the *Pad*: We should be Brothers though;

For you are near as wretched as my self,

You dare not use your Mony, and I have none.

P. sen. Not use my Mony, *cogging Jack!* who uses it
At better Rates? lets it for more iⁿ the Hundred
Than I do, Sirrah?

P. jun. Be not angry, Uncle.

P. sen. What? to disgrace me, with my *Queen*, as if
I did not know her Value.

P. Ca. Sir, I meant

You durst not to enjoy it.

P. sen. Hold your peace,
You are a *Jack*.

P. jun. Uncle, he shall be a *John*,

[*Young Penny-boy is angry.*]

An' you go to that, as good a Man as you are:

An' I can make him so, a better Man;

Perhaps I will too. Come, let us go.

P. sen. Nay, Kinsman,

My worshipful Kinsman, and the top of our House,

Do not your penitent Uncle that Affront,

For a rash word, to leave his joyful Threshold,

Before you see the *Lady* that you long for,

The *Venus* of the Time and State, *Pecunia!*

I do perceive your Bounty loves the Man,

For some concealed Virtue that he hides

Under those Rags.

P. Ca. I owe my Happiness to him,

The waiting on his Worship, since I brought him

The happy *News*, welcome to all young Heirs.

P. jun.

P. jun. Thou didst indeed, for which I thank thee yet.

Your *Fortunate Princess*, Uncle, is long a coming.

P. Ca. She is not rigg'd, Sir; setting forth some *Lady*, Will cost as much as furnishing a Fleet. Here she's come at last, and like a Gally Gilt i' the Prow.

[*The Study is open'd, where she sits in State.*]

P. jun. Is this *Pecunia*?

P. sen. Vouchsafe my toward Kinsman, gracious Madam,

The Favour of your Hand.

Pec. Nay of my Lips, Sir, [She kisseth him, To him.

P. jun. She kisses like a mortal Creature. *Almighty Madam*, I have long'd to see you.

Pec. And I have my desire, Sir, to behold That Youth and Shape, which in my Dreams and Wakes

I have so oft contemplated, and felt Warm in my Veins, and native as my Blood. When I was told of your arrival here, I felt my Heart beat, as it would leap out In Speech; and all my Face it was a Flame: But how it came to pass, I do not know.

P. jun. O! Beauty loves to be more proud than Nature, That made you blush. I cannot satisfy My curious Eyes, by which alone I'm happy, In my beholding you.

P. Ca. They pass the Complement Prettily well. [He kisseth her.

Pic. I, he does kiss her, I like him.

P. jun. My Passion was clear contrary, and doubtful, I shook for fear, and yet I danc'd for joy, I had such Motions as the Sun-beams make Against a Wall, or playing on a Water, Or trembling Vapour of a boyling Pot —

P. sen. That's not so good; it should ha' been a *Crucible*
With molten Metal, she had understood it.

P. jun. I cannot talk, but I can love you, *Madam*:
Are these your Gentlewomen? I love them too.
And which is *Mistress Statute*? *Mistress Band*?
They all kiss close, the last stuck to my Lips.

Bro. It was my *Lady's* Chamber-maid, soft *Wax*.

P. jun. Soft Lips she has, I'm sure on'r. *Mother Mortgage*
I'll owe a Kiss, 'till she be younger. *Statute*,
Sweet Mistress Band, and honey little *Wax*,
We must be better acquainted.

[*He doubles the Complement to them all.*]

Sta. We are but Servants, Sir.

Band. But whom her *Grace* is so content to grace,
We shall observe.

Wax. And with all fit Respect.

Mor. In our poor Places.

Wax. Being her *Grace's* Shadows. [Name?

P. jun. A fine well-spoken Family. What's thy

Bro. Broker.

P. jun. Methinks my Uncle should not need thee,
Who is a crafty Knave enough, believe it.
Art thou her *Grace's* Steward?

Bro. No, her Usher, Sir.

P. jun. What o' the Hall? thou hast a sweeping Face,
Thy Beard is like a Broom.

Bro. No barren Chin, Sir,
I am no *Eunuch*, though a Gentleman-Usher.

P. jun. Thou shalt go with us. Uncle, I must have
My *Princess* forth to day.

P. sen. Whither you please, Sir.
You shall command her.

Pec. I will do all grace
To my new Servant.

P. sen. Thanks unto your Bounty;
He is my Nephew, and my Chief, the Point,
[*Old Penny-boy thanks her, but makes his Condition.*
Tip, Top, and Tuft of all our Family!

But,

But, Sir, condition'd always you return
Statute and Band home, with my sweet soft Wax,
And my good Nurse here, Mortgage.

P. jun. O! what else?

P. sen. By Broker.

P. jun. Do not fear.

P. sen. She shall go wi' you,
Whither you please, Sir, any where:

P. Ca. I see

A Money-bawd is lightly a Flesh-bawd too.

Pic. Are you advis'd? Now o' my faith, this Canter
Would make a good grave Burgefs in some Barn.

P. jun. Come, thou shalt go with us, Uncle.

P. Ca. By no means, Sir.

P. jun. We'll have both Sack, and Fidlers,

P. sen. I'll not draw that charge upon your Worship.

P. Ca. He speaks modestly,
And like an Uncle.

P. sen. But Mas Broker here,
He shall attend you, Nephew; her Grace's Usher.
And what you fancy to bestow on him,
Be not too lavish, use a temperate Bounty,
I'll take it to my self.

P. jun. I will be Princely,
While I possess my Princess, my Pecunia.

P. sen. Where is't you eat?

P. jun. Hard by, at Picklock's Lodging,
Old Lickfinger's the Cook, here in Ram-Alley.

P. sen. He has good Chear; perhaps I'll come and
see you.

P. Ca. O fie! an Alley, and a Cook's Shop, gross!

[The Canter takes him aside, and perswades him.
'Twill savour, Sir, most rankly of 'em both.

Let your Meat rather follow you to a Tavern.

Pic. A Tavern's as unfit too for a Princess.

P. Ca. No, I have known a Princess, and a great one,
Come forth of a Tavern.

Pic. Not go in, Sir, though,

P. Ca.

P. Ca. She must go in, if she came forth: the blessed

Pokahontas (as the Historian calls her,
And great King's Daughter of *Virginia*)
Hath been in Womb of a Tavern; and besides,
Your nasty Uncle will spoil all your mirth,
And be as noysom.

Pic. That's true.

P. Ca. No 'faith,
Dine in *Apollo* with *Pecunia*,
At brave *Duke Wadloos*, have your Friends about you,
And make a day on't.

P. jun. Content i' faith:
Our Meat shall be brought thither. *Simon* the King,
Will bid us welcome.

Pic. Patron, I have a Suit.

P. jun. What's that?

Pic. That you will carry the *Infanta*
To see the *Staple*; her *Grace* will be a *Grace*
To all the Members of it.

P. jun. I will do it,
And have her *Arms* set up there, with her *Titles*,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the *Infanta*.
And in *Apollo*. Come (sweet Princess) go.

P. sen. Broker, be careful of your charge.

Bro. I warrant you.

The second *Intermean* after the second *Act*.

Censure. **W**HY *this is duller and duller! intolerable!*
scurvy! neither Devil nor Fool in this
Play! pray God some on us be not a Witch, Gossip, to
forespeak the matter thus.

Mirth. I fear we are all such, an' we were old enough:
But we are not all old enough to make one Witch. How
like you the Vice i' the Play?

Expectation. Which is he?

Mirth.

Mirth. Three or four: old Covetousness, the sordid Penny-boy, the Mony-bawd, who is a Flesh-bawd too, they say.

Tattle. But here is never a Fiend to carry him away. Besides, he has never a Wooden Dagger! I'd not give a Rush for a Vice, that has not a Wooden Dagger to snap at every body he meets.

Mirth. That was the old way, Gossip, when Iniquity came in like Hokos Pokos, in a Jugler's Jerkin, with false Skirts, like the Knave of Clubs! but now they are attir'd like Men and Women o' the time, the Vices Male and Female! Prodigality like a young Heir, and his Mistress Money, (whose Favours he scatters like Counters) pranked up like a prime Lady, the Infanta of the Mines.

Cen. I, therein they abuse an honourable Princess, it is thought.

Mirth. By whom is it so thought? or where lies the abuse?

Cen. Plain in the styling her Infanta, and giving her three Names.

Mirth. Take heed it lye not in the Vice of your interpretation; what have Aurelia, Clara, Pecunia to do with any Person? do they any more but express the property of Money, which is the Daughter of Earth, and drawn out of the Mines? Is there nothing to be call'd Infanta, but what is subject to exception? Why not the Infanta of the Beggars, or Infanta o' the Gipsies, as well as King of Beggars and King of Gipsies?

Cen. Well, an' there were no wiser than I, I would sow him in a Sack, and send him by Sea to his Princess.

Mirth. Faith, an' he heard you, Censure, he would go near to stick the Ass's Ears to your high dressing, and perhaps to all ours for hearkening to you.

Tattle. By'r Lady but he should not to mine, I would hearken, and hearken, and censure, if I saw cause, for th' other Princess sake Pokahontas, surnam'd the Blessed, whom he has abus'd indeed (and I do censure him, and will
censure

censure him) to say she came forth of a Tavern, was said like a paltry Poet.

Mirth. That's but one Gossip's Opinion, and my Gossip Tattle's too! but what says Expectation, here, she sits sullen and silent.

Expectation. Troth I expect their Office, their great Office! the Staple, what it will be! they have talkt on't, but we see't not open yet; would Butter would come in, and spread it self a little to us.

Mirth. Or the Butter-box, Buz, the Emissary.

Tattle. When it is churn'd and distt we shall hear of it.

Expectation. If it be fresh and sweet Butter, but say it be sour and wheyish.

Mirth. Then it is worth nothing, meer Pot Butter, fit to be spent in Suppositories, or greasing Coach-wheels, stale stinking Butter, and such I fear it is, by the being barrell'd up so long.

Expectation. Or rank Irish Butter.

Cen. Have patience, Gossip, say that, contrary to our expectation, it prove, right, seasonable, salt Butter.

Mirth. Or to the time of Year, in Lent, delicate Almond Butter! I have a sweet Tooth yet, and I will hope the best, and sit down as quiet and calm as Butter, look as smooth and soft as Butter, be merry and melt like Butter, laugh and be fat like Butter: so Butter answer my Expectation, and be not mad Butter; if it be, it shall both July and December see!

I say no more, but — Dixi.

To the READERS.

IN this following Act the Office is open'd, and shewn to the Prodigal and his Princess Pecunia, wherein the Allegory and Purpose of the Author hath hitherto been wholly mistaken, and so sinister an Interpretation been made, as if the Souls of most of the Spectators had liv'd

in the Eyes and Ears of these ridiculous Gossips that tattle between the Acts. But he prays you thus to mend it. To consider the News here vented to be none of his News, or any reasonable Man's; but News made like the Time's News, (a weekly Cheat to draw Money) and could not be fitter reprehended, than in raising this ridiculous Office of the Staple, wherein the Age may see her own Folly, or hunger and thirst after publish'd Pamphlets of News, set out every Saturday, but made all at home, and no Syllable of truth in them; than which there cannot be a greater Disease in Nature, or a fouler Scorn put upon the Times. And so apprehending it, you shall do the Author and your own Judgment a Courtesie, and perceive the Trick of alluring Money to the Office, and there cox'ning the People. If you have the Truth, rest quiet, and consider that
Ficta, voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Fitton, Cymbal: To them, Picklock, Register, Clerk, Tho. Barber.

Fit. **Y**OU hunt upon a wrong scent still, and think
 The Air of things will carry 'em, but it must
 Be reason and proportion, not fine sounds,
 My Cousin Cymball, must get you this Lady.
 You have entertain'd a Pettyfogger here,
 Picklock, with trust of an Emissary's Place,
 And he is all for the young Prodigal,
 You see he has left us.

Cym. Come, you do not know him,
 That speak thus of him. He will have a Trick
 To open us a gap by a Trap-door,
 When they least dream on't. Here he comes, What
 News?

Pic.

Pic. Where is my Brother *Buz*? my Brother *Ambler*?
The Register, Examiner, and the Clerks?
 Appear, and let us muster all in Pomp,
 For here will be the rich *Infanta*, presently,
 To make her Visit. *Penny-boy* the Heir,
 My Patren, has got leave for her to play
 With all her Train, of the old Churl her Guardian.
 Now is your time to make all court unto her,
 That she may first but know, then love the Place,
 And shew it by her frequent Visits here:
 And afterwards get her to sojourn with you.
 She will be weary of the *Prodigal* quickly.

Cym. Excellent News!

Fit. And Counsel of an Oracle!

Cym. How say you, Cousin *Fitton*?

Fit. Brother *Picklock*,

I shall adore thee for this parcel of Tidings;
 It will cry up the Credit of our Office
 Eternally, and make our *Staple* Immortal!

Pic. Look your Addresses then be fair and fir;
 And entertain her and her Creatures too,
 With all the *Migniardise*, and quaint *Caresses*
 You can put on 'em.

Fit. Thou seem'st by thy Language,
 No less a *Courtier* than a *Man o' Law*.
 I must embrace thee.

Pic. Tut, I am *Vertumnus*,
 On every change, or chance, upon occasion,
 A true *Camelion*, I can colour for't.
 I move upon my Axle like a Turn-pike,
 Fit my Face to the Parties, and become
 Streight one of them.

Cym. Sirs, up into your Desks,
 And spread the Rolls upon the Table, so.
 Is the *Examiner* set?

Reg. Yes, Sir.

Cym. *Ambler* and *Buz* are both abroad now.

Pic. We'll sustain their Parts,

No

No matter, let them ply the Affairs without,
Let us alone within, I like that well.

[*Fitton puts on the Office Cloak, and Cymbal the Gown.*
On with the Cloak, and you with the Staple Gown,
And keep your State, stoop only to the *Infanta*;
We'll have a flight at *Mortgage, Statute, Band,*
And hard, but we'll bring *Wax* unto the retrieve:
Each know his several Province, and discharge it.

Fit. I do admire this nimble Engine, *Picklock.*

[*Fitton is brought about.*

Cym. Cuz, What did I say?

Fit. You have rectified my Error!

SCENE II.

Penny-boy jun. P. Canter, Pecunia, Statute, Band, Mortgage, Wax, Broker, Customers.

P. jun. By your leave, Gentlemen, what News?
good, good still,

I your new Office? *Princess*, here's the Staple?

This is the Governour, kifs him, noble *Princess*,

For my sake. *Thom*, how is it, honest *Thom*?

How does thy Place, and thou? My Creature, *Princess*,

[*He tells Pecunia of Thom.*

This is my Creature, give him your Hand to kifs,

He was my Barber, now he writes *Clericus*!

I bought this Place for him, and gave it him.

P. Ca. He should have spoke of that, Sir, and not
you:

Two do not do one Office well.

P. jun. 'Tis true,

But I am loth to lose my *Curtesies*.

P. Ca. So are all they that do them to vain ends,
And yet you do lose when you pay your selves.

P. jun. No more o' your Sentences, *Canter*, they are
stale,

We come for *News*, remember where you are.

I pray thee let my *Princess* hear some *News*,
Good Master *Cymbal*.

Cym. What *News* would she hear?
Or of what kind, Sir?

P. jun. Any, any kind,
So it be *News*, the newest that thou hast,
Some *News* of *State* for a *Princess*.

Cym. Read from *Rome* there. [*News from Rome*;

Tho. They write, the *King of Spain* is chosen *Pope*.

P. jun. How?

Tho. And *Emperor* too, the Thirtieth of *February*.

P. jun. Is the *Emperor* dead?

Cym. No, but he has resign'd,

[*News of the Emperor and Tilly*,
And trails a *Pike* now under *Tilly*.

Fit. For *Penance*.

P. jun. These will beget strange turns in *Christendom*!

Tho. And *Spinola* is made *General* of the *Jesuits*.

[*News of Spinola*.

P. jun. Stranger!

Fit. Sir, all are alike true and certain.

Cym. All the pretence to the *Fifth Monarchy*

[*The Fifth Monarchy uniting the Ecclesiastick
and Secular Power*,

Was held but vain, until the *Ecclesiastick*

And *Secul* Powers were united thus,

Both in one Person.

Fit. 'T has been long the aim
Of the House of *Austria*.

Cym. See but *Maximilian*

[*A Plot of the House of Austria*,

His Letters to the Baron of *Bousterheim*,

Or *Scheiter-huyssen*.

Fit. No, of *Liechtenstein*,
Lord Paul, I think.

P. jun. I have heard of some such thing.
Don Spinola made *General* of the *Jesuits*!

[*More of Spinola*.

A

A Priest! *Cym.* O, no, he is dispens'd withal —
And the whole *Society*, who do now appear
The only *Engineers* of *Christendom*.

P. jun. They have been thought so long, and right-
ly too.

Fit. Witness the Engine that they have presented
him,

To wind himself with up into the *Moon*,
And thence make all his Discoveries!

Cym. Read on.

Tho. And *Vittellesco*, he that was last *General*,
Being now turn'd Cook to the *Society*,
Has drest his Excellence such a Dish of Eggs —

[His Eggs;

P. jun. What, potch'd?

Tho. No, powder'd.

Cym. All the Yolk is Wild-fire,
As he shall need beleaguer no more Towns,
But throw his Egg in.

Fit. It shall clear consume
Palace and Place; demolish and bear down
All strengths before it!

Cym. Never be extinguish'd,
'Till all become one ruine!

Fit. And from *Florence*.

Tho. They write was found in *Galilao's Study*,

[Galilao's Study]

A burning *Glass* (which they have sent him too)
To fire any *Fleet* that's out at *Sea* —

Cym. By *Moonshine*, is't not so?

Tho. Yes, Sir, i'the Water.

[The Burning-glass by Moon-shine.]

P. jun. His strengths will be unresistable, if this hold!
Ha' you no *News* against him on the contrary?

Cl. Yes, Sir, they write here, one *Cornelius-Son*,

[The Hollanders Eel.]

Hath made the *Hollanders* an invisible *Eel*

To swim the Haven at *Dunkirk*, and sink all
The Shipping there.

P. jun. Why ha' not you this, *Thom*?

Cym. Because he keeps the *Pontifical* side.

[*Penny-boy* will have him change sides.]

P. jun. How! change sides, *Thom*, 'twas never in
my thought

To put thee up against our selves. Come down
Quickly.

Cym. Why, Sir?

P. jun. I ventur'd not my Money
Upon those Terms: If he may change, why so:
I'll ha' him keep his own side, sure.

Fit. Why, let him,

'Tis but writing so much over again.

P. jun. For that I'll bear the charge: There's two
Pieces.

Fit. Come, do not stick with the Gentleman.

Cym. I'll take none, Sir.

And yet he shall ha' the Place.

P. jun. They shall be Ten then. [*Though he pay for it.*
Up, *Thom*, and th' Office shall take 'em. Keep your
side, *Thom*.

Know your own side, do not forsake your side, *Thom*.

Cym. Read.

Tho. They write here one *Cornelius-Son*
Hath made the *Hollanders* an invisible *Eel*
To swim the Haven at *Dunkirk*, and sink all
The shipping there.

P. jun. But how is't done?

Cym. I'll shew you, Sir.

It is an *Automa*, runs under Water,
With a snug Nose, and has a nimble Tail
Made like an *Auger*, with which Tail she wriggles
Betwixt the Coasts of a Ship, and sinks it streight.

P. jun. Whence ha' you this *News*?

Fit. From a right Hand, I assure you,
The *Eel* Boats here, that lye before *Queen-Hythe*,
Came

Came out of *Holland*.

P. jun. A most brave Device,
To murder their flat bottoms.

Fit. I do grant you:
But what if *Spinola* have a new *Project*:

[*Spinola's new Project; an Army in Cork-shoes.*]
To bring an Army over in Cork-shoes,
And land them here at *Harwich*? all his Horse
Are shod with Cork, and fourscore Pieces of Ordnance,

Mounted upon Cork-carriages, with Bladders
Instead of Wheels, to run the Passage over
At a Spring-tide.

P. jun. Is't true?

Fit. As true as the rest.

P. jun. He'll never leave his Engines: I would hear
now
Some curious *News*.

Cym. As what?

P. jun. *Magick* or *Alchemy*,
Or flying i' the Air, I care not what.

Gla. They write from *Libitzig* (Reverence to your
Ears)

The Art of drawing Farts out of dead Bodies,
[*Extraction of Farts.*]

Is by the *Brotherhood* of the *Rose Cross*
Produc'd unto Perfection, in so sweet
And rich a *Tincture* —

Fit. As there is no *Princess*,
But may perfume her Chamber with th' *Extraction*,

P. jun. There's for you, *Princess*.

P. Ca. What, a Fart for her?

P. jun. I mean the *Spirit*.

P. Ca. Beware how she resents it.

P. jun. And what hast thou, *Thom*?

Tho. The perpetual Motion,
[*The perpetual Motion.*]

Is here found out by an Ale-wife in *Saint Katherine's*,

At the Sign o' the dancing Bears.

P. jun. What, from her Tap?
I'll go see that, or else I'll send old *Canter*.
He can make that discovery.

P. Ca. Yes, in Ale.

P. jun. Let me have all this *News* made up and seal'd.

Reg. The People press upon us. Please you, Sir,
Withdraw with your fair *Princess*. There's a Room
[*The Register offers him a Room.*
Within, Sir, to retire to.

P. jun. No, good *Register*,
We'll stand it out here, and observe your Office;
[*The Office call'd the House of Fame.*
What *News* it issues.

Reg. 'Tis the House of *Fame*, Sir,
Where both the Curious and the Negligent,
The Scrupulous and Careless, Wild and Stay'd,
The Idle and Laborious, all do meet,
To taste the *Cornu-copia* of her Rumours,
Which she, the Mother of Sport, pleaseth to scatter
Among the Vulgar: Baits, Sir, for the People!
And they will bite like Fishes.

P. jun. Let's see't.

Dop. Ha' you in your profane Shop any *News*
[*i Cust. A She Baptist.*

O' the *Saints* at *Amsterdam*?

Reg. Yes, how much would you?

Dop. Six Penny-worth.

Reg. Lay your Money down; read *Thomas*.

Tho. The *Saints* do write, they expect a Prophet
shortly, [Prophet Baal expected in Holland.
The Prophet *Baal*, to be sent over to them,
To calculate a *Time*, and half a *Time*,
And the whole *Time*, according to *Naometry*.

P. jun. What's that?

Tho. The measuring o' the *Temple*; a *Cabal*
Found out but lately, and set out by *Archie*,
[*Archie mourn'd then:*
Or

Or some such Head, of whose long Coat they have
heard,

And being black, desire it:

Dop. Peace be with them!

Reg. So there had need, for they are still by the Ears
One with another.

Dop. It is their Zeal.

Reg. Most likely.

Dop. Have you no other of that *species*?

Reg. Yes,

But dearer, it will cost you a Shilling.

Dop. Verily,

There is a Nine-pence, I will shed no more.

Reg. Not to the good o' the *Saints*?

Dop. I am not sure

That Man is good.

Reg. Read from *Constantinople*

Nine penny'orth.

Tho. They give out here, the *Grand Signior*

[*The great Turk turn'd Christian.*

Is certainly turn'd *Christian*; and to clear
The Controversie 'twixt the *Pope* and him,
Which is the *Antichrist*, he means to visit
The Church at *Amsterdam* this very Summer,
And quit all Marks o' the Beast.

Dop. Now joyful Tydings.

Who brought in this? which *Emissary*?

Reg. *Buz*,

Your Countryman.

Dop. Now, blessed be the Man,
And his whole Family, with the Nation.

Reg. Yes, for *Amboyna*, and the Justice there!

This is a *Doper*, a She *Anabaptist*!

Seal and deliver her her *News*, dispatch.

2 Cust. Ha' you any *News* from the *Indies*? any Mi-
racle

[*2 Cust.*

Done in *Japan* by the *Jesuits*? or in *China*?

Cl. No, but we hear of a *Colony of Cooks*
 [*A Colony of Cooks sent over to convert the Cannibals.*]

To be set ashore o' the Coast of *America*,
 For the conversion of the *Cannibals*,
 And making them good eating *Christians*.
 Here comes the *Colonel* that undertakes it.

3 *C.* Who, Captain *Lickfinger*?

[3 *Cust.* by *Colonel Lickfinger*.

Lic. *News, News*, my Boys!
 I am to furnish a great Feast to day,
 And I would have what *News* the Office affords.

Cl. We were venting some of you, of your *new project*.

Reg. Afore 'twas paid for, you were somewhat too hasty.

P. jun. What, *Lickfinger*! wilt thou convert the *Cannibals*

With Spit and Pan Divinity?

Lic. Sir, for that

I will not urge, but for the Fire and Zeal
 To the true Cause; thus I have undertaken:
 With two Lay-brethren, to my self, no more,
 One o' the broach, th' other o' the boyler,
 In one six Months, and by plain Cookery,
 No Magick to't, but old *Japhet's* Physick,
 The Father of the *Europaan Arts*,
 To make such Sauces for the Savages,
 And cook their Meats, with those enticing Steems,
 As it would make our *Cannibal-Christians*
 Forbear the mutual eating one another,
 Which they do do, more cunningly, than the wild
Anthropophagi, that snatch only Strangers,
 Like my old Patron's Dogs there.

P. jun. O, my Uncle's!

Is Dinner ready, *Lickfinger*?

Lic. When you please, Sir,
 I was bespeaking but a Parcel of *News*,

To

To strew out the long Meal withal, but't seems
You are furnish'd here already.

P. jun. O, not half!

Lic. What *Court-news* is there? any *Proclamations*,
Or *Edicts* to come forth?

Tho. Yes, there is one,
That the *King's Barber* has got, for aid of our Trade,
Whereof there is a manifest decay.

A *Precept* for the wearing of long Hair,

[*To let long Hair run to Seed, to sow bold Pates,*

To run to Seed, to sow bald Pates withal,
And the preserving fruitful Heads and Chins,
To help a Mystery almost antiquated.

Such as are bald and barren beyond hope,
Are to be separated and set by

For *Ushers* to old *Counsellors*.

Lic. And *Coachmen*,

To mount their Boxes reverently, and drive,
Like *Lapwings*, with a Shell upo' their Heads,
Thorow the Streets. Ha' you no *News* o' the Stage?
They'll ask me about *new Plays* at Dinner time,
And I should be as dumb as a Fish.

Tho. O! yes,

There is a *Legacy* left to the *King's Players*,

[*Spalato's Legacy to the Players.*

Both for their various shifting of their *Scene*,
And dext'rous change of their Persons to all shapes
And all disguises, by the Right Reverend
Archbishop of *Spalato*.

Lic. He is dead that play'd him!

Tho. Then h' has lost his share o' the *Legacy*.

Lic. What news of *Gundomar*?

Tho. A second *Fistula*,

[*Gundomar's use of the Game at Chess, or Play so called.*

Or an *Excoriation* (at least)

For putting the poor *English play*, was writ of him,
To such a sordid use, as (is said) he did,
Of cleansing his *Posteriors*.

Lic. Justice! Justice!

Tho. Since when, he lives condemn'd to his Share
at *Bruxels*,

And there sits filing certain politick Hinges,
To hang the *States* on, h' has heav'd off the Hooks.

Lic. What must you have for these?

P. jun. Thou shalt pay nothing,
But reckon them i' the Bill. There's Twenty Pieces,
[*He gives Twenty Pieces to the Office.*

Her Grace bestows upon the Office, *Thom*:
Write thou that down for *News*.

Reg. We may well do't,
We have not many such.

P. jun. There's Twenty more,
If you say so; my *Princess* is a *Princess*! [*Doubles it,*
And put that too under the Office Seal.

[*Cym. takes Pecunia aside, courts and woos her*
to the Office.

Cym. If it will please your Grace to sojourn here,
And take my Roof for Coverr, you shall know
The Rites belonging to your Blood and Birth,
Which few can apprehend: These sordid Servants,
Which rather are your Keepers, then Attendants,
Should not come near your Presence. I would have
You waited on by *Ladies*, and your Train
Born up by Persons of Quality and Honour;
Your Meat should be serv'd in with curious Dances,
And set upon the Board with Virgin Hands,
Tun'd to their Voices; not a Dish remov'd,
But to the *Musick*, nor a Drop of Wine,
Mixt with his Water, without *Harmony*.

Pec. You are a *Courrier*, Sir, or somewhat more,
That have this tempting Language!

Cym. I'm your Servant,
Excellent *Princess*, and would ha' you appear
That which you are. Come forth *State*, and wonder,
Of these our Times, dazle the vulgar Eyes,

And

And strike the People blind with Admiration.

P. Can. Why that's the End of Wealth! thrust Riches outward,

And remain Beggars within: Contemplate nothing But the vile, sordid Things of Time, Place, Money, And let the Noble and the Precious go; Virtue and Honesty, hang 'em; poor thin Membranes Of Honour; who respects them? O, the *Fates*! How hath all just true Reputation fall'n, Since Money, this base Money 'gan to have any!

[*Fitton hath been courting the Waiting-women, this while, and is jeered by them.*]

Ban. Pity the Gentleman is not Immortal.

Wax. As he gives out, the Place is by Description.

Fit. A very *Paradise*, if you saw all, *Lady*.

Wax. I am the *Chamber-maid*, Sir, you mistake, My *Lady* may see all.

Fit. Sweet Mistress *Statute*, gentle Mistress *Band*, And Mother *Mortgage*, do but get her Grace To sojourn here,—

Pic. I thank you, gentle *Wax*.

Mor. If it were a *Chattel*, I would try my Credit.

Pic. So it is, for *Term of Life*, we count it so.

Sta. She means *Inheritance* to him and his *Heirs*: Or that he could assure a *State of Tears*: I'll be his *Statute-Staple*, *Statute-Merchant*, Or what he please.

Pic. He can expect no more.

Ban. His Cousin, Alderman *Security*, That he did talk of so, e'en now——

Sta. Who is

The very Broch o' the Bench, Gem o' the City.

Ban. He and his Deputy, but assure his Life For one *Seven Years*.

Sta. And see what we'll do for him, Upon his *Scarlet Motion*.

Ban. And old *Chain*, That draws the City-ears.

Wax. When he says nothing,

But

But twirls it thus.

Sta. A moving *Oratory*!

Ban. Dumb *Rhetorick* and silent *Eloquence*!

As the fine *Poet* says!

Fir. Come, they all scorn us;

Do you not see't? the *Family* of Scorn!

Bro. Do not believe him: Gentle Master *Picklock*,
They understood you not; the Gentlewomen,
They thought you would ha' my *Lady* sojourn with you,
And you desire but now and then a Visit.

Pic. Yes, if she pleas'd, Sir, it would much advance
Unto the *Office* her continual Residence!
(I speak but as a Member.)

Bro. 'Tis enough.

I apprehend you. And it shall go hard,
But I'll so work, as somebody shall work her!

Pic. 'Pray you change with our Master but a word
about it.

P. jun. Well, *Lick-finger*, see that our Meat be ready,
Thou hast *News* enough.

Lic. Something of *Bethlem Gabor*,
And then I'm gone.

Tbo. We hear he has devis'd
A *Drum*, to fill all *Christendom* with the sound:

[*Bethlem Gabor's Drum.*]

But that he cannot draw his Forces near it,
To march yet, for the violence of the Noise.
And therefore he is fain, by a Design,
To carry 'em in the Air, and at some distance,
'Till he be married, then they shall appear.

Lic. Or never; well, God b' wi' you (stay, who's
A little of the *Duke of Bavier*, and then— [here?])

[*The Duke of Bavier.*]

Cla. H' has taken a gray Habit, and is turn'd
The Churches *Miller*, grinds the Catholick Grist
With every Wind; and *Tilly* takes the Toll.

4 *Cus.* Ha' you any *News* o' the *Pageants* to send down

[4 *Cus.* *The Pageants.*]

Into

Into the several *Counties*? All the Country
Expected from the City must brave Speeches,
Now, at the Coronation.

Lic. It expected
More than it understood; for they stand mute,
Poor innocent dumb things; they are but Wood,
As is the Bench and Blocks they were wrought on; yet
If *May-day* come, and the *Sun* shine, perhaps
They'll sing like *Memnon's* Statue, and be vocal.

5 Cuf. Ha' you any *Forrest-news*?

[*5 Cuf.* *The new Park in the Forest of Fools.*

Tho. None very wild, Sir,
Some tame there is, out o' the *Forest of Fools*,
A new *Park* is making there, to sever
Cuckolds of Antler, from the *Raskals*. Such
Whose *Wives* are dead, and have since cast their Heads,
Shall remain *Cuckolds pollard*.

Lic. I'll ha' that *News*:

1 Cuf. And I. *2.* And I. *3.* And I. *4.* And I. *5.* And I.

[*Penny-boy would invite the Master of the Office.*

Cym. Sir, I desire to be excus'd; and, *Madam*,
I cannot leave my *Office* the first day.
My Cousin *Fitton* here shall wait upon you,
And *Emissary Picklock*.

P. jun. And *Thom. Clericus*?

Cym. I cannot spare him yet, but he shall follow you,
When they have order'd the *Rolls*. Shut up th' *Office*,
When you ha' done, 'till two a Clock.

SCENE III.

Sbunfield, Almanack, Madrigal, Clerks.

Sbun. By your leave, *Clerks*,
Where shall we dine to day? do you know? the *Jeerers*.

Alm. Where's my Fellow *Fitton*?

Tho. New gone forth.

Sbun. Cannot your *Office* tell us, what brave Fellows
Do

Do eat together to Day, in Town, and where?

Tbo. Yes, there's a Gentleman, the brave Heir, young
Penny-boy,
Dines in *Apollo*.

Mad. Come, let's thither then,
I ha' supt in *Apollo*!

Alm. With the *Muses*.

Mad. No,

But with two Gentlewomen, call'd the *Graces*.

Alm. They were ever three in *Poetry*.

Mad. This was Truth, Sir.

Tbo. Sir, Master *Fitton*'s there too.

Shun. All the better.

Alm. We may have a Jeer, perhaps.

Shun. Yes, you'll drink, *Doctor*,
(If there be any good Meat) as much good Wine now,
As would lay up a *Dutch Ambassador*.

Tbo. If he dine there, he's sure to have good Meat,
For *Lickfinger* provides the Dinner.

Alm. Who?

The Glory o' the Kitchen? that holds *Cookery*
A Trade from *Adam*, quotes his *Broths* and *Sallads*,
And swears he's not dead yet, but translated
In some immortal *Crust*, the *Paste* of *Almonds*?

Mad. The same. He holds no Man can be a *Poet*,
That is not a good *Cook*, to know the Palates
And several *Tastes* o' the Time. He draws all *Arts*
Out of the *Kitchen*, but the *Art* of *Poetry*,
Which he concludes the same with *Cookery*.

Shun. Tut, he maintains more *Heresses* than that.
He'll draw the *Magisterium* from a Minc'd-pye,
And prefer *Jellies*, to your *Julips*, *Doctor*.

Alm. I was at an *Olla Podrida* of his making,
Was a brave picce of *Cookery*! at a Funeral!
But opening the Pot-lid, he made us laugh,
Who'had wept all Day! and sent us such a tickling
Into our Nostrils, as the Funeral Feast
Had been a Wedding-dinner.

Shun.

Shun. Gi' him allowance,
And that but moderate, he will make a Syren
Sing i' the Kettle, send in an *Arion*
In a brave Broth, and of a watry Green,
Just the Sea-colour, mounted on the back
Of a grown *Conger*, but in such a Posture,
As all the World would take him for a *Dolphin*.

Mad. He's a rare Fellow, without question! but
He holds some *Paradoxes*.

Alm. I, and *Pseudodoxes*.

Marry, for most, he's *Orthodox* i' the *Kitchen*.

Mad. And knows the *Clergies* Taste!

Alm. I, and the *Laieties*!

Shun. You-think not o' your time, we'll come too late;
If we go not presently.

Mad. Away then.

Shun. Sirs,

You must get o' this *News*, to store your *Office*,
Who dines and sups i' the Town; where, and with whom;
'Twill be beneficial: When you are stor'd,
And as we like our fare, we shall reward you.

Cl. A hungry Trade, 'twill be.

Tho. Much like *Duke Humphry's*,

But, now and then, as th' holesome Proverb says,
'Twill *obsonare famem ambulando*.

Cl. Shut up the *Office*, gentle Brother *Thomas*.

Tho. Brother *Nathaniel*, I ha' the Wine for you.
I hope to see us, one day, *Emissaries*.

Cl. Why not? 'Slid, I delpair not to be *Master*!

SCENE IV.

Penny-boy sen. Broker, Cymbal.

He is started with Broker's coming back.

P. sen. How now? I think I was born under *Hercules*
Star!

Nothing but Trouble and Tumult to oppress me?

Why

Why come you back? where is your Charge?

Bro. I ha' brought

A Gentleman to speak with you.

P. sen. To speak with me?

You know 'tis death for me to speak with any Man.

What is he? set me a Chair.

Bro. He's the *Master*

Of the great Office.

P. sen. What?

Bro. The *Staple of News*,

A mighty thing, they talk *Six thousand* a Year.

P. sen. Well, bring your *fix* in. Where ha' you left *Pe-*

Bro. Sir, in *Apollo*, they are scarce set. [*cunia?*]

P. sen. Bring *fix*.

Bro. Here is the Gentleman.

P. sen. He must pardon me,

I cannot rise, a diseas'd Man.

Cym. By no means, Sir,

Respect your Health and Ease.

P. sen. It is no Pride in me!

But Pain, Pain: What's your Errand, Sir, to me!

Broker, return to your Charge, be *Argus-eyed*,

[*He sends Broker back.*]

Awake to the Affair you have in hand,

Serve in *Apollo*, but take heed of *Bacchus*.

Go on, Sir.

Cym. I am come to speak with you.

P. sen. 'Tis pain for me to speak, a very death,

But I will hear you!

Cym. Sir, you have a *Lady*,

That sojourns with you.

P. sen. Ha? I am somewhat short

[*He pretends Infirmary.*]

In my Sense, too——

Cym. *Pecunia*.

P. sen. O' that side very imperfect; on——

Cym. Whom I would draw

Oftner to a poor Office, I am Master of——

P. sen.

P. sen. My Hearing is very dead, you must speak quicker.

Cym. Or, if it please you, Sir, to let her sojourn
In part with me; I have a *Moiety*,
We will divide, half of the Profits.

P. sen. Ha?

I hear you better now, how come they in?
Is it a certain *Business*, or a casual?
For I am loth to seek out doubtful courses,
Run any hazardous Paths, I love strait ways;
A just and upright Man! now all Trade totters,
The Trade of Money is fall'n two i' the *Hundred*,
That was a certain Trade, while th' Age was thrifty,
And Men good Husbands, look'd unto their Stocks,
Had their Minds bounded; now the publick Riot
Prostitutes all, scatters away in Coaches,
In Foot-mens Coats, and Waiting-womens Gowns,
They must have Velvet Hanches (with a Pox)
Now taken up, and yet not pay the Use;
Bate of the Use? I am mad with this Time's manners.

[He talks vehemently and aloud.]

Cym. You said e'en now, it was death for you to speak.

P. sen. I, but an Anger, a just Anger, (as this is)
Puts life in Man. Who can endure to see
The fury of Mens Gullets, and their Groins?
What Fires, what Cooks, what Kitchens might be
spar'd?

[Is mov'd more and more.]

What Stews, Ponds, Parks, Coups, Garners, Magazines?
What Velvets, Tissues, Scarfs, Embroyderies,
And Laces they might lack? They covet things —
Superfluous still; when it were much more Honour
They could want necessary! What need hath Nature
Of Silver Dishes, or Gold Chamber-pots?
Of perfum'd Napkins, or a numerous Family
To see her eat? poor, and wise she, requires
Meat only; Hunger is not ambitious:
Say, that you were the *Emperor* of Pleasures,

The

The great *Dictator* of Fashions, for all *Europe*;
 And had the Pomp of all the *Courts*, and *Kingdoms*,
 Laid forth unto the Shew? to make your self
 Gaz'd, and admir'd at? You must go to Bed,
 And take your natural Rest: Then, all this vanisheth.
 Your Bravery was but shown; 'twas not possesst:
 While it did boast it self, it was then perishing.

Cym. This Man has healthful Lungs.

P. sen. All that Excess
 Appear'd as little yours, as the *Spectators*.
 It scarce fills up the Expectation
 Of a few Hours, that entertains Mens Lives:

Cym. He has the *Monopoly* of sole-speaking.
 Why, good Sir? you talk all. *[He is angry.]*

P. sen. Why should I not?
 Is it not under mine own Roof? my Ceiling?

Cym. But I came here to talk with you.

P. sen. Why, an' I will not
 Talk with you, Sir? you are answer'd; who sent for
 you? *[Bids him get out of his House.]*

Cym. No body sent for me——

P. sen. But you came; why then
 Go as you came, here's no Man holds you; There,
 There lies your way, you see the Door.

Cym. This's strange!

P. sen. 'Tis my civility, when I do not relish
 The Party, or his business. Pray you be gone, Sir.
 I'll ha' no venture in your *Ship*, the *Office*,
 Your *Bark* of *Six*, if 'twere *Sixteen*, good Sir.

Cym. You are a Rogue. *[Cymbal rails at him.]*

P. sen. I think I am Sir, truly.

Cym. A Rascal, and a *Money-bawd*.

P. sen. My Sir-names.

Cym. A wretched Rascal!

P. sen. You will overflow—— *[He jeers him.]*
 And spill all.

Cym. Caterpillar, Moath,
 Horse-leach, and Dung-worm——

P. sen.

P. sen. Still you lose your labour.
I am a broken Vessel, all runs out:
A shrunk old Dryfat. Fare you well, good Sir!

The Third Intermean after the Third Act.

Censure. **A** Notable tough Rascal! this old Penny-boy! right City bred!

Mirth. In Silver-street, the Region of Money, a good seat for an Usurer.

Tattle. He has rich ingredients in him, I warrant you, if they were extracted, a true receipt to make an Alderman, an' he were well wrought upon, according to Art.

Exp. I would fain see an Alderman in chimia! that is, a Treatise of Aldermanity truly written.

Cen. To shew how much it differs from Urbanity.

Mirth. I, or Humanity. Either would appear in this Penny-boy, an' he were rightly distill'd. But how like you the News? you are gone from that.

Cen. O, they are monstrous! scurvy! and stale! and too exotick! ill cook'd! and ill dish'd!

Exp. They were as good, yet, as Butter could make them!

Tat. In a word, they were beastly buttered! she shall never come o' my Bread more, nor in my Mouth, if I can help it. I have better News from the Bake-house, by ten thousand parts, in a morning; or the Conduits in Westminster! all the News of Tuttle-street, and both the Alm'ries! the two Sanctuaries! long and round Wooll-staple! with King's-street and Chauon-row to boot.

Mirth. I, my Gossip Tattle knew what fine slips grew in Gardeners lane; who kist the Butcher's Wife with the Cow's breath; what Matches were made in the Bowling-Alley, and what Bets won and lost; how much Grist went to the Mill, and what besides; who conjur'd in Tuttle-fields, and how many, when they never came there; and which Boy rode upon Doctor Lamb in the likeness of a

roaring Lyon, that run away with him in his Teeth, and has not devour'd him yet.

Tat. *Why, I had it from my maid Joan Hear-say; and she had it from a Limb o' the School, she says, a little Limb of nine year old; who told her, the Master left out his Conjuring-Book one day, and he found it, and so the Fable came about. But whether it were true, or no, we Gossips are bound to believe it, an't be once out, and a-foot: how should we entertain the time else, or find our selves in fashionable discourse, for all Companies, if we do not credit all, and make more of it, in the reporting?*

Cen. *For my part, I believe it: an' there were no wiser than I, I would have ne'er a cunning School-Master in England. I mean a Cunning-Man a School-Master; that is, a Conjuror, or a Poet, or that had any acquaintance with a Poet. They make all their Scholars Play-boys! Is't not a fine sight, to see all our Children made Interluders? Do we pay our Money for this? we send them to learn their Grammar and their Terence, and they learn their Play-books. Well, they talk we shall have no more Parliaments (God bless us) but an' we have, I hope, Zeal-of-the-land Buzy and my Gossip Rabby Trouble-truth will start up, and see we shall have painful good Ministers to keep School, and catechise our youth, and not teach 'em to speak Plays, and act Fables of false News, in this manner, to the super-vexation of Town and Country, with a Wanion.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Penny-boy jun. Fitton, Shunfield, Almanack, Madrigal, Canter, Picklock.

P. jun. **C**OME, Gentlemen, let's breathe from
Healts awhile.

This Lickfinger has made us a good Dinner,

For

For our *Pecunia*: what shall's do with our selves,
While the Women water and the *Fidlers* eat?

Fit. Let's jeer a little.

P. jun. Jeer? what's that?

Shun. Expect, Sir.

Alm. We first begin with our selves, and then at you.

Shun. A Game we use.

Mad. We jeer all kind of Persons

We meet withal, of any Rank or Quality,

And if we cannot jeer them, we jeer our selves.

P. Ca. A pretty sweet Society! and a grateful!

Pic. Pray let's see some.

Shun. Have at you then, *Lawyer*.

They say, there was one of your Coat in *Jerusalem* lately.

Alm. I wonder all his *Clients* were not there.

Mad. They were the madder sort.

Pic. Except, Sir, one

Like you, and he made Verses.

Fit. Madrigal,

A jeer.

Mad. I know.

Shun. But what did you do, *Lawyer*;

When you made Love to Mistress *Band*, at Dinner?

Mad. Why, of an Advocate, he grew the *Clients*.

P. jun. Well play'd, my *Poet*.

Mad. And shew'd the *Law* of *Nature*

Was there above the *Common-Law*.

Shun. Quit, quit.

P. jun. Call you this jeering? I can play at this;

'Tis like a *Ball* at *Tennis*.

Fit. Very like,

But we were not well in.

Alm. 'Tis indeed, Sir.

When we do speak at volley, all the ill

We can one of another.

Shun. As this morning,

(I would you had heard us) of the *Rogue* your *Uncle*;

Alm. That *Money-bawd*.

Mad. We call'd him a *Coat-card*,
O' the last order.

P. jun. What's that? a *Knave*?

Mad. Some readings have it so, *my manuscript*
Doth speak it, *Varlet*.

P. Ca. And your self a *Fool*
O' the first Rank, and one shall have the leading
O' the Right-hand File, under this brave Commander.

P. jun. What say'st thou, *Canter*?

P. Ca. Sir, I say this is
A very wholesome exercise, and comely:
Like Lepers, shewing one another their Scabs,
Or Flies feeding on Ulcers.

P. jun. What *News*, Gentlemen?
Ha' you any News for after Dinner? methinks
We should not spend our time unprofitably.

P. Ca. They never lye, Sir, between Meals, 'gainst
Supper
You may have a *Bale* or two brought in.

Fit. This *Canter*
Is an old envious *Knave*!

Alm. A very *Rascal*!

Fit. I ha' mark'd him all this Meal, he has done
nothing

But mock, with scurvy Faces, all we said.

Alm. A supercilious Rogue! he looks as if
He were the *Patrico* —

Mad. Or *Arch-priest* o' *Canter*s.

Shun. He's some *primate metropolitan Rascal*,
Our Shot-clog makes so much of him.

Alm. The *Law*,
And he does govern him.

P. jun. What say you, Gentlemen?

Fit. We say, we wonder not, your Man o' *Law*
Should be so gracious wi' you; but how it comes,
This Rogue, this *Canter*!

P. jun. O, good words.

Fit. A Fellow

That

That speaks no Language —

Alm. But what gingling *Gipsies*
And *Pedlers* trade in —

Fit. And no honest *Christian*
Can understand —

P. Ca. Why, by that argument
You are all *Canterers*, you, and you, and you,
[*He speaks to all the Jeerers.*]
All the whole World are *Canterers*, I will prove it
In your *professions*.

P. jun. I would fain hear this:
But stay, my *Princess* comes, provide the while;
I'll call for't anon. How fares your *Grace*?

SCENE II.

To them, *Lickfinger*, *Pecunia*, *Statute*, *Band*, *Wax*;

Lic. I hope the fare was good.

Pec. Yes, *Lickfinger*,
And we shall thank you for it, and reward you.

Mad. Nay, I'll not lose my argument, *Lickfinger*;
[*Lickfinger is challeng'd by Madrigal of an Argument.*]

Before these Gentlemen, I affirm,
The perfect and true strain of Poetry,
Is rather to be given the quick *Cellar*,
Than the fat *Kitchen*.

Lic. *Heretick*, I see
Thou art for the vain *Oracle* of the *Bottle*.
The *Hoghead*, *Trismegistus*, is thy *Pegasus*;
Thence flows thy *Muse's* Spring, from that hard Hoof.
Seduced *Poet*, I do say to thee.

A *Boylor*, *Range*, and *Dresser* were the *Fountains*
Of all the Knowledge in the *Universe*.
And they're the *Kitchens*, where the *Master Cook* —
(Thou dost not know the Man, nor canst thou know
him,

'Till thou hast serv'd some Years in that deep School,
 That's both the *Nurse* and *Mother* of the *Arts*,
 And hear'ft him read, interpret, and demonstrate!)
 A *Master-Cook*! Why, he's the *Man o' Men*,
 For a *Professor*! He *Designs*, he *Draws*,
 He *Paints*, he *Carves*, he *Builds*, he *Fortifies*,
 Makes *Citadels* of curious *Fowl* and *Fish*,
 Some he *dry-dishes*, some *motes* round with *Broths*;
 Mounts *Marrow-bones*, cuts *Fifty angled Custards*,
 Rears *Bulwark Pies*, and for his *Outer works*
 He raiseth *Ramparts* of immortal *Crust*;
 And teacheth all the *Tacticks*, at one *Dinner*:
 What *Ranks*, what *Files*, to put his *Dishes* in;
 The whole *Art Military*. Then he knows
 The *Influence* of the *Stars* upon his *Meats*,
 And all their *Seasons*, *Tempers*, *Qualities*,
 And so to fit his *Relishes* and *Sauces*,
 He has *Nature* in a *Pot*, 'bove all the *Chymists*,
 Or airy *Brethren* of the *Rosie-Cross*.
 He is an *Architect*, an *Engineer*,
 A *Soldier*, a *Physician*, a *Philosopher*,
 A general *Mathematician*.

Mad. It is granted.

Lic. And that you may not doubt him for a *Post*--

Alm. This *Fury* shews, if there were nothing else!
 And 'tis *Divine*! I shall for ever hereafter
 Admire the *Wisdom* of a *Cook*!

Ban. And we, Sir!

[*Penny-boy* is courting his *Princess* all the while.

P. jun. O, how my *Princess* draws me with her *Looks*,
 And hales me in, as *Eddies* draw in *Boats*,
 Or strong *Charybdis* *Ships*, that sail too near
 The *Shelves* of *Love*! The *Tides* of your two *Eyes*!
 Wind of your *Breath*, are such as suck in all
 That do approach you!

Pec. Who hath changed my *Servant*? (Beams;

P. jun. Your self, who drink my *Blood* up with your
 As doth the *Sun*, the *Sea*! *Pecunia* shines

More

More in the World than he; and makes it *Spring*
Where-e'er she favours! please her but to show
Her melting Wrists, or bare her Ivory Hands,
She catches still! her Smiles they are *Love's Fetters!*
Her Breasts his Apples! her Teats Strawberries!
Where *Cupid* (were he present now) would cry,
Farewell my Mother's Milk, here's sweeter *Nectar!*
Help me to praise *Pecunia*, Gentlemen:
She's your *Princess*, lend your wits.

Fit. A Lady

The *Graces* taught to move!

Alm. The *Hours* did nurse.

[*They all begin the Encomium of Pecunia.*

Fit. Whose Lips are the instructions of all *Lovers!*

Alm. Her Eyes their lights, and rivals to the *Stars!*

Fit. A Voice, as if that *Harmony* still spake!

Alm. And polish'd Skin, whiter than *Venus* Foot!

Fit. Young *Hebes* Neck, or *Juno's* Arms!

Alm. A Hair,

Large as the *Mornings*, and her Breath as sweet
As Meadows after Rain, and but new mown!

Fit. *Leda* might yield unto her, for a Face!

Alm. *Hermione* for Breasts!

Fit. *Flora* for Cheeks!

Alm. And *Helen* for a Mouth!

P. jun. Kifs, kifs 'em, *Princess*. [*She kisseth them.*

Fit. The Pearl doth strive in whiteness with her
Neck,

Alm. But loseth by it: here the *Snow* thaws *Snow*;
One Frost resolves another!

Fit. O, she has

A Front too slippery to be lookt upon!

Alm. And glances that beguile the *Seer's* Eyes!

P. jun. Kifs, kifs again; what says my *Man o'War!*

[*Again.*

Shan. I say, she's more than *Fame* can promise of her,
A *Theme* that's overcome with her own matter!
Praise is struck blind, and deaf, and dumb with her!

She doth astonish *Commendation!*

P. jun. Well pumpt i' faith, old *Sailor*; kifs him too,
[*She kisseth Captain Shunfield.*

Though he be a slug. What says my *Poet-sucker*?
He's chewing his *Muses* cud, I do see him.

Mad. I have almost done, I want but e'en to finish.

Fit. That's the ill luck of all his works still.

P. jun. What?

Fit. To begin many works, but finish none.

P. jun. How does he do his *Mistress-work*?

Fit. Imperfect.

Alm. I cannot think he finisheth that.

P. jun. Let's hear.

Mad. It is a *Madrigal*, I affect that kind
Of *Poem* much.

P. jun. And thence you ha' the name.

Fit. It is his *Rose*, he can make nothing else.

Mad. I made it to the *Tune* the *Fidlers* play'd,
That we all lik'd so well.

P. jun. Good, read it, read it.

Mad. The *Sun* is Father of all *Mettals*, you know,
Silver and *Gold*.

P. jun. I, leave your *Prologues*, say!

S O N G.

Mad. **A**s bright as is the *Sun* her *Sire*,
Or *Earth* her *Mother*, in her best *Attire*,
Or *Mint*, the *Mid-wife*, with her *fire*,
Comes forth her *Grace!* } *P. jun.* That *Mint*
The splendour of the wealthiest } the *Midwife* does
Mines! } well.

The stamp and strength of all imperial lines,
Both *Majesty* and *Beauty* shines } *Fit.* That's fairly
In her sweet *Face!* } said of *Money*.

Look how a *Torch* of *Taper* light,
Or of that *Torches* flame, a *Beacon* bright; [*P. jun.* Good!
Mad. Now there, I want a *Line* to finish, *Sir*.

P. jun.

P. jun. Or of that Beacon's fire, Moon-light:
Mad. So takes she place! [Fit. 'Tis good:

And then I have a Saraband ———

She makes good Chear, she keeps full Boards,
She holds a Fair of Knights and Lords,
A Market of all Offices,
And Shops of Honours, more or less.
According to Pecunia's Grace,
The Bride hath Beauty, Blood, and Place;
The Bridegroom Virtue, Valour, Wit,
And Wisdom, as he stands for it.

P. jun. Call in the Fiddlers. Nick, the Boy, shall sing it.
Sweet Princess, kiss him, kiss 'em all, dear Madam,
And at the close, vouchsafe to call them Cousins.

[He urgeth her to kiss them all.]

Pec. Sweet Cousin Madrigal, and Cousin Fitton,
My Cousin Shunfield, and my learned Cousin.

P. Ca. Al-manach, though they call him Almanack.

Pic. Why, here's the Prodigal prostitutes his Mistress!

P. jun. And Picklock, he must be a Kinsman too.
My Man o' Law will teach us all to win,
And keep our own. Old Founder.

P. Ca. Nothing, I Sir?

I am a Wretch, a Beggar. She the fortunate,
Can want no Kindred; we the poor know none?

Fit. Nor none shall know, by my consent.

Alm. Nor mine.

P. jun. Sing, Boy, stand here. [The Boy sings the Song.]

P. Ca. Look, look, how all their Eyes
Dance i' their Heads (observe) scatter'd with Lust!
At sight o' their brave Idol! how they are tickl'd
With a light Air! the bawdy Saraband!
They are a kind of dancing Engines all!
And set by Nature, thus to run alone
To every sound! All things within, without them,
Move, but their Brain, and that stands still! mere
Here, in a Chamber, of most subtil Feet! [Monsters.
And

And make their Legs in tune, passing the Streets!
 These are the gallant Spirits o' the Age!
 The Miracles o' the time! that can cry up
 And down Mens Wits! and set what rate on things
 Their half-brain'd Fancies please! Now Pox upon 'em.
 See how solicitously he learns the Jigg,
 As if it were a Mystery of his Faith!

Sbun. A dainty Ditty!

Fit. O, he's a dainty Poet!

When he sets to't!

P. jun. And a dainty Scholar!

[*They are all struck with Admiration.*]

Alm. No, no great Scholar, he writes like a Gentleman.

Sbun. Pox o' your Scholar.

P. Ca. Pox o' your distinction!

As if a Scholar were no Gentleman.

With these, to write like a Gentleman, will in time
 Become all one, as to write like an *Ass*.

These Gentlemen? these Rascals! I am sick
 Of Indignation at 'em.

P. jun. How do you like't, Sir?

Fit. 'Tis excellent!

Alm. 'Twas excellently sung!

Fit. A dainty Air!

P. jun. What says my Lickfinger?

Lic. I am telling Mistress *Band*, and Mistress *Statute*,
 What a brave Gentleman you are, and *Wax*, here!
 How much 'twere better, that my Lady's Grace
 Would here take up, Sir, and keep House with you.

P. jun. What say they?

Sta. We could consent, Sir, willingly.

Band. I, if we knew her Grace had the least liking.

Wax. We must obey her Grace's will and pleasure.

P. jun. I thank you, Gentlewom; an ply 'em, Lickfinger.
 Give Mother Mortgage, there——

Lic. Her dose of Sack.

I have it for her, and her distance of *Hum*.

Pec. Indeed therein, I must confess, dear Cousin,

I am a most unfortunate Princess. *Alm.* And
You still will be so, when your *Grace* may help it.

[*The Gallants are all about Pecunia.*]

Mad. Who'd lie in a Room, with a Close-stool,
and Garlick,

And kennel with his Dogs, that had a Prince
Like this young *Penny-boy*, to sojourn with?

Skun. He'll let you ha' your Liberty——

Alm. Go forth,

Whither you please, and to what Company——

Mad. Scatter your self amongst us——

P. jun. Hope of *Parnassus*!

Thy *Ivy* shall not wither, nor thy *Bays*,

Thou shalt be had into her *Grace's* Cellar,

And there know Sack and Claret, all *December*,

Thy Vein is rich, and we must cherish it.

Poets and Bees swarm now-a-days; but yet

There are not those good Taverns, for the one sort,

As there are flowry Fields to feed the other.

Though Bees be pleas'd with Dew, ask little *Wax*,

That brings the Honey to her *Lady's* Hive:

The *Poet* must have Wine; and he shall have it.

SCENE III.

Penny-boy sen. Penny-boy jun. Lickfinger, &c.

P. sen. Broker? what Broker?

P. jun. Who's that? my Uncle!

P. sen. I am abus'd; where is my Knave, my Broker?

Lic. Your Broker is laid out upon a Bench, yonder,
Sack hath seiz'd on him, in the shape of Sleep.

Pic. He hath been dead to us almost this Hour.

P. sen. This Hour?

P. Ca. Why sigh you, Sir? 'cause he's at rest?

P. sen. It breeds my Unrest.

Lic. Will you take a Cup
And try if you can sleep?

P. sen. No, cogging Jack,

Thou

Thou and thy Cups too, perish.

[*He strikes the Sack out of his Hand.*]

Shun. O, the Sack!

Mad. The Sack, the Sack!

P. Ca. A *Madrigal* on Sack!

Pic. Or rather an *Elegy*, for the Sack is gone.

Pec. Why do you this, Sir? spill the Wine, and rave?
For *Broker's* sleeping?

P. sen. What through Sleep and Sack,
My Trust is wrong'd: But I am still awake,
To wait upon your *Grace*, please you to quit
This strange lewd Company, they are not for you.

[*He would have Pecunia home, but she refuseth,
and her Train.*]

Pec. No, *Guardian*, I do like them very well.

P. sen. Your *Grace's* Pleasure be observ'd; but you
Statute, and *Band*, and *Wax*, will go with me?

Stat. Truly we will nor.

Ban. We will stay, and wait here

Upon her *Grace*, and this your *Noble Kinsman*. [ble?]

P. sen. Noble! how Noble! who hath made him No-

P. jun. Why, my most noble Money hath, or shall;
My Princess here: She, that had you but kept,
And treated kindly, would have made you *noble*,
And wise too; nay, perhaps have done that for you,
An *Act of Parliament* could not, made you *honest*.
The truth is, Uncle, that her *Grace* dislikes
Her Entertainment, specially her Lodging.

Pec. Nay, say her Jayl. Never *unfortunate Princess*
Was us'd so by a Jaylor. Ask my Women:
Band, you can tel', and *Statute*, how he has us'd me,
Kept me close Prisoner, under twenty Bolts——

Stat. And forty Padlocks——

Ban. All malicious Engines

A wicked *Smith* could forge out of his Iron;
As Locks and Keys, Shackles and Manacles,
To torture a great *Lady*. *Stat.* H' has abus'd
Your *Grace's* Body. *Pec.* No, he would ha'done;
That

That lay not in his power: He had the use
Of our Bodies, *Band*, and *Wax*, and sometimes *Statutes*:
But once he would ha' smother'd me in a Chest,
And strangled me in Leather, but that you
Came to my Rescue then, and gave me Air.

Stat. For which he cramm'd us up in a close Box,
All three together, where we saw no *Sun*
In one *six Months*.

Wax. A cruel Man he is!

Ban. H' has left my Fellow *Wax* out i' the cold,

Stat. Till she was stiff as any Frost, and crumbled
Away to Dust, and almost lost her Form.

Wax. Much ado to recover me.

P. sen. Women Jeerers!

Have you learn'd too the subtle Faculty?
Come, I'll shew you the way home, if Drink
Or too full Diet have disguis'd you.

Ban. Troth,

We have not any Mind, Sir, of return——

Stat. To be bound Back to Back——

Ban. And have our Legs

Turn'd in, or writh'd about——

Wax. Or else displaid——

Stat. Belodg'd with Dust and Fleas, as we were wont—

Ban. And dieted with Dogs-dung.

P. sen. Why, you Whores,

My Bawds, my Instruments, what should I call you,
Man may think base enough for you?

P. jun. Hear you, Uncle:

I must not hear this of my *Princess's* Servants,
And in *Apollo*, in *Pecunia's* Room.

Go, get you down the Stairs; home, to your Kennel,
As swiftly as you can. Consult your Dogs,
The *Lares* of your Family; or, believe it,
The Fury of a Foot-man and a Drawer
Hangs over you.

Shun. Cudgel and Pot do threaten
A kind of Vengeance.

Mad. Barbers are at hand.

Alm.

Alm. Washing and Shaving will ensue.

Fit. The Pump [They all threaten,
Is not far off; if 'twere, the Sink is near,
Or a good Jordan.

Mad. You have now no Money.

Shun. But are a Rascal.

P. sen. I am cheated; robb'd,
Jeer'd by confederacy.

Fit. No, you are kick'd, [and spurn him.
And used kindly, as you should be.

Shun. Spurn'd

From all Commerce of Men, who are a Cur.

[Kicks him out.

Alm. A stinking Dog in a Doublet, with foul Linnen.

Mad. A snarling Rascal, hence.

Shun. Out.

P. sen. Well, remember, [He exclaims,
I am cozen'd by my Cousin, and his Whore!
Bane o' these Meetings in *Apollo*!

Lic. Go, Sir,

You will be tost like *Block*, in a Blanket, else.

[One of his Dogs.

P. jun. Down with him, *Lickfinger*;

P. sen. Saucy *Jack*, away;

Pecunia is a Whore.

P. jun. Play him down, *Fidlers*,
And drown his Noise. Who's this?

Fit. O, Master *Pyed-mantle*!

SCENE IV.

To them, *Pyed-mantle*.

Pye. By your leave, Gentlemen.

[*Pyed-mantle* brings the *Lady Pecunia* her Pedigree.

Fit. Her Grace's Herald.

Alm. No Herald yet, a *Heraldet*.

P. jun. What's that?

P. Co.

P. Ca. A *Canter*.

P. jun. O, thou saidst thou'dst prove us all so!

P. Ca. Sir, here is one will prove himself so, streight.
So shall the rest, in time.

Pec. My *Pedigree*?

I tell you, Friend, he must be a good *Scholar*
Can my *Descent*: I am of *Princely Race*,
And as good Blood as any is i' the *Mines*
Runs thro' my *Veins*. I am, every *Limb*, a *Princess*!
Dutchess o' *Mines* was my great *Grandmother*;
And by the *Father's* side, I come from *Sol*,
My *Grandfather* was *Duke of Or*, and match'd
In the *Blood-Royal of Ophyr*.

Pye. Here's his *Coat*.

Pec. I know it, if I hear the *Blazon*.

Pye. He bears

In a *Field Azure*, a *Sun* proper, *beamy*,
Twelve of the Second.

P. Ca. How far's this from *canting*?

P. jun. Her *Grace* doth understand it.

P. Ca. She can *cant*, Sir.

Pec. What be these? *Bezants*?

Pye. Yes, an't please your *Grace*.

Pec. That is our *Coat* too, as we come from *Or*.
What *Line's* this?

Pye. The rich *Mines* of *Potosi*,
The *Spanish Mines* i' the *West-Indies*.

Pec. This?

Pye. The *Mines* o' *Hungary*, this of *Barbary*.

Pec. But this, this little *Branch*?

Pye. The *Welsh Mine*, that.

Pec. I ha' *Welsh Blood* in me too; *blaze*, Sir, that *Coat*.

Pye. She bears (an't please you) *Argent*, three *Leeks* vert,
In *Canton Or*, and *rassell'd* of the *first*.

P. Ca. Is not this *Canting*? do you understand him?

P. jun. Not I; but it sounds well, and the whole thing
Is rarely painted: I will have such a *Scroll*,
Whate'er it cost me,

Pec.

Pec. Well, at better leisure
We'll take a view of it, and so reward you.

P. jun. Kiss him, sweet Princess, and stile him a *Cousin*.

Pec. I will, if you will have it. *Cousin Pyed-mantle.*
[*She kisseth.*]

P. jun. I love all Men of Virtue, from my Princess,
Unto my Beggar here, old *Canter*; on,
On to thy Proof; whom prove you the next *Canter*?

P. Ca. The Doctor here, I will proceed with the Learned.
When he discourseth of *Dissection*,
Or any Point of *Anatomy*; that he tells you
Of *Vena cava*, and of *Vena porta*,
The *Meseraicks*, and the *Mesenterium*:
What does he else but *cant*? Or if he run
To his *Judicial Astrology*,
And trowl the *Trine*, the *Quartile*, and the *Sextile*,
Platick Aspect, and *Partile*, with his *Hyleg*,
Or *Alchochoden*, *Cuspes*, and *Horoscope*;
Does not he *cant*? who here does understand him?

Alm. This is no *Canter*, though!

P. Ca. Or when my *Muste-master*
Talks of his *Tacticks*, and his *Ranks* and *Files*,
His *Bringers-up*, his *Leaders-on*, and cries
Faces about to the Right-hand, the *Left*,
Now, as you were; then tells you of *Redoubts*,
Of *Cats*, and *Cortines*; doth not he *cant*?

P. jun. Yes, faith.

[*forth*]

P. Ca. My Egg-chin'd *Laureat* here, when he comes
With *Dimeters*, and *Trimeters*, *Tetrameters*,
Pentameters, *Hexameters*, *Cataleſticks*,
His *Hyper*, and his *Brachy-Cataleſticks*,
His *Pyrrhicks*, *Epitrites*, and *Choriambicks*;
What is all this, but *canting*?

Mad. A rare Fellow!

Sbun. Some begging Scholar!

Fit. A decay'd Doctor at least!

P. jun. Nay, I do cherish Virtue, though in Rags!

P. Ca. And you, *Mas Courtier*.

P. jun.

P. jun. Now he treats of you,
Stand forth to him fair.

P. Ca. With all your *fly-blown Projects*,
And Looks out of the *Polizicks*, your *sbur Faces*,
And reserv'd *Questions* and *Answers*, that you game
with; as

Is't a clear *Business*? Will it *manage well*?
My Name must not be us'd else. Here 'twill *dash*,
Your *Business* has receiv'd a taint, give off,
I may not prostitute my self. Tut, tut,
That little *Dust* I can blow off at pleasure.
Here's no such *Mountain*, yet, i' the whole *Work*!
But a light *Purse* may level. I will ride
This *Affair* for you; give it freight, and passage:
And such *Mint-phrase*, as 'tis the worst of *Canting*,
By how much it affects the *Sense* it has not.

Fit. This is some other than he seems!

P. jun. How like you him?

Fit. This cannot be a *Canter*!

P. jun. But he is, Sir,
And shall be still, and so shall you be too:
We'll all be *Canterers*. Now I think of it,
A noble *Whimsie*'s come into my Brain!
I'll build a *College*, I and my *Pecunia*,
And call it *Canterers College*: Sounds it well?

[*Canterers College begun to be erected.*]

Alm. Excellent!

P. jun. And here stands my *Father Rector*,
And you *Professors*, you shall all *profess*
Something, and live there, with her *Grace* and me,
Your *Founders*: I'll endow't with *Lands* and *Means*,
And *Lickfinger* shall be my *Master-Cook*.

What, is he gone?

P. Ca. And a *Professor*,

P. jun. Yes,

P. Ca. And read *Apicius de re Culinaria*
To your brave *Doxy* and you!

P. jun. You, *Cousin Fitton*,
 Shall (as a *Courtier*) read the *Politicks*;
Doctor Almanack he shall read *Astrology*;
Shunfield shall read the *Military Arts*.

P. Ca. As carving, and assaulting the cold Custard.

P. jun. And *Horace* here the *Art of Poetry*.

[*That's Madrigal.*

His *Lyricks*, and his *Madrigals*, fine Songs,
 Which we will have at Dinner, steeped in Claret,
 And against Supper, sours'd in Sack.

Mad. In troth,
 A divine *Whimsie*!

Shun. And a worthy Work,
 Fit for a *Chronicle*!

P. jun. Is't not?

Shun. To all Ages.

P. jun. And *Pied-mantle* shall give us all our *Arms*:
 But *Picklock*, what wouldst thou be? Thou canst cant too.

Pic. In all the Languages in *Westminster-hall*,
Pleas, *Bench*, or *Chancery*. *Fee-farm*, *Fee-Tail*,
Tenant in Dower, at *Will*, for *Term of Life*,
 By *Copy of Court-Roll*, *Knights Service*, *Homage*,
Fealty, *Escuage*, *Soccage*, or *Frank almoigne*,
Grand Sergeantry, or *Burgage*.

P. jun. Thou appear'st.

Kal' Joxlw a *Canter*. Thou shalt read
 All *Littleton's Tenures* to me, and indeed
 All my *Conveyances*.

Pic. And make 'em too, Sir?
 Keep all your Courts, be Steward o' your Lands,
 Let all your Leases, keep your Evidences:
 But first, I must procure and pass your *Mort-main*,
 You must have Licence from above, Sir.

P. jun. Fear not,
Pecunia's Friends shall do it.

P. Ca. But I shall stop it.

[*Here his Father discovers himself.*

Your Worship's loving and obedient Father,

Your

Your painful *Steward*, and lost *Officer*!
Who have done this, to try how you would use
Pecunia when you had her; which since I see,
I will take home the *Lady* to my Charge,
And these her *Servants*, and leave you my *Cloke*;
To travel in to Beggars Bush! A Seat
Is built already, furnish'd too, worth twenty
Of your imagin'd Structures, *Canter's College*,
Fir. 'Tis his Father!

Mad. He's alive, methinks.

Alm. I knew he was no Rogue!

P. Ca. Thou, *Prodigal*,

Was I so careful for thee, to procure
And plot wi' my *learn'd Counsel*, Master *Picklock*,
This Noble Match for thee? and dost thou prostitute,
Scatter thy *Mistress's* Favours, throw away
Her Bounties, as they were red-burning Coals,
Too hot for thee to handle, on such Rascals,
Who are the Scum and Excrements of Men?
If thou hadst sought out good and virtuous Persons
Of these Professions, I had lov'd thee, and them;
For these shall never have that Plea 'gainst me,
Or colour of advantage, that I hate
Their Callings, but their Manners and their Vices;
A worthy *Courtier* is the Ornament
Of a *King's Palace*, his great *Master's* Honour,
This is a Moth, a Rascal, a Court-Rat,
That gnaws the Common-wealth with broking Suits,
And eating Grievances! So, a *true Soldier*,
He is his *Country's* Strength, his *Sovereign's* Safety,
And to secure his Peace, he makes himself
The *Heir* of Danger, nay the *Subject* of it,
And runs those virtuous Hazards that this Scare-crow
annot endure to hear of.

Shun. You are pleasant, Sir.

P. Ca. With you I dare be! Here is *Pied-mantle*,
'Cause he's an *Afs*, do not I love a *Herald*,
Who is the pure *Preserver* of *Descents*,

The keeper fair of all *Nobility*,
 Without which all would run into Confusion?
 Were he a *learned Herald*, I would tell him
 He can give *Arms* and *Marks*, he cannot *Honour*;
 No more than *Money* can make *Noble*: It may
 Give Place, and Rank, but it can give no *Virtue*:
 And he would thank me for this Truth. This Dog-leach,
 You stile him *Doctor*, 'cause he can compile
 An *Almanack*, perhaps erect a *Scheme*
 For my great *Madam's Monkey*, when't has ta'en
 A Glyster, and bewray'd the *Ephemerides*.
 Do I despise a learn'd *Physician*,
 In calling him a *Quack-salver*? or blast
 The ever-living *Garland*, always green,
 Of a good *Poet*; when I say his *Wreath*
 Is picc'd and patch'd of dirty wither'd Flowers?
 Away, I am impatient of these Ulcers,
 (That I not call you worse.) There is no Sore
 Or Plague but you to infect the Times. I abhor
 Your very Scent. Come, *Lady*, since my *Prodigal*
 Knew not to entertain you to your worth,
 I'll see if I have learn'd how to receive you
 With more Respect to you, and your fair Train here.
 Farewel, my *Beggar in Velvet*, for to day;
 To morrow you may put on that grave *Robe*,
 [He points him to his patch'd Cloke thrown off.
 And enter your great Work of *Canter's College*,
 Your *Work*, and worthy of a *Chronicle*.

The fourth *Intermean* after the fourth *Act*.

Tattle. **W**HAT, *this was the worst of all, the Cata-*
strophe!

Cen. *The Matter began to be good but now; and he*
has spoil'd it all with his Beggar there!

Mirth. *A beggarly Jack it is, I warrant him, and*
a kin to the Poet.

Tat.

Tat. *Like enough, for he had the chiefest Part in his Play, if you mark it.*

Exp. *Absurdity on him, for a huge over-grown Play-maker! Why should he make him live again, when they and we all thought him dead? If he had left him to his Rags, there had been an end of him.*

Tat. *I, but set a Beggar on Horse-back, he'll never lin till he be a gallop.*

Cen. *The young Heir grew a fine Gentleman in this last Act.*

Exp. *So he did, Gossip, and kept the best Company.*

Cen. *And feasted 'em, and his Mistrefs.*

Tat. *And shew'd her to 'em all! was not jealous!*

Mirth. *But very communicative and liberal, and began to be magnificent, if the Churl his Father would have let him alone.*

Cen. *It was spitefully done o' the Poet, to make the Chuff take him off in his height, when he was going to do all his brave Deeds!*

Exp. *To found an Academy!*

Tat. *Erect a Colledge!*

Exp. *Plant his Professors, and water his Lectures!*

Mirth. *With Wine, Gossips, as he meant to do; and then to defraud his Purposes?*

Exp. *Kill the Hopes of so many towardly young Spirits?*

Tat. *As the Doctors?*

Cen. *And the Courtiers! I protest, I was in love with Master Fitton: He did wear all he had, from the Hat-band to the Shooe-tie, so politically, and would stoop, and leer!*

Mirth. *And lie so in wait for a piece of Wit, like a Mouse-trap!*

Exp. *Indeed, Gossip, so would the little Doctor; all his Behaviour was meer Glister! O' my Conscience, he would make any Party's Physick: ' the World work with his Discourse.*

Mirth. *I wonder they would suffer it, a foolish, old, fornicating Father to ravish away his Son's Mistrefs.*

Cen. *And all her Women at once, as he did!*

Tat. *I would ha' flown in his Gipsy's Face, i' faith.*

Mirth. *It was a plain piece of political Incest, and worthy to be brought afore the High-Commission of Wit. Suppose we were to censure him, you are the youngest Voice, Gossip Tattle, begin.*

Tattle. *Marry, I would ha' the old Coney-catcher cozen'd of all he has, i' the young Heir's Defence, by his learned Counsel Mr. Picklock!*

Cen. *I would rather the Courtier had found out some Trick to beg him for his Estate!*

Exp. *Or the Captain had Courage enough to beat him!*

Cen. *Or the fine Madrigal-man in Rhyme, to have run him out o' the Country, like an Irish Rat.*

Tat. *No, I would have Master Pyed-mantle, her Grace's Herald, to pluck down his Hatchments, reverse his Coat-Armour, and nullifie him for no Gentleman.*

Exp. *Nay, then let Master Doctor dissect him, have him open'd, and his Tripes translated to Lickfinger, to make a Probation-dish of.*

Cen. Tat. *Agreed! agreed!*

Mirth. *Faith, I would have him flat disinherited by a Decree of Court, bound to make Restitution of the Lady Pecunia, and the use of her Body, to his Son.*

Exp. *And her Train to the Gentlemen.*

Cen. *And both the Poet, and himself, to ask them all forgiveness!*

Tat. *And us too.*

Cen. *In two large Sheets of Paper ———*

Exp. *Or to stand in a Skin of Parchment, (which the Court please.)*

Cen. *And those fill'd with News!*

Mirth. *And dedicated to the sustaining of the Staple!*

Exp. *Which their Poet hath let fall most abruptly.*

Mirth. *Bankruptly indeed.*

Cen. *You say wittily, Gossip; and therefore let a Protest go out against him.*

Mirth. *A Mournival of Protests, or a Gleek at least.*

Exp.

Exp. *In all our Names.*

Cen. *For a decay'd Wit —*

Exp. *Broken —*

Tat. *Non-solvent —*

Cen. *And for ever forfeit —*

Mirth. *To scorn of Mirth!*

Cen. *Censure!*

Exp. *Expectation!*

Tat. *Subsign'd, Tattle. Stay, they come again.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Penny-boy jun. To him, Tho. Barber. After, Picklock,

He comes out in the patcht Cloke his Father left him.

P. jun. **N**AY, they are fit, as they had been made
for me,

And I am now a thing worth looking at!

The same I said I would be in the Morning!

No Rogue, at a *Comitia* of the *Canter*s,

Did ever there become his Parents Robes

Better than I do these. Great Fool! and Beggar!

Why do not all that are of those *Societies*

Come forth, and gratulate me one of theirs?

Methinks I should be on every side saluted,

Dauphine of *Beggars*, *Prince* of *Prodigals*!

That have so fall'n under the Ears, and Eyes,

And Tongues of all, the Fable of the Time,

Matter of Scorn, and Mark of Reprehension!

I now begin to see my Vanity

Shine in this *Glass*, reflected by the *Foil*!

Where is my Fashioner? my Feather-man?

My Linnerer, Perfumer, Barber? all

That Tail of Riot follow'd me this Morning?

Not one! but a dark Solitude about me,

Worthy my Cloak and Patches; as I had

The *epidemical* Disease upon me:
And I'll sit down with it.

Tbo. My *Master! Maker!*

How do you? Why do you sit thus o' the Ground, Sir?
Hear you the *News*?

P. jun. No, nor I care to hear none.
Would I could here sit still, and slip away
The other *One and Twenty*, to have this
Forgotten, and the Day raz'd out, expung'd
In every *Ephemerides*, or *Almanack*.
Or if it must be in, that *Time and Nature*
Have decreed; still let it be a Day
Of tickling *Prodigals* about the Gills,
Deluding gaping Heirs, losing their Loves,
And their Discretions, falling from the Favours
Of their best Friends and Parent, their own Hopes,
And entring the Society of *Canterers*.

Tbo. A doleful Day it is, and dismal Times
Are come upon us: I am clear undone.

P. jun. How, *Thom*?

Tbo. Why, broke, broke! wretchedly broke!

P. jun. Ha?

Tbo. Our *Staple* is all to Pieces, quite dissolv'd!

P. jun. Ha!

Tbo. Shiver'd, as in an Earthquake! Heard you not
The Crack and Ruins? We are all blown up!
Soon as they heard th' *Infanta* was got from them,
Whom they had so devoured i' their Hopes,
To be their *Patrones*, and sojourn with 'em,
Our *Emissaries*, *Register*, *Examiner*,
Flew into Vapour: Our grave *Governour*
Into a subt'ler Air, and is return'd
(As we do hear) grand *Captain* of the *Jeerers*.
I and my Fellow melted into Butter,
And spoil our Ink, and so the *Office* vanish'd.
The last *Hum* that is made, was, That your Father
And *Picklock* are fall'n out, the *Man o' Law*.

P. jun. How? this awakes me from my *Lethargy*.

[He starts up at this.

Tbo.

Tbo. And a great Suit is like to be between 'em :
Picklock denies the *Feoffment*, and the *Trust*,
 (Your Father says) he made of the whole Estate
 Unto him, as respecting his Mortality,
 When he first laid this late Device, to try you.

P. jun. Has *Picklock* then a *Trust*?

Tbo. I cannot tell,

Here comes the *worshipful*——

[*Picklock enters.*

Pic. What, my Velvet *Heir*
 Turn'd Beggar in Mind, as Robes?

P. jun. You see what Case
 Your, and my Father's Plots have brought me to.

Pic. Your Father's, you may say, indeed, not mine.
 He's a hard-hearted Gentleman! I am sorry
 To see his rigid Resolution!

That any Man should so put off Affection,
 And humane Nature, to destroy his own,
 And triumph in a Victory so cruel!
 He's fall'n out with me, for being yours,
 And calls me Knave, and Traytor to his *Trust*,
 Says he will have me thrown over the Bar——

P. jun. Ha' you deserv'd it?

Pic. O, good Heaven knows
 My Conscience, and the silly Latitude of it;
 A narrow-minded Man! My Thoughts do dwell
 All in a *Lane*, or Line indeed: No Turning,
 Nor scarce Obliquity in them. I still look
 Right forward, to th' Intent and Scope of that
 Which he would go from now.

P. jun. Had you a *Trust* then?

Pic. Sir, I had somewhat will keep you still Lord
 Of all the Estate; (if I be honest) as
 I hope I shall. My tender scrupulous Breast
 Will not permit me to see the *Heir* defrauded,
 And like an *Alien* thrust out of the Blood.
 The *Laws* forbid that I should give Consent
 To such a civil Slaughter of a Son.

P. jun. Where is the Deed? Hast thou it with thee?

Pic

Pic. No,
It is a thing of greater Consequence,
Than to be born about in a black Box,
Like a *Low-Country Vorloffs* or *Welsh Brief*.
It is at *Lickfinger's*, under Lock and Key.

P. jun. O, fetch it hither.

Pic. I have bid him bring it,
That you might see it.

P. jun. Knows he what he brings? [carries.

Pic. No more than a Gardiner's *Ass*, what Roots he

P. jun. I was a sending my Father, like an *Ass*,
A penitent Epistle; but I am glad
I did not now.

Pic. Hang him, an austere Grape,
That has no Juice, but what is Verjuice in him.

P. jun. I'll shew you my Letter!

[*Penny-boy runs out to fetch his Letter,*

Pic. Shew me a *Defiance*!

If I can now commit Father and Son,
And make my Profits out of both; commence
A Suit with the *Old Man* for his whole State,
And go to *Law* with the Son's Credit, undo
Both, both with their own Money, it were a Piece
Worthy my Night-cap, and the Gown I wear,
A *Picklock's* Name in *Law*. Where are you, Sir?
What do you do so long?

P. jun. I cannot find

Where I have laid it; but I have laid it safe.

Pic. No matter, Sir; trust you unto my *Trust*.
'Tis that that shall secure you, an absolute Deed!
And I confess, it was in *Trust*, for you,
Lest any thing might have hapned mortal to him:
But there must be a Gratitude thought on,
And Aid, Sir, for the Charges of the Suit,
Which will be great, 'gainst such a mighty Man
As is our Father, and a Man possess
Of so much *Land*, *Pecunia* and her *Friends*.
I am not able to wage *Law* with him,

Yet

Yet must maintain the Thing, as my own Right,
Still for your Good, and therefore must be bold
To use your Credit for Moneys,

P. jun. What thou wilt,
So we be safe, and the *Trust* bear it.

Pic. Fear not,
'Tis he must pay Arrearages in the End.
We'll milk him, and *Pecunia*, draw their Cream down,
Before he get the Deed into his Hands.
My Name is *Picklock*, but he'll find me a *Padlock*.

SCENE II.

Penny-boy Can. Penny-boy jun. Picklock, Tho. Barber.

P. Ca. How now? conferring wi' your *learned Counsel*
Upo' the Cheat? Are you o' the *Plot* to cozen me?

P. jun. What *Plot*?

P. Ca. Your *Counsel* knows there, *Mr. Picklock*,
Will you restore the *Trust* yet?

Pic. Sir, take Patience
And Memory unto you, and bethink you,
What *Trust*? where does't appear? I have your *Deed*:
Doth your *Deed* specific any *Trust*? Is't not
A perfect *Act*, and absolute in *Law*?
Seal'd and deliver'd before Witnesses?
The *Day* and *Date* emergent.

P. Ca. But what Conference,
What Oaths and Vows preceded?

Pic. I will tell you, Sir,
Since I am urg'd of those, as I remember,
You told me you had got a grown Estate
By griping Means, sinisterly.

(*P. Ca.* How!)

Pic. And were
Ev'n weary of it; if the *Parties* lived
From whom you had wrested it—

(*P. Ca.* Ha!)

Pic

Pic. You could be glad
To part with all, for satisfaction:
But since they had yielded to Humanity,
And that just Heaven had sent you for a Punishment
(You did acknowledge it) this riotous *Heir*,
That would bring all to Beggary in the end,
And daily sow'd Consumption where he went —

P. Ca. You'd cozen both then? your Confederate
top?

Pic. After a long mature deliberation,
You could not think where better how to place it —

P. Ca. Than on you, Rascal?

Pic. What you please i' your Passion;
But with your Reason, you will come about,
And think a faithful and a frugal Friend
To be preferr'd.

P. Ca. Before a Son?

Pic. A *Prodigal*,

A Tub without a Bottom, as you term'd him;
For which I might return you a Vow or two,
And seal it with an Oath of Thankfulness,
I not repent it, neither have I cause, yet —

P. Ca. Forehead of Steel, and Mouth of Brass,
hath Impudence

Polish'd so gross a Lie, and dar'st thou vent it?
Engine, compos'd of all mixt Metals! Hence
I will not change a Syllab with thee more,
Till I may meet thee at a *Bar* in *Court*,
Before thy *Judges*.

Pic. Thither it must come,
Before I part with it to you, or you, Sir.

P. Ca. I will not hear thee.

P. jun. Sir, your Ear to me tho'. [*His Son entreats*
Not that I see through his perplexed Plots, [*him*.
And hidden Ends; nor that my Parts depend
Upon the unwinding this so knotted Slean,
Do I beseech your Patience. Unto me
He hath confest the *Trust*.

Pic.

Pic. How? I confess it?

P. jun. I, thou false Man.

P. Ca. Stand up to him, and confront him.

Pic. Where? when? to whom?

P. jun. To me, even now, and here:

Canst thou deny it?

Pic. Can I eat or drink?

Sleep, wake, or dream? arise, sit, go, or stand?

Do any thing that's natural?

P. jun. Yes, lie

It seems thou canst, and perjure; that is natural.

Pic. O me! what times are these of frontless carriage!
An Egg of the same Nest! the Father's Bird! [age!
It runs in a Blood, I see!

P. jun. I'll stop your Mouth.

Pic. With what?

P. jun. With Truth.

Pic. With Noise; I must have Witnesses.

Where is your Witness? you can produce Witnesses.

P. jun. As if my Testimony were not twenty,
Balanc'd with thine?

Pic. So say all Prodigals,

Sick of Self-love; but that's not Law, young Scatter-
I live by Law. [good:

P. jun. Why, if thou hast a Conscience,
That is a thousand Witnesses.

Pic. No Court

Grants out a Writ of Summons for the Conscience,

That I know, nor Subpoena, nor Attachment.

I must have Witnesses, and of your producing,

E'er this can come to hearing, and it must

Be heard on Oath and Witnesses.

P. jun. Come forth, Thom, [He produceth Thom.
Speak what thou heard'st, the truth, and the whole
truth,

And nothing but the truth. What said this Varlet?

Pic. A Rat behind the Hangings!

Tho. Sir, he said,

It was a *Trust*! an *Act*, the which your Father
Had Will to alter; but his tender Breast
Would not permit to see the *Heir* defrauded;
And, like an *Alien*, thrust out of the Blood.
The *Laws* forbid that he should give consent
To such a Civil Slaughter of a Son —

P. jun. And talk'd of a Gratitude to be given,
And Aid unto the Charges of the Suit;
Which he was to maintain in his own Name,
But for my Use, he said.

P. Ca. It is enough.

Tho. And he would milk *Pecunia*, and draw down
Her Cream, before you got the *Trust* again.

P. Ca. Your Ears are in my Pocket, Knave, go
shake 'em

The little while you have them.

Pic. You do trust
To you great Purse.

P. Can. I ha' you in a Purse-net,
Good Master *Picklock*, wi' your worming Brain,
And wriggling Engine-head of Maintenance,
Which I shall see you hole with very shortly.
A fine round Head, when those two Lugs are off,
To trundle through a *Pillory*. You are sure
You heard him speak this?

P. jun. I, and more.

Tho. Much more!

Pic. I'll prove yours *Maintenance* and *Combination*,
And sue you all.

P. Ca. Do, do, my gowned *Vulture*,
Crop in *Reversion*; I shall see you coited
Over the *Bar*, as Barge-men do their *Billets*.

Pic. This 'tis, when Men repent of their good Deeds,
And would ha' 'em in again ---- They are almost mad!
But I forgive their *Lucida Intervalla*.

O, *Lickfinger*! come hither. Where's my Writing?
[*Picklock spies Lickfinger, and asks him
aside for the Writing.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

To them, Lickfinger.

Lic. I sent it you, together with your Keys.

Pic. How?

Lic. By the Porter that came for it, from you,
And by the token, you had giv'n me the Keys,
And bad me bring it.

Pic. And why did you not?

Lic. Why did you send a Countermand?

Pic. Who, I?

Lic. You, or some other you, you put in trust.

Pic. In trust?

Lic. Your *Trust's* another self, you know;
And without *Trust*, and your *Trust*, how should he
Take notice of your Keys, or of my Charge?

Pic. Know you the Man?

Lic. I know he was a Porter,
And a seal'd Porter; for he bore the Badge
On Breast, I am sure.

Pic. I am lost! a Plot! I scent it!

Lic. Why! and I sent it by the Man you sent,
Whom else I had not trusted.

Pic. Plague o' your Trust,
I am *trust'd* up among you.

P. jun. Or you may be.

Pic. In mine own Halter, I have made the Noose.

[Picklock goes out.]

P. jun. What was it, Lickfinger?

[Young Penny-boy discovers it to his Father to be
his Plot of sending for it by the Porter, and that
he is in possession of the Deed.]

Lic. A Writing, Sir,
He sent for't by a Token: I was bringing it,
But that he sent a Porter, and he seem'd
A Man of decent Carriage.

P. Ca. 'Twas good fortune!

To

To cheat the *Cheater*, was no *Cheat*, but Justice;
Put off your Rags, and be your self again :
This *Act* of Piety and good Affection
Hath partly reconcil'd me to you.

P. jun. Sir.

P. Ca. No Vows, no Promises ; too must Protestation
Makes that suspected oft, we would persuade.

Lic. Hear you the *News*?

P. jun. The *Office* is down, how should we?

Lic. But of your *Uncle*?

P. jun. No.

Lic. He's run mad, Sir.

P. Ca. How, *Lickfinger*?

Lic. Stark staring mad, your Brother,
H' has almost kill'd his Maid.

P. Ca. Now Heav'n forbid.

[*Elder Penny-boy startles at the News.*]

Lic. But that she's Cat-liv'd, and Squirrel-limb'd,
With throwing Bed-staves at her: H' has set wide
His outer Doors, and now keeps open House
For all the Passers by to see his Justice.
First, he has apprehended his two Dogs,
As being o' the Plot to cozen him ;
And there he sits like an old *Worm o' the Peace*,
Wrapp'd up in Furs, at a square Table, screwing,
Examining, and committing the poor Curs
To two old Cases of Close-stools, as Prisons ;
The one of which he calls his *Lollard's Tower*,
Th' other his *Block-house*, 'cause his two Dogs Names
Are *Block* and *Lollard*.

P. jun. This would be brave Matter
Unto the Jeerers.

P. Ca. I, if so the Subject
Were not so wretched.

Lic. Sure I met them all,
I think, upon that quest.

P. Ca. 'Faith, like enough :
The Vicious still are swift to shew their Natures.

I'll thither too, but with another aim,
If all succeed well, and my *Simples* take.

SCENE IV.

Penny-boy sen. Porter.

He is seen sitting at his Table, with Papers before him;

P. sen. Where are the Prisoners?

Por. They are forth-coming, Sir,
Or coming forth, at least.

P. sen. The Rogue is drunk,
Since I committed them to his Charge. Come hither,
Near me, yet nearer; breathe upon me. Wine!

[He smells him.]

Wine o' your Worship! Sack! *Canary Sack!*
Could not your *Badge* ha' been drunk with fulsom Ale,
Or Beer, the *Porter's* Element? but Sack!

Por. I am not drunk; we had, Sir, but one Pint,
An honest Carrier and my self.

P. sen. Who paid for't?

Por. Sir, I did give it him.

P. sen. What? and spend Six-pence!
A *Frock* spend Six-pence! Six-pence!

Por. Once in a Year, Sir.

P. sen. In seven Years, Varlet! Know'st thou what
thou hast done?

What a consumption thou hast made of a *State*?
It might please Heav'n (a lusty Knave and young)
To let thee live some *seventy* Years longer,
Till thou art *four score and ten*, perhaps a *hundred*.
Say *seventy* Years; how many times *seven* in *seventy*?
Why *seven* times *ten* is *ten* times *seven*, mark me,
I will demonstrate to thee on my Fingers.

Six-pence in *seven* Year (Use upon Use)
Grows in that first *seven* Year to be a *Twelve-pence*;
That, in the next, *Two shillings*; the third, *Four shillings*;

The fourth *seven Year, Eight Shillings*; the fifth, *Sixteen*;
The sixth, *Two and Thirty*; the seventh, *Three Pound Four*;
The eighth, *Six Pound and Eight*; the ninth, *Twelve Pound Sixteen*;

And the tenth *seven, Five and Twenty Pound Twelve Shillings*. This thou art fall'n from by thy Riot!
Should'st thou live *seventy Years*, by spending *Six-pence*
Once i' the *seven*: But in a Day to waste it!
'There is a *Sum* that *Number* cannot reach!
Out o' my House, thou Pest o' Prodigality!
Seed o' Consumption! Hence: A wicked Keeper
Is oft worse than the Prisoners. There's thy Penny,
Four Tokens for thee. Out, away. My Dogs
May yet be innocent and honest. If not,
I have an entrapping *Question* or two more,
To put unto 'em, a crois *Interrogatory*,
And I shall catch 'em. Lollard? Peace:

[He calls forth Lollard, and examines him.

What Whispering was that you had with *Mortgage*,
When you last lick'd her Feet? The truth now. Ha?
Did you smell she was going? Put down that. And not,
Not to return? You are silent? Good. And when
Leap'd you on *Statute*? As she went forth? Consent.
There was Consent, as she was going forth.
'Twould have been fitter at her coming home,
But you knew that she would not? To your Tower:

[He commits him again.

You are cunning, are you? I will meet your Crafr.
Block, shew your Face, leave your Gareffes, tell me,

[Calls forth Block, and examines him.

'And tell me truly, what Affronts do you know
Were done *Pecunia*, that she left my House?
None, say you so? not that you know? or will know?
I fear me, I shall find you an obstinate *Cur*.
Why did your fellow *Lollard* cry this morning?
'Cause *Broker* kickt him? Why did *Broker* kick him?
Because he pist against my Lady's Gown?
Why, that was no affront? no? no distaste?

Tom

You knew o' none? You're a difsembling Tyke,¹

To your Hole again, your *Block-house*. *[Commits him.]* Lollard arise.

[Lollard is call'd again.]

Where did you lift your Leg up last? 'gainst what?

Are you struck Dummerer now, and whine for Merrey?

Whose Kirtle was't you gnaw'd too? Mistress *Bana's*?

And *Wax's* Stockins? Who did? *Block* bescumber

Statute's white Suit, wi' the Parchment Lace there:

And Broker's Sattin Doublet? All will out.

They had offence, offence enough to quit me.

Appear *Block*: Fough! tis manifest; he shews it,

[Block is summon'd the second time.]

Should he forswear't, make all the Affidavits

Against it, that he could afore the Bench,

And twenty Juries, he would be convinc'd.

He bears an Air about him doth confess it.

To Prison again, close Prison. *[He is remanded.]*

Not you, Lollard; *[Lollard has the liberty of the House.]*

You may enjoy the liberty o' the House:

And yet there is a Quirk come in my Head,

For which I must commit you too, and close.

Do not repine, it will be better for you.

SCENE V.

Enter the Jeerers.

Cymbal, Fitton, Shunfield, Almanack, Madrigal, Penny;
boy sen. Lickfinger.

Cym. This is enough to make the Dogs mad too:
Let's in upon him.

P. sen. How now? what's the matter?
Come you to force the Prisoners? make a Reseue?

Fit. We come to bail your Dogs.

P. sen. They are notailable,
They stand committed without Bail or Mainprise;
Q 2 Your

Your Bail cannot be taken.

Shun. Then the truth is,
We come to vex you.

Alm. Jeer you.

Mad. Bait you rather.

Cym. A baited Uirer will be good Flesh.

Fit. And tender, we are told.

P. sen. Who is the Butcher,
Amongst you, that is come to cut my Throat?

Shun. You would die a Calve's death fain, but 'tis
Is meant you (an Ox's)

Fit. To be fairly knock'd o' the Head.

Shun. With a good Jeer or two.

P. sen. And from your Jaw-bone,

Don Assinigo?

Cym. *Shunfield*, a Jeer, you have it.

Shun. I do confess, a washing Blow; but *Snarl*,
You that might play the third Dog, for your Teeth,
You ha' no Money now?

Fit. No, nor no Mortgage.

Alm. Nor Band.

Mad. Nor Statute.

Cym. No, nor blusbet Wax.

P. sen. Nor you no Office, as I take it.

Shun. Cymbal,

A mighty Jeer.

Fit. Pox o' these true Jests, I say.

Mad. He will turn the better Jeerer.

Alm. Let's upon him,

'And if we cannot jeer him down in Wit ———

Mad. Let's do't in Noise.

Shun. Content.

Mad. Charge, *Man o' War*.

Alm. Lay him aboard.

Shun. We'll gi' him a *Broad-side* first.

Fit. Where's your *Venison* now?

Cym. Your *Red-deer* Pies?

Shun. Wi' your bak'd *Turkeys*?

Alm.

Alm. And your Partridges?

Mad. Your Pheasants and fat Swans?

P. sen. Like you, turn'd Geese.

Mad. But such as will not keep your Capitol.

Shun. You were wont to ha' your Breems —

Alm. And Trouts sent in.

Cym. Fat Carps and Salmon.

Fit. I, and now and then

An Emblem o' your self, an o'er grown Pike.

P. sen. You are a Jack, Sir.

Fit. You ha' made a shift

To swallow twenty such poor Jacks e'er now.

Alm. If he should come to fe d upon poor John?

Mad. Or turn pure Jack-a-lent after all this?

Fit. Tut, he'll live like a Grasshopper —

Mad. On Dew.

Shun. Or like a Bear, with licking his own Claws.

Cym. I, if his Dogs were away.

Alm. He'll eat them first,

While they are fat.

Fit. Faith, and when they are gone,
Here's nothing to be seen beyond.

Cym. Except

His Kindred, Spiders, Natives o' the Soil.

Alm. Dust he will ha' enough, to breed Fleas.

Mad. But by that time he'll ha' no Blood to rear 'em.

Shun. He will be as thin as a Lantern, we shall see
thorow him.

Alm. And his Gut Colon tell his Intestina

P. sen. Rogues, Rascals, (Baw, waw.) [*His Dogs bark.*

Fit. He calls his Dogs to his aid.

Alm. O! they but rise at mention of his Tripes.

Cym. Let them alone, they do it not for him.

Mad. They bark *se defendendo*.

Shun. Or for custom,

As commonly Curs do one for another.

Lic. Arm, arm you, Gentlemen Jeerers, th' old Canter
Is coming in upon you, with his Forces,

The Gentleman that was the *Canter*.

Shun. Hence.

Fit. Away.

Cym. What is he?

Alm. Stay not to ask Questions.

Fit. He's a Flame.

Shun. A Furnace.

Alm. A Consumption,

Kills where he goes.

[*They all run away*,

Lic. See! the whole *Covey* is scatter'd;

'Ware, 'ware the *Hawks*. I love to see him fly.

S C E N E VI.

Penny-boy Ca. Penny-boy sen. Penny-boy jun. Pecunia,
Train.

P. Ca. You see, by this amazement and distraction,
What your Companions were, a poor, affrighted,
And guilty Race of Men, that dare to stand
No Breath of Truth; but conscious to themselves
Of their no-wit, or Honesty, ran routed
At every *Pannick* Terror themselves bred.
Where else, as confident as sounding Brass,
Their tinkling *Captain*, *Cymbal*, and the rest,
Dare put on any Visor, to deride
The wretched, or with *Buffoon* Licence jest
At whatsoe'er is serious, if not sacred. [Life!

P. sen. Who's this? my Brother! and restor'd to
[*Penny-boy sen. acknowledgeth his elder Brother.*

P. Ca. Yes, and sent hither to restore your Wits,
If your short Madness be not more than Anger,
Conceived for your Loss! which I return you.
See here, your *Mortgage*, *Statute*, *Band*, and *Wax*,
Without your *Broker*, come to abide with you,
And vindicate the *Prodigal* from stealing
Away the *Lady*. Nay, *Pecunia* her self
Is come to free him fairly, and discharge

All

All Ties, but those of *Love*, unto her Person,
To use her like a Friend, not like a Slave,
Or like an *Idol*. Superstition
Doth violate the Deity it worships,
No less than Scorn doth. And believe it, *Brother*,
The Use of things is all, and not the *Store*:
Surfeit and Fulness have kill'd more than *Famine*.
The Sparrow, with his little Plumage, flies,
While the proud Peacock, overcharg'd with Pens,
Is fain to sweep the Ground with his grown Train,
And load of Feathers.

P. sen. Wise and honour'd *Brother*!
None but a *Brother*, and sent from the Dead,
As you are to me, could have altered me:
I thank my *Destiny*, that is so gracious.
Are there no *Pains*, no *Penalties* decreed
From whence you come, to us that smother Money
In Chests, and strangle her in Bags?

P. Ca. O, mighty,
Intolerable Fines, and Mulcts impos'd!
(Of which I come to warn you) Forfeitures
Of whole Estates, if they be known and taken!

P. sen. I thank you, *Brother*, for the light you have
given me;
I will prevent 'em all. First free my Dogs,
Lest what I ha' done to them (and against *Law*)
Be a *Præmunire*; for by *Magna Charta*
They could not be committed, as close Prisoners,
My learned *Counsel* tells me here, my *Cook*;
And yet he shew'd me the way first.

Lic. Who did? I?
I trench the Liberty o' the Subjects?

P. Ca. Peace,
Picklock, your Guest, that *Senator*, hath infected you,
Whom I have safe enough in a wooden Collar.

P. sen. Next, I restore these Servants to their *Lady*,
With Freedom, Heart of Chear, and Countenance;
It is their Year and Day of *Jubilee*.

Tra. We thank you, Sir. [*Her Train thanks him.*]

P. sen. And lastly, to my Nephew

I give my House, Goods, Lands, all but my Vices,
And those I go to cleanse; kissing this Lady,
Whom I do give him too, and join their Hands.

P. Ca. If the Spectators will join theirs, we thank
'em.

P. jun. And wish they may, as I, enjoy *Pecunia*.

Pec. And so *Pecunia* her self doth wish,
That she may still be Aid unto their Uses,
Not Slave unto their Pleasures, or a Tyrant
Over their fair Desires; but teach them all
The Golden Mean; the *Prodigal*, how to live;
The *Sordid*, and the *Covetous*, how to die:
That, with sound Mind; this, safe Frugality.

THE EPILOGUE.

THUS have you seen the Maker's double Scope,
To profit and delight; wherein our Hope
Is, though the Clout we do not always hit,
It will not be imputed to his Wit:
A Tree so try'd, and bent, as 'twill not start,
Nor doth he often crack a String of Art,
Though there may other Accidents as strange
Happen, the Weather of your Looks may change,
Or some high Wind of Misconceit arise,
To cause an Alteration in our Skies:
If so, w' are sorry, that have so mis-spent
Our Time and Tackle; yet he's confident,
And vows, the next fair Day he'll have us shoot
The same Match o'er for him, if you'll come to't.

THE

THE
DEVIL

IS AN

ASS.

A

COMEDY.

Acted in the YEAR 1616,
By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Ficta voluptatis Causâ, sint proxima veris.

Hor. de Art. Poet.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVI.



THE PROLOGUE.

THE Devil is an Ass: That is, to day,
The Name of what you are met for, a
new Play.

*Tet, Grandees, would you were not come to grace
Our matter, with allowing us no Place.*

*Though you presume, Satan, a subtle thing,
And may have heard he's worn in a Thumb-ring;
Do not on these Presumptions, force us act
In compass of a Cheese-trencher. This Tract
Will ne'er admit our Vice, because of yours.*

*Anon, who worse than you, the fault endures
That your selves make? when you will thrust
and spurn,*

*And knock us o'the Elbows; and bid, turn;
As if, when we had spoke, we must be gone,
Or, 'till we speak, must all run in, to one,
Like the young Adders, at the old ones mouth?
Would we could stand due North, or had no South,
If that offend; or were Muscovy Glass,
That you might look our Scenes thro' as they pass.
We know not how to affect you. If you'll come*

*To see new Plays, pray you afford us room,
And shew this but the same face you have done
Your dear Delight, the Devil of Edmunton.*

*Or, if for want of room it must miscarry,
'Twill be but Justice that your Censure tarry,
Till you give some. And when six times you
ha' seen't,*

If this Play do not like, the Devil is in't.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Satan, *the great Devil.*
Pug, *the less Devil.*
Iniquity, *the Vice.*
Fitz-dottrel, *a Squire of Norfolk.*
Mistress Frances, *his Wife.*
Meer-craft, *the Projector.*
Everill, *his Champion.*
Wittipol, *a young Gallant.*
Manly, *his Friend.*
Engine, *a Broker.*
Traines, *the Projector's Man.*
Gilt-head, *a Goldsmith.*
Plutarchus, *his Son.*
Sir Poule Either-side, *a Lawyer, and Justice.*
Lady Either-side, *his Wife.*
Lady Taile-bush, *the Lady Projectress.*
Pit-fall, *her Woman.*
Ambler, *her Gentleman Usher.*
Sledge, *a Smith, the Constable.*
Shackles, *Keeper of Newgate.*
Serjeants.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE



T H E
DEVIL *is an* ASS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Satan, Pug, Iniquity.

S A T A N.



OH, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh,
hoh, &c.

To Earth? and why to Earth, thou
foolish Spirit?

What would'st thou do on Earth?

Pug. For that, great Chief!

As time shall work. I do but ask my month,
Which every petty *puny* Devil has;
Within that term the Court of *Hell* will hear
Something may gain a longer grant, perhaps.

Sat. For what? the laming a poor Cow or two?
Entring a Sow, to make her cast her Farrow?
Or crossing of a Market-woman's Mare
'Twixt this and *Toinam*? These were wont to be
Your main atchievements, *Pug*. You have some plot
now,

Upon a tonning of Ale, to stale the Yest,
Or keep the Churn so, that the Butter come not,
'Spite o' the Housewife's Cord, or her hot Spit?

Or

Or some good Ribibe, about *Kentish Town*,
 Or *Hogsden*, you would hang now, for a Witch,
 Because she will not let you play round *Robbin*;
 And you'll go sowe the Citizens Cream 'gainst *Sunday*,
 That she may be accus'd for't, and condemn'd,
 By a *Middlesex* Jury, to the satisfaction
 Of their offended Friends, the *Londoners* Wives,
 Whose Teeth were set on edge with it? Foolish Fiend,
 Stay i' your place, know your own strength, and put not
 Beyond the Sphere of your Activity.
 You are too dull a Devil to be trusted
 Forth in those parts, *Pug*, upon any Affair
 That may concern our Name on Earth. It is not
 Every ones work. The State of *Hell* must care
 Whom it imployes, in point of Reputation,
 Here about *London*. You would make, I think,
 An Agent to be sent for *Lancashire*,
 Proper enough; or some Parts of *Northumberland*,
 So you 'ad good Instructions, *Pug*.

Pug. O *Chief*!

You do not know, dear *Chief*, what there is in me.
 Prove me but for a fortnight, for a week,
 And lend me but a *Vice*, to carry with me,
 To practice there with any Play-fellow,
 And you will see, there will come more upon't,
 Than you'll imagine, precious *Chief*.

Sat. What *Vice*?

What kind wouldst th' have it of?

Pug. Why any, *Fraud*,
 Or *Covetousness*, or Lady *Vanity*,
 Or old *Iniquity*: I'll call him hither.

Intq. What is he calls upon me, and would seem
 to lack a *Vice*?

Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice;
 Here, there, and every where, as the Cat is with the
 Mice:

True *vetus Iniquitas*. Lack'st thou Cards, Friend, or
 Dice?

I will teach thee cheat, Child, to cog, lie and swagger,
And ever and anon to be drawing forth thy Dagger:
To swear by Gogs-nowns, like a lusty *Juventus*,
In a Cloak to thy Heel, and a Hat like a Penthouse.
Thy Breeches of three Fingers, and thy Doublet all
Belly, [and Gelly.

With a Wench that shall feed thee, with Cock-stones

Pug. Is it not excellent, *Chief*? how nimble he is!

Iniq. Child of Hell, this is nothing! I will fetch
thee a Leap

From the top of *Paul's* Steeple to the Standard in *Cheap*:

And lead thee a Dance thro' the Streets, without fail,

Like a Needle of *Spain*, with a Thread at my Tail.

We will survey the *Suburbs*, and make forth our Sallies,

Down *Petticoat-lane*, and up the *Smock-Allies*,

To *Shoreditch*, *White chappel*, and so to Saint *Katherns*;

To drink with the *Dutch* there, and take forth their

Patterns:

From thence, we will put in at *Custom-house* Key there,

And see how the Factors and Prentices play there

False with their Masters, and gueld many a full Pack;

To spend it in Pies, at the *Dagger* and the *Wool-Sack*:

Pug. Brave, brave, *Iniquity*! will not this do, *Chief*?

Iniq. Nay, Boy, I will bring thee to the Bawds, and
the Roysters,

At *Billingsgate*, feasting with Claret-wine and Oysters;

From thence shoot the *Bridge*, Child, to the Cranes i'
the *Vintry*,

And see there the Gimblets, how they make their entry!

Or if thou hadst rather to the *Strand* down to fall,

'Gainst the Lawyers come dabled from *Westminster-hall*,

And mark how they cling, with their Clients together,

Like Ivy to Oak, so Velvet to Leather:

Ha, boy, I would shew thee.

Pug. Rare, rare!

Sat. Peace, Dotard,

And thou more ignorant thing, that so admir'st,

Art thou the Spirit thou seem'st? so poor? to chuse
This

This for a *Vice*, t'advance the Cause of *Hell*,
 Now, as *Vice* stands this present Year? Remember
 What number it is, *Six hundred and Sixteen*.
 Had it but been *Five Hundred*, though some *Sixty*
 Above; that's *Fifty* years ago, and *Six*,
 (When every Great Man had his *Vice* stand by him,
 In his long Coat, shaking his wooden Dagger)
 I could consent, that then this your grave choice
 Might have done that, with his Lord *Chief*, the which
 Most of his Chamber can do now. But *Pug*,
 As the times are, who is it will receive you?
 What Company will you go to? or whom mix with?
 Where canst thou carry him, except to Taverns?
 To mount up on a Joynt-Stool, with a *Jews* trump,
 To put down *Cokeley*, and that must be to Citizens?
 He ne'er will be admitted there, where *Vennor* comes.
 He may perchance, in tail of a Sheriff's Dinner,
 Skip with a Rime o' the Table, from *New-nothing*,
 And take his *Almain*-leap into a Custard,
 Shall make my Lady *Mayorefs*, and her Sisters,
 Laugh all their Hoods over their Shoulders. But
 This is not that will do, they are other things
 That are receiv'd now upon Earth, for Vices;
 Stranger and newer: and chang'd every hour.
 They ride 'em like their Horses off their Legs,
 And here they come to *Hell*, whole Legions of 'em,
 Every week tir'd. We still strive to breed,
 And rear 'em up new ones; but they do not stand,
 When they come there; they turn 'em on our hands.
 And it is fear'd they have a Stud o' their own
 Will put down ours. Both our Breed and Trade
 Will suddenly decay, if we prevent not.
 Unless it be a *Vice* of Quality,
 Or Fashion now, they take none from us. *Car-men*
 Are got into the yellow Starch, and *Chimney-sweepers*
 To their Tobacco and Strong-waters. *Hum*,
Mearb, and *Obarni*. We must therefore aim
 At extraordinary subtle ones now,

When

When we do send to keep us up in credit:
Not old *Iniquities*. Get you e'en back, Sir,
To making of your Rope of Sand again.
You are not for the Manners, nor the Times;
They have their *Vices* there, most like to *Virtues*;
You cannot know 'em apart by any difference:
They wear the same Cloaths, eat the same Meat,
Sleep i' the self-same Beds, ride i' those Coaches,
Or very like, four Horses in a Coach,
As the best Men and Women. Tissue Gowns,
Garters and Roses, fourscore Pound a pair,
Embroider'd Stockings, Cut-work Smocks and Shirts;
More certain Marks of Lechery now and Pride,
Than e'er they were of true Nobility!
But, *Pug*, since you do burn with such desire
To do the Commonwealth of Hell some Service;
I am content, assuming of a Body,
You go to Earth, and visit Men a day.
But you must take a Body ready made, *Pug*;
I can create you none: nor shall you form
Your self an airy one, but become subject
To all impression of the Flesh you take,
So far as humane frailty. So, this Morning,
There is a handsome Cut-purse hang'd at *Tyburn*,
Whose Spirit departed, you may enter his Body:
For Cloaths, imploy your Credit with the Hang-man,
Or let our Tribe of Brokers furnish you.
And look how far your Subtilty can work
Thorough those Organs, with that Body, spy
Amongst Mankind (you cannot there want *Vices*,
And therefore the less need to carry 'em wi' you)
But as you make your soon at night's Relation,
And we shall find it merits from the State,
You shall have both Trust from us, and Imployment!

Pug. Most gracious *Chief*!

Sat. Only thus more I bind you,
To serve the first Man that you meet, and him

I'll shew you new: Observe him. Yon' is he,
 [He shews Fitz-dottrel to him, coming forth.
 You shall see first after your cloathing. Follow him;
 But once engag'd, there you must stay and fix;
 Not shift, until the Midnight's Cock do crow.

Pug. Any Conditions to be gone.

Sat. Away, then.

S C E N E II.

Fitz-dottrel.

Ay, they do now, name *Bretnor*, as before,
 They talk'd of *Gresham*, and of Doctor *Fore-man*,
Franklin, and *Fiske*, and *Savory* (he was in too);
 But there's not one of these that ever could
 Yet shew a Man the *Devil* in true sort.
 They have their *Chrystals*, I do know, and *Rings*,
 And *Virgin-Parchment*, and their dead *Mens Sculls*,
 Their *Ravens Wings*, their *Lights*, and *Pentacles*,
 With *Characters*; I ha' seen all these. But——
 Would I might see the *Devil*. I would give
 A hundred o' these *Pictures* to see him
 Once out of *Picture*. May I prove a *Cuckold*
 (And that's the one main mortal thing I fear)
 If I begin not now to think, the *Painters*
 Have only made him. 'Slight, he would be seen
 One time or other else. He would not let
 An ancient Gentleman, of a good House
 As most are now in *England*, the *Fitz-dottrel's*,
 Run wild, and call upon him thus in vain,
 As I ha'done this *Twelve-month*. If he be not
 At all, why are there *Conjurers*? If they be not,
 Why are there *Laws* against 'em? The best *Artists*
 Of *Cambridge*, *Oxford*, *Middlesex* and *London*,
Effex and *Kent*, I have had in pay to raise him,
 These fifty weeks, and yet h'appears not. 'Sdeath,
 I shall suspect they can make *Circles* only

Shortly,

Shortly, and know but his hard names. They do say:
H' will meet a Man (of himself) that has a mind to him.
If he would so, I have a mind and a half for him:
He should not be long absent. Pray thee come,
I long for thee. An' I were with Child by him,
And my Wife too; I could not more. Come yet;

[He expresseth a longing to see the Devil:]

Good *Beelzebub*. Were he a kind Devil,
And had Humanity in him, he would come, but
To save ones longing. I should use him well,
I swear, and with Respect (would he would try me)
Not as the Conjurers do, when they ha' rais'd him,
Get him in Bonds, and send him Post on Errands
A thousand Miles: It is preposterous, that:
And, I believe, is the true Cause he comes not:
And he has Reason. Who would be engag'd,
That might live freely, as he may do? I swear,
They are wrong all. The burnt Child dreads the fire:
They do not know to entertain the *Devil*.
I would so welcome him, observe his Diet,
Get him his Chamber hung with *Arras*, two of 'em,
I my own House, lend him my Wife's wrought Pil-
And as I am an honest Man, I think, *[lows:]*
If he had a mind to her too; I should grant him,
To make our Friendship perfect. So I would not
To every Man. If he but hear me now?
And should come to me in a brave young Shape,
And take me at my word? Ha! who is this?

S C E N E III.

Pug, Fitz-dottrel.

Pug. Sir, your good Pardon, that I thus presume
Upon your Privacy. I am born a Gentleman,
A younger Brother, but in some Disgrace
Now with my Friends; and want some little means
To keep me upright, while things be reconcil'd.

R 2

Please

Please you to let my Service be of Use to you, Sir.

Fit. Service? 'fore Hell, my Heart was at my Mouth,
'Till I had view'd his Shooes well: For those Roses
Were big enough to hid a cloven Foot.

[He looks and surveys his Feet over and over.]

No, Friend, my Number's full. I have one Servant
Who is my All indeed; and from the Broom
Unto the Brush: For just so far I trust him.
He is my Wardrobe-man, my Cater, Cook,
Butler and Steward; looks unto my Horse;
And helps to watch my Wife. H' has all the Places
That I can think on, from the Garret downward,
E'en to the Manger, and the Curry-comb.

Pug. Sir, I shall put your Worship to no Charge,
More than my Meat, and that but very little;
I'll serve you for your Love.

Fit. Ha! without Wages?

I'll hearken o' that Ear, were I at Leisure.
But now I'm busie. 'Prithee, Friend, forbear me,
An' thou hast been a Devil, I should say
Somewhat more to thee. Thou dost hinder now
My Meditations.

Pug. Sir, I am a Devil.

Fit. How!

Pug. A true Devil, Sir.

Fit. Nay, now you lie.

Under your Favour, Friend, for I'll not quarrel.
I look'd o' your Feet afore, you cannot cozen me,
Your Shooe's not cloven, Sir, you are whole hoof'd.

[He views his Feet again.]

Pug. Sir, that's a popular Error, deceives many:
But I am that I tell you.

Fit. What's your Name?

Pug. My Name is Devil, Sir.

Fit. Say'st thou true?

Pug. Indeed, Sir.

[man?]

Fit. 'Slid, there's some Omen i' this! what Country-

Pug. Of Derbyshire, Sir, about the Peak.

Fit.

Fit. That Hole
Belong'd to your Ancestors?

Pug. Yes, *Devil's Arse*, Sir.

Fit. I'll entertain him for the Name sake. Ha?
And turn away my t'other Man? and save
Four Pound a Year by that? there's Luck and Thrift
The very *Devil* may come hereafter as well. [too?
Friend, I receive you: But (withal) I acquaint you
Aforehand, if yo' offend me, I must beat you.
It is a kind of Exercise I use;
And cannot be without.

Pug. Yes if I do not
Offend, you can sure.

Fit. Faith, *Devil*, very hardly:
I'll call you by your Sirname, 'cause I love it.

SCENE IV.

Engine, Wittipol, Manly, Fitz-dottrel, Pug.

Eng. Yonder he walks, Sir, I'll go lift him for you;

Wit. To him, good *Engine*, raise him up by Degrees,
Gently, and hold him there too, you can do it.
Shew your self now a *Mathematical* Broker.

Eng. I'll warrant you for half a Piece.

Wit. 'Tis done, Sir.

Man. Is't possible there should be such a Man!

Wit. You shall be your own Witness, I'll not labour
To tempt you past your Faith,

Man. And is his Wife
So very handsome, say you?

Wit. I ha' not seen her
Since I came home from Travel: and they say,
She is not alter'd. Then, before I went,
I saw her once; but so, as she hath stuck
Still i' my View, no Object hath remov'd her.

Man. 'Tis a fair Guest, Friend, Beauty: and once
Deep in the Eyes, she hardly leaves the Inn. [lodg'd

How do's he keep her?

Wit. Very brave. However,
Himself be sordid, he is sensual that way.
In every Dressing, he do's study her.

Man. And furnish forth himself so from the *Broker*?

Wit. Yes, that's a hir'd Suit he now has on,
To see the *Devil* is an *Ass*, to Day, in.
(This *Engine* gets three or four Pound a Week by him,)
He dares not miss a new *Play*, or a *Feast*,
What rate soever Cloaths be at; and thinks
Himself still new, in other Mens old.

Man. But stay,
Do's he love Meat so?

Wit. Faith, he do's not hate it.
But that's not it. His Belly and his Palate
Would be compounded with for Reason. Marry,
A Wit he has, of that strange Credit with him,
'Gainst all Mankind; as it doth make him do
Just what it list: it ravishes him forth.
Whether it please, to any Assembly or Place,
And would conclude him ruin'd, should he 'scape
One publick Meeting, out of the Belief
He has of his own great and Catholick Strengths,
In Arguing and Discourse. It takes, I see:
H' has got the Cloak upon him.

[*Engine hath won Fitz-dottrel to 'say on the Cloak.*

Fit. A fair Garment,
By my Faith, *Engine*!

Eng. It was never made, Sir,
For Threescore Pound, I assure you: 'Twill yield thirty.
The Plush, Sir, cost three Pound ten Shillings a Yard!
And then the Lace and Velvet.

Fit. I shall, *Engine*,
Be look'd at, prettily, in it! Art thou sure
The *Play* is play'd to Day?

Eng. O here's the Bill, Sir.

[*He gives him the Play-Bill.*
I'd forgot to gi't you.

Fit.

Fit. Ha? the *Devil*!

I will not lose you, *Sirrah*! But, *Engine*, think you
The Gallant is so furious in his Folly,
So mad upon the Matter, that he'll part
With's Cloak upon these Terms?

Eng. Trust not your *Engine*,
Break me to Pieces else, as you would do
A rotten *Cane*, or an old rusty *Jack*, (him)
That has not one true Wheel in him. Do but talk with

Fit. I shall do that, to satisfy you, *Engine*,
And my self too. With your Leave, Gentlemen.

[*He turns to Wittipol.*]

Which of you is it is so meer Idolater
To my Wife's Beauty, and so very prodigal
Unto my Patience, that, for the short Parley
Of one swift Hour's Quarter, with my Wife,
He will depart with (let me see) this Cloak here,
The Price of Folly? Sir, are you the Man?

Wit. I am that Vent'rer, Sir.

Fit. Good time! your Name
Is *Wittipol*?

Wit. The same, Sir.

Fit. And 'tis told me,
Yo' have travell'd lately?

Wit. That I have, Sir.

Fit. Truly,
Your Travels may have alter'd your Complexion;
But sure your Wit stood still.

Wit. It may well be, Sir.
All Heads ha' not like Growth.

Fit. The good Man's Gravity,
That left you Land, your Father never taught you
These pleasant Matches?

Wit. No, nor can his Mirth,
With whom I make 'em put me off.

Fit. You are
Resolv'd then?

Wit. Yes, Sir.

R 4.

Fit.

Fit. Beauty is the *Saint*,
You'll sacrifice your self into the Shirt too?

Wit. So I may still cloath and keep warm your Wit.

Fit. You lade me, Sir! [dom?

Wit. I know what you will bear, Sir.

Fit. Well, to the Point. 'Tis only, Sir, you say,
To speak unto my Wife?

Wit. Only to speak to her.

Fit. And in my Presence?

Wit. In your very Presence.

Fit. And in my hearing?

Wit. In your hearing: So

You interrupt us not.

Fit. For the short Space

You do demand, the fourth part of an Hour,
I think I shall, with some convenient Study,
And this good Help to boot, bring my self to't.

[*He shrugs himself up in the Cloak.*

Wit. I ask no more.

Fit. Please you, walk to'ard my House,
Speak what you list; that time is yours: My Right
I have departed with. But not beyond
A Minute, or a Second, look for. Length,
And drawing out, ma' advance much to these Matches.
And I except all Kissing. Kisses are
Silent Petitions still with willing *Lovers*.

Wit. *Lovers*? How falls that o' your Phant'sie?

Fit. Sir,

I do know somewhat, I forbid all Lip-work.

Wit. I am not eager at forbidden Dainties.

Who covets unfit Things, denies himself.

Fit. You say well, Sir. 'Twas prettily said, that same.
He do's indeed. I'll have no Touches therefore,
Nor takings by the Arms, nor tender Circles
Cast 'bout the Wasse, but all be done at Distance.
Love is brought up with those soft *migniard* Handlings:
His Pulse lies in his Palm; and I defend
All melting Joints and Fingers, (that's my Bargain)

I do defend 'em, any thing like Action.
But talk, Sir, what you will. Use all the *Tropes*
And *Schemes*, that Prince *Quintilian* can afford you:
And much good do your *Rhetorick's* Heart.
You are welcome, Sir.

Engine, God b' w' you.

Wit. Sir, I must condition
To have this Gentleman by, a Witness!

Fit. Well,

I am content, so he be silent.

Man. Yes, Sir.

Fit. Come, *Devil*, I'll make you Room straight.
But I'll shew you

First, to your Mistress, who's no common one,
You must conceive, that brings this gain to see her.
I hope thou'st brought me good Luck.

Pug. I shall do't, Sir.

SCENE V.

Wittipol, Manly.

Wit. Engine, you hope o' your half Piece? 'Tis
there, Sir.

Be gone. Friend *Manly*, who's within here? fixed?
[*Wittipol knocks his Friend o' the Breast.*]

Man. I am directly in a Fit of Wonder
What'll be the Issue of this Conference!

Wit. For that ne'er vex your self 'till the Event.
How like yo' him?

Man. I would fain see more of him.

Wit. What think you of this?

Man. I am past Degrees of thinking.
Old *Africk*, and the new *America*,
With all their Fruit of Monsters, cannot shew
So just a Prodigy.

Wit. Could you have believ'd,
Without your Sight, a mind so sordid inward,
Should

Should be so specious, and laid forth abroad,
To all the shew that ever Shop or Ware was?

Man. I believe any thing now, though I confess
His *Vices* are the most Extremities
I ever knew in Nature. But why loves he
The *Devil* so?

Wit. O, Sir! for hidden Treasure,
He hopes to find; and has propos'd himself
So infinite a Mass, as to recover,
He cares not what he parts with, of the present,
To his Men of Art, who are the Race, may coin him!
Promise Gold Mountains, and the Covetous
Are still most prodigal.

Man. But ha' you faith,
That he will hold his Bargain?

Wit. O dear, Sir!
He will not off on't. Fear him not. I know him.
One baseness still accompanies another.
See! he is here already, and his Wife too.

Man. A wondrous handsome creature, as I live!

SCENE VI.

Fitz-dottrel, Mistress Fitz-dottrel, Wittipol, Manly.

Fit. Come, Wife, this is the Gentleman. Nay,
blush not.

Mrs. Fit. Why, what do you mean, Sir? ha' you

Fit. Wife, [your Reason?

I do not know that I have lent it forth
To any one; at least, without a Pawn, Wife:
Or that I have eat or drunk the thing, of late,
That should corrupt it. Wherefore, gentle Wife,
Obey, it is thy Virtue; hold no acts
Of Disputation.

Mrs. Fit. Are you not enough
The talk of Feasts and Meetings, but you'll still
Make argument for fresh?

Fit.

Fit. Why, careful Wedlock,
If I have a longing to have one tale more
Go of me, what is that to thee, dear heart?
Why shouldst thou envy my delight, or cross it,
By being sollicitous, when it not concerns thee?

Mrs. Fit. Yes, I have share in this. The scorn will
As bitterly on me, where both are laught at. [fall

Fit. Laught at, sweet Bird? is that the scruple?
Come, Come,
Thou art a *Niaise*. Which of your great Houses,
[*A Niaise is a young Hawk, ta'en crying out of the Nest.*
(I will not mean at home here, but abroad)
Your Families in *France*, Wife, send not forth
Something within the seven year, may be laught at?
I do not say seven months, nor seven weeks,
Nor seven days, nor hours; but seven year, Wife.
I give 'em time. Once within seven year,
I think they may do something may be laught at.
In *France*, I keep me there still. Wherefore, Wife,
Let them that list, laugh still, rather than weep
For me. Here is a Cloak cost fifty pound, Wife,
Which I can sell for thirty, when I ha' seen
All *London* in't, and *London* has seen me.
To day I go to the *Black-Friers Play-house*,
Sit i' the view, salute all my acquaintance,
Rise up between the *Acts*, let fall my Cloak,
Publish a handsome Man, and a rich Suit
(As that's a special end, why we go thither,
All that pretend to stand for't o' the *Stage*)
The Ladies ask, who's that? (For they do come
To see us, *Love*, as we do to see them)
Now I shall lose all this, for the false fear
Of being laught at? Yes, wusse. Let 'em laugh, Wife.
Let me have such another Cloak to morrow,
And let 'em laugh again, Wife, and again,
And then grow fat with laughing, and then fatter:
All my young Gallants, let 'em bring their Friends
too:

Shall

Shall I forbid 'em? No, let Heav'n forbid 'em:
Or Wit, if't have any charge on 'em. Come, thy Ear,
Wife,

Is all I'll borrow of thee. Set your Watch, Sir;
Thou only art to hear, not speak a word, *Dove*,
To ought he says. That I do gi' you in precept,
No less than Council, on your Wive-hood, Wife,
Not tho' he flatter you, or make Court, or Love,
(As you must look for these) or say he rail;
Whate'er his Arts be, Wife, I will have thee
Delude 'em with a Trick, thy obstinate Silence;
I know advantages; and I love to hit
These pragmatick young Men at their own Weapons.
Is your Watch ready? Here my Sail bears for you:
Tack toward him, sweet *Pinnace*; where's your Watch?

[*He disposes his Wife to his Place, and sets his Watch.*]

Wit. I'll set it, Sir, with yours.

Mrs. Fit. I must obey.

Man. Her Modesty seems to suffer with her Beauty,
And so as if his Folly were away,
It were worth pity.

Fit. Now th'art right, begin, Sir.

But first, let me repeat the Contract briefly.

[*He repeats his Contract again.*]

I am, Sir, to enjoy this Cloak I stand in,
Freely, and as your Gift; upon condition
You may as freely speak here to my Spouse,
Your quarter of an hour, always keeping
The measur'd distance of your yard, or more,
From my said Spouse; and in my sight and hearing.
This is your Covenant?

Wit. Yes, but you'll allow
For this time spent now?

Fit. Set 'em so much back.

Wit. I think I shall not need it.

Fit. Well, begin, Sir,
There is your bound, Sir. Not beyond that Rush.

Wit,

Wit. If you interrupt me, Sir, I shall disclose you.

[*Wittipol begins.*

The time I have purchas'd, Lady, is but short;
And therefore if I imploy it thriftily,
I hope I stand the nearer to my Pardon.
I am not here to tell you, you are fair,
Or lovely, or how well you dress you, Lady;
I'll save my self that Eloquence of your Glasse,
Which can speak these things better to you than I.
And 'tis a Knowledge wherein Fools may be
As wise as a *Court-Parliament*. Nor come I
With any prejudice or doubt, that you
Should, to the notice of your own Worth, need
Least Revelation. She's a simple Woman,
Knows not her good: (whoever knows her ill)
And at all Characts: That you are the Wife
To so much blasted Flesh as scarce hath Soul,
Instead of Salt, to keep it sweet; I think,
Will ask no Witnesses to prove. The cold
Sheets that you lye in, with the watching Candle,
That sees, how dull to any thaw of Beauty,
Pieces and quarters, half and whole Nights sometimes,
The Devil-given *Elfine* Squire, your Husband,
Doth leave you, quitting here his proper Circle,
For a much worse, i' the Walks of *Lincolns-Inn*,
Under the Elms, t'expect the Fiend in vain there,
Will confess for you.

Fit. I did look for this Geer.

[*you,*

Wit. And what a Daughter of Darknes he does make
Lock'd up from all Society, or Object;
Your Eye not let to look upon a Face,
Under a Conjurer's (or some Mould for one,
Hollow and lean, like his) but by great means,
As I now make; your own too sensible sufferings,
Without the extraordinary Aids
Of Spells, or Spirits, may assure you, Lady.
For my part, I protest 'gainst all such practice,
I work by no false Arts, Medicines, or Charms,

To

To be said forward and backward.

Fit. No, I except.

Wit. Sir, I shall ease you.

[*He offers to discloak him.*]

Fit. Mum.

Wit. Nor have I ends, Lady,

Upon you, more than this; to tell you how *Love*,
Beauty's good Angel, he that waits upon her
At all occasions, and no less than *Fortune*,
Helps th' adventrous, in me makes that Proffer,
Which never Fair one was so fond to lose,
Who could but reach a hand forth to her Freedom;
On the first sight I lov'd you; since which time,
Tho' I have travell'd, I have been in travel
More for this second Blessing of your Eyes,
Which now I've purchas'd, than for all Aims else:
Think of it, Lady, be your Mind as active
As is your Beauty: View your Object well,
Examine both my Fashion and my Years;
Things that are like, are soon familiar:
And Nature joys still in Equality.

Let not the sign o' the Husband fright you, Lady;
But e'er your Spring be gone, enjoy it. Flowers,
Tho' fair, are oft but of one Morning. Think,
All Beauty doth not last until the *Autumn*.
You grow old while I tell you this. And such
As cannot use the present, are not wise.

If Love and Fortune will take care of us,
Why should our Will be wanting? This is all.

What do you answer, Lady? [*She stands mute.*]

Fit. Now the Sport comes.

Let him still wait, wait, wait; while the Watch goes,
And the time runs, Wife!

Wit. How! not any word?

Nay, then I taste a Trick in't. Worthy Lady,
I cannot be so false to mine own Thoughts,
Of your presumed Goodness to conceive
This, as your Rudeness, which I see's impos'd.

Yet,

Yet, since your cautelous *Faylor* here stands by you,
And you're deny'd the Liberty o' the House,
Let me take warrant, Lady, from your Silence,
(Which ever is interpreted Consent)
To make your Answer for you; which shall be
To as good purpose as I can imagine,
And what I think you'd speak.

Fit. No, no, no, no.

Wit. I shall resume, Sir.

Man. Sir, what do you mean?

[He sets Mr. Manly, his Friend, in her Place.]

Wit. One Interruption more, Sir, and you go
Into your Hose and Doublet, nothing saves you.
And therefore hearken. This is for your Wife.

Man. You must play fair, Sir. *[And speaks for her.]*

Wit. Stand for me, good Friend.

Troth, Sir, 'tis more than true that you have utter'd
Of my unequal and so sordid Match here,
With all the Circumstances of my Bondage.

I have a Husband, and a two-legg'd one,
But such a Moonling, as no Wit of Man
Or Roses can redeem from being an Ass.

He's grown too much the story of Mens Mouths,

To 'scape his lading: Should I make't my study,

And lay all ways, yea, call Mankind to help

To take his burden off; why, this one Act

Of his, to let his Wife out to be courted,

And at a Price, proclaims his Asinine Nature

So loud, as I am weary of my Title to him.

But, Sir, you seem a Gentleman of Virtue,

No less than Blood; and one that every way

Looks as he were of too good Quality,

To intrap a credulous Woman, or betray her:

Since you have paid thus dear, Sir, for a Visit,

And made such venture on your Wit and Charge

Meerly to see me, or at most, to speak to me,

I were too stupid, or (what's worse) ingrate

Not to return your Venture. Think but how

I may with Safety do it, I shall trust
 My Love and Honour to you, and presume
 You'll ever husband both, against this Husband;
 Who, if we chance to change his liberal Ears
 To other Ensigns, and with Labour make
 A new Beast of him, as he shall deserve,
 Cannot complain he is unkindly dealt with.
 This day he is to go to a new Play, Sir,
 From whence no Fear, no, nor Authority,
 Scarcely the King's Command, Sir, will restrain him,
 Now you have fitted him with a Stage-garment,
 For the meer names sake, were there no things else;
 And many more such Journeys he will make.
 Which, if they now, or any time hereafter,
 Offer us Opportunity, you hear, Sir,
 Who'll be as glad, and forward to embrace,
 Meet, and enjoy it chearfully as you.
 I humbly thank you, Lady.

Fit. Keep your Ground, Sir.

Wit. Will you be lighten'd?

Fit. Mum.

Wit. And but I am,

By the sad Contract, thus to take my leave of you
 At this so envious Distance, I had taught
 Our Lips ere this, to seal the happy mixture
 Made of our Souls. But we must both now yield
 To the necessity. Do not think yet, Lady,
 But I can kiss, and touch, and laugh, and whisper,
 And do those Crowning Courtships too, for which
 Day, and the Publick, have allow'd no Name;
 But now my Bargain binds me. 'Twere rude Injury
 T' importune more, or urge a Noble Nature,
 To what of its own Bounty it is prone to:
 Else I should speak——But, Lady, I love so well,
 As I will hope you'll do so too. I have done, Sir.

Fit. Well, then I ha' won?

Wit. Sir, and I may win too.

Fit. O yes! no doubt on't. I'll take careful Order,
 That

That she shall hang forth Ensigns at the Window,
To tell you when I am absent. Or I'll keep
Three or four Foot-men, ready still of purpose,
To run and fetch you at her Longings, Sir.
I'll go bespeak me strait a gilt Caroch,
For her and you to take the Air in: Yes,
Into *Hide-Park*, and thence into *Black-Fryers*,
Visit the Painters, where you may see Pictures,
And note the properest Limbs, and how to make 'em;
Or what do you say unto a midling Gossip?
To bring you aye together, at her Lodging?
Under pretext of teaching o' my Wife
Some rare Receipt of drawing *Almond Milk*? ha?
It shall be a part of my care. Good Sir, God b' w' you.
I ha' kept the Contract, and the Cloak's mine own.

Wit. Why, much good do't you, Sir; it may fall out
That you ha' bought it dear, tho' I ha' not sold it.

Fit. A pretty Riddle! Fare you well, good Sir.
Wife, your Face this way, look on me, and think
You've had a wicked Dream, Wife, and forget it.

[*He turns his Wife about.*]

Man. This is the strangest Motion I e'er saw.

Fit. Now, Wife, sits this fair Cloak the worse upon me
For my great Sufferings, or your little Patience? ha?
They laugh, you think?

Mrs. Fit. Why, Sir, and you might see't.
What thought they have of you, may be soon collected
By the Young Gentleman's Speech.

Fit. Young Gentleman?
Death! you are in love with him, are you? Could he not
Be nam'd the Gentleman, without the Young?
Up to your Cabbin again.

Mrs. Fit. My Cage, yo' were best
To call it?

Fit. Yes, sing there. You'd fain be making
Blank Manger with him at your Mother's! I know you.
Go, get you up. How now? what say you, *Devil*?

S C E N E VII.

*Pug, Fitz-dottrel, Engine.**Pug.* Here is one *Engine*, Sir, desires to speak with you.*Fir.* I thought he brought some news of a Broker! Let him come in, good *Devil*; fetch him else. [Well, O, my fine *Engine*! what's th' affair? More Cheats?*Eng.* No, Sir, the Wit, the Brain, the great *Projector*, I told you of, is newly come to Town.*Fir.* Where, *Engine*?*Eng.* I ha' brought him (he's without) Ere he pull'd off his Boots, Sir; but so follow'd For Business.*Fir.* But what is a *Projector*? I would conceive.*Eng.* Why one, Sir, that projects Ways to enrich Men, or to make 'em great, By Suits, by Marriages, by Undertakings: According as he sees they humour it.*Fir.* Can he not conjure at all?*Eng.* I think he can, Sir, (To tell you true.) But you do know, of late, The State hath ta'en such note of 'em, and compell'd 'em To enter such great Bonds, they dare not practise.*Fir.* 'Tis true, and I lye fallow for't the while!*Eng.* O, Sir! you'll grow the richer for the rest.*Fir.* I hope I shall: But, *Engine*, you do talk Somewhat too much o' my Courses. My Cloak-Custo- Could tell me strange particulars. [mer*Eng.* By my means?*Fir.* How should he have 'em else?*Eng.* You do not know, Sir, What he has; and by what Arts! A money'd Man, Sir, And is as great with your *Almanack-Men* as you are!*Fir.* That Gallant?*Eng.* You make the other wait too long here:

And

And he is extream punctual.

Fit. Is he Gallant?

Eng. Sir, you shall see: He's in his riding Suit,
As he comes now from Court. But hear him speak:
Minister Matter to him, and then tell me.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Engine, Trains, Pug.

Meer. SIR, Money's a Whore, a Bawd, a Drudge;
Fit to run out on Errands: Let her go.

Via Pecunia! when she's run and gone,
And fled, and dead; then will I fetch her again
With *Aqua-Vita*, out of an old Hogs-head!
While there are Lees of Wine, or Dregs of Beer,
I'll never want her! Coyn her out of Cobwebs,
Dust, but I'll have her! Raise Wooll upon Egg-shells,
Sir, and make Grass grow out o' Marrow-bones,
To make her come. (Commend me to your Mistress:
[To a Waiter.

Say, let the Thousand Pound but be had ready,
And it is done) I would but see the Creature
(Of Flesh and Blood) the Man, the *Prince* indeed,
That could imploy so many Millions
As I would help him to.

Fit. How talks he? Millions?

Meer. (I'll give you an account of this to morrow.)
Yes, I will take no less, and do it too; [To another,
If they were *Myriads*: and without the *Devil*,
By direct means, it shall be good in Law. *Eng.* Sir?

Meer. Tell Mr. *Woodcock*, I'll not fail to meet him
Upon th' *Exchange* at Night. Pray him to have
The Writings there, and we'll dispatch it: Sir,
You are a Gentleman of a good Presence,
A handsome Man, (I have consider'd you)
As a fit Stock to graft Honours upon:

I have a Project to make you a Duke now.
That you must be one, within so many Months
As I set down, out of true Reason of State,
You sha' not avoid it. But you must hearken then.

Eng. Harken? why, Sir, do you doubt his Ears?
You do not know Master *Fitz-dotirel*. [Alas!

Fitz. He does not know me indeed; I thank you,
For rectifying him. [Engine,

Meer. Good! Why, *Engine*, then
I'll tell it you. (I see you ha' Credit here,
And, that you can keep counsel, I'll not question.)
He shall but be an Undertaker with me,
In a most feasible Business. It shall cost him
Nothing.

Eng. Good, Sir.

Meer. Except he please, but's Countenance;
(That I will have) to appear in't, to great Men,
For which I'll make him one. He shall not draw
A String of's Purse. I'll drive his Patent for him.
We'll take in Citizens, Commoners, and Aldermen,
To bear the charge, and blow 'em off again,
Like so many dead Flies, when 'tis carried.
The thing is for recovery of drown'd Land,
Whereof the Crown's to have a Moiety,
If it be Owner; else the Crown and Owners
To share that Moiety, and the Recoverers
T' enjoy the t'other Moiety for their charge.

Eng. Throughout *England*?

Meer. Yes, which will arise
To Eighteen Millions, Seven the first year:
I have computed all, and made my Survey
Unto my Acre: I'll begin at the Pan,
Not at the Skirts; as some ha' done, and lost
All that they wrought, their Timber-work, their
Their Banks, all born away, or else fill'd up [Trench,
By the next Winter. Tut, they never went
The way: I'll have it all.

Eng. A gallant Tract

Of

Of Land it is!

Meer. 'Twill yield a Pound an Acre.
We must let cheap, ever at first. But, Sir,
This looks too large for you, I see. Come hither;
We'll have a less. Here's a plain Fellow, you see him,
Has his black Bag of Papers there, in Buckram,
Wi' not be sold for the Earldom of *Pancridge*: Draw,
Gi' me out one by chance. Project; four Dogs Skins?
Twelve thousand Pound! the very worst at first.

Fit. Pray you let's see't, Sir.

Meer. 'Tis a Toy, a Trifle!

Fit. Trifle! Twelve thousand Pound for Dogs Skins?

Meer. Yes, but, by my way of dressing, you must
know, Sir,

And med'cining the Leather, to a height
Of improv'd Ware, like your *Borachio*
Of *Spain*, Sir, I can fetch Nine thousand for't —

Eng. Of the King's Glover?

Meer. Yes, how heard you that?

Eng. Sir, I do know you can.

Meer. Within this Hour:

And reserve half my Secret. Pluck another;
See if thou hast a happier Hand: I thought so.

[*He plucks out the 2. Bottle-ale.*]

The very next worse to it! Bottle-ale.

Yet this is Two and twenty thousand.

Meer. Yes, Sir, it's cast to Penny hal' penny farthing.
O'the back-side, there you may see it, read,
I will not bate a *Harrington* o'the Sum.
I'll win it i' my Water, and my Malt,
My Furnaces, and hanging o' my Coppers,
The tonning, and the subtilty o' my Yest;
And, then the Earth of my Bottles, which I dig,
Turn up, and steep, and work, and Neal, my self,
To a degree of *Porc'lane*. You will wonder
At my Proportions, what I will put up
In seven years! for so long time I ask
For my Invention. I will save in Cork,

In my meer stop'ling, 'bove Three thousand Pound
 Within that Term: by googing of 'em out
 Just to the size of my Bottles, and not slicing.
 There's infinite loss i' that. What hast thou there?
 O' making Wine of Raisins: this is in hand now.

[*He draws out another.* Raisins;

Eng. Is not that strange, Sir, to make Wine of Raisins?

Meer. Yes, and as true a Wine as th' Wines of
 Or *Spain*, or *Italy*: Look of what Grape [France,
 My Raisin is, that Wine I'll render perfect,
 As of the *Muscatel* Grape, I'll render *Muscatel*;
 Of the *Canary* his; the *Claret* his;
 So of all kinds: and bate you of the Prices
 Of Wine throughout the Kingdom half in half.

Eng. But how, Sir, if you raise the other Com-
 Raisins? [modity,

Meer. Why, then I'll make it out of Black-berries,
 And it shall do the same. 'Tis but more Art,
 And the Charge less. Take out another.

Fit. No, good Sir,
 Save you the trouble, I'll not look, nor hear
 Of any, but your first, there; the *Drown'd-land*:
 If't will do, as you say.

Meer. Sir, there's not Place
 To gi' you demonstration of these things,
 They are a little too subtilé. But, I could shew you
 Such a necessity in't, as you must be
 But what you please: against the receiv'd Heresie,
 That *England* bears no Dukes. Keep you the Land, Sir,
 The greatness of th' Estate shall throw't upon you.
 If you like better turning it to Money,
 What may not you, Sir, purchase with that wealth?
 Say you should part with two o' your Millions,
 To be the thing you would, who would not do't?
 As I protest I will, out of my Dividend,
 Lay for some petty Principality
 In *Italy*, from the Church: Now, you perhaps,
 Fancy the Smoak of *England* rather? But —

Ha'

Ha' you no private Room, Sir, to draw to,
T'enlarge our selves more upon?

Fit. O yes, *Devil!*

Meer. These, Sir, are Businessses, ask to be carried
With Caution, and in Cloud.

Fit. I apprehend

They do so, Sir. *Devil*, which way is your Mistress?

Pug. Above, Sir, in her Chamber.

Fit. O that's well.

Then this way, good Sir.

Meer. I shall follow you; *Trains*,
Gi' me the Bag, and go you presently,
Commend my Service to my Lady *Tailbush*.
Tell her I am come from Court this Morning; say,
I have got our business mov'd, and well: Intreat her,
That she give you the Fourscore Angels, and see 'em
Dispos'd of to my Council, Sir *Poule Eitherside*.
Sometime, to day, I'll wait upon her Ladyship,
With the Relation.

Eng. Sir, of what dispatch
He is! Do you mark?

Meer. *Engine*, when did you see
My Cousin *Ever-ill*? keeps he still your Quarter
I' the *Bermudas*?

Eng. Yes, Sir, he was writing
This morning, very hard.

Meer. Be not you known to him,
That I am come to Town: I have effected
A Business for him, but I would have it take him,
Before he thinks for't.

Eng. Is it past?

Meer. Not yet.

'Tis well o' the way.

Eng. O Sir! your Worship takes
Infinite pains.

Meer. I love, Friends, to be active:
A sluggish Nature puts off Man, and kind.

Eng. And such a Blessing follows it.

Meer. I thank

My Fate. Pray you let's be private, Sir.

Fit. In, here.

Meer. Where none may interrupt us.

Fit. You hear, *Devil*,

Lock the Street-doors fast, and let no one in
(Except they be this Gentleman's Followers) [seen
To trouble me. Do you mark? You've heard and
Something to day, and by it you may gather,
Your Mistress is a Fruit that's worth the stealing,
And therefore worth the watching. Be you sure, now,
You've all your Eyes about you; and let in
No Lace-woman, nor Bawd, that brings *French*-Masks,
And Cut-works. See you? Nor old Croans, with
Wafers,

To convey Letters. Nor no youths, disguis'd [dings.
Like Country-wives, with Cream and Marrow-pud-
Much Knavery may be vented in a Pudding,
Much bawdy Intelligence: They are shrewd Cyphers.
Nor turn the Key to any Neighbour's need;
Be't but to kindle Fire, or beg a little,
Put it out rather, all out, to an Ash,
That they may see no Smoak. Or Water, spill it;
Knock o' the empty Tubs, that by the sound
They may be forbid entry. Say, we are robb'd,
If any come to borrow a Spoon or so.
I wi' not have good Fortune, or God's Blessing
Let in, while I am busie.

Pug. I'll take care, Sir,

They sha' not trouble you if they would.

Fit. Well, do so.

SCENE II.

Pug. Mistress *Fitz-dottrel*.

Pug. I have no singular Service of this now,
Nor no superlative Master? I shall wish

To

To be in Hell again at leisure? bring
 A *Vice* from thence? That had been such a subtilty,
 As to bring Broad-clothes hither, or transport
 Fresh Oranges into *Spain*. I find it now;
 My *Chief* was i' the right. Can any Fiend
 Boast of a better *Vice*, than here by Nature
 And Art they're owners of? Hell ne'er own me,
 But I am taken! the fine Tract of it
 Pulls me along! To hear Men such Professors
 Grown in our subtlest *Sciences*! My first *Act*, now,
 Shall be, to make this Master of mine Cuckold:
 The primitive work of darkness I will practise!
 I will deserve so well of my fair Mistress
 By my Discoveries first, my Counsels after,
 And keeping counsel after that, as who
 So ever is one, I'll be another sure,
 I'll ha' my share. Most delicate damn'd Flesh
 She will be! O! that I could stay time, now,
 Midnight will come too fast upon me, I fear,
 To cut my Pleasure —

Mrs. Fit. Look at the Back-door,

[*She sends Devil out.*

One knocks, see who it is.

Pug. Dainty *She Devil*!

Mrs. Fit. I cannot get this venture of the Cloak
 Out of my fancy, nor the Gentleman's way [some,
 He took, which though 'twere strange, yet 'twas hand-
 And had a Grace withal, beyond the newness.
 Sure he will think me that dull stupid Creature
 He said, and may conclude it, if I find not
 Some thought to thank th' attempt. He did presume,
 By all the Carriage of it, on my Brain,
 For answer; and will swear 'tis very barren,
 If it can yield him no return. Who is it?

[*Devil returns.*

Pug. Mistress, it is; but first, let me assure
 The Excellence of Mistresses, I am,
 Although my Master's Man, my Mistress Slave,

The

The Servant of her Secrets, and sweet Turns,
And know, what fitly will conduce to either.

Mrs. Fit. What's this? I pray you come to your
self, and think

What your part is; to make an answer. Tell,
Who is at the Door?

Pug. The Gentleman, Mistress,
Who was at the Cloak-charge to speak with you
This Morning; who expects only to take [please,
Some small Commandments from you, what you
Worthy your Form, he says, and gentlest Manners.

Mrs. Fit. O! you'll anon prove his hir'd man, I fear;
What has he giv'n you for this Message? Sir,
Bid him put off his hopes of Straw, and leave
To spread his Nets in view thus. Though they take
Master *Fitz-dottrel*, I am no such soul
Nor fair one, tell him, will be had with stalking;
And wish him to forbear his acting to me, [there,
At the Gentleman's Chamber-window in *Lincoln's-Inn*
That opens to my Gallery; else I swear
T'acquaint my Husband with his Folly, and leave him
To the just rage of his offended Jealousie.
Or if your Master's Sense be not so quick
To right me, tell him, I shall find a Friend
That will repair me. Say, I will be quiet [him.
In mine own House. Pray you, in those words give it

Pug. This is some Fool turn'd! [He goes out.

Mrs. Fit. If he be the Master,
Now, of that State and Wit which I allow him,
Sure, he will understand me: I durst not
Be more direct; for this officious Fellow,
My Husband's new Groom, is a Spy upon me;
I find already. Yet, if he but tell him
This in my words, he cannot but conceive
Himself both apprehended and requited.
I would not have him think he met a *Statue*,
Or spoke to one, not there, though I were silent.
How now? ha' you told him?

Pug.

Pug. Yes.

Mrs. Fit. And what says he? [if I durst.

Pug. Says he? That which my self would say to you,
That you are proud, sweet Mistress; and withal,
A little ignorant, to entertain
The Good that's proffer'd; and (by your Beauty's
Not all so wise as some true politick Wife [leave)
Would be; who having match'd with such a *Nupson*
(I speak it with my Master's Peace) whose Face
Hath left t' accuse him, now, for't doth confess him,
What you can make him; will yet (out of Scruple,
And a spic'd Conscience) defraud the poor Gentleman,
At least delay him in the thing he longs for,
And makes it his whole Study, how to compass
Only a Title. Could but he write *Cuckold*,
He had his ends. For, look you —

Mrs. Fit. This can be
None but my Husband's Wit.

Pug. My precious Mistress.

Mrs. Fit. It creaks his *Engine*: The Groom never
Be else so sawcy — [durst

Pug. If it were not clearly
His worshipful Ambition, and the top of it,
The very forked top too, why should he
Keep you thus mur'd up in a black Room, Mistress,
Allow you ne'er a Casement to the Street,
Fear of engendering by the Eyes, with Gallants;
Forbid you Paper, Pen and Ink, like Rats-bane;
Search your half Pint of *Muscadel*, lest a Letter
Be sunk i' the Pot; and hold your new-laid Egg
Against the Fire, lest any charm be writ there?
Will you make benefit of Truth, dear Mistress,
If I do tell it you? I do't not often:
I am set over you, employ'd indeed [ings,
To watch your Steps, your Looks, your very Breath-
And to report them to him. Now, if you
Will be a true, right, delicate, sweet Mistress,
Why, we will make a *Cokes* of this *wife Master*,

We

We will, my Mistress, an absolute fine *Cokes*,
 And mock, to air, all the deep Diligences
 Of such a solemn and effectual *Ass*,
 An *Ass* to so good purpose as we'll use him.
 I will contrive it so, that you shall go
 To *Plays*, to *Masks*, to *Meetings*, and to *Feasts*,
 For, why is all this Rigging and fine Tackle, Mistress,
 If you neat handsome Vessels, of good sail,
 Put not forth ever and anon with your Nets
 Abroad into the World. It is your fishing. [Lady,
 There, you shall chuse your Friends, your Servants,
 Your Squires of Honour; I'll convey your Letters,
 Fetch Answers, do you all the Offices
 That can belong to your Blood and Beauty. And,
 For the variety at my times, although
 I am not in due *Symmetry*, the Man
 Of that Proportion; or in Rule
 Of *Physick*, of the just Complexion;
 Or of that Truth of *Picardil*, in Clothes,
 To boast a Sovereignty o'er Ladies; yet
 I know to do my turns, sweet Mistress. Come, kiss--
Mrs. Fit. How now!

Pug. Dear delicate Mistress, I am your Slave,
 Your little *Worm*, that loves you; your fine *Monkey*,
 Your *Dog*, your *Jack*, your *Pug*, that longs to be
 Stil'd o' your Pleasures.

Mrs. Fit. Hear you all this? Sir, pray you
 Come from your standing, do, a little, spare
 [She thinks her Husband watches.
 Your self, Sir, from your watch, t' applaud your Squire,
 That so well follows your Instructions!

S C E N E III.

Fitz-dottrel, Mistress *Fitz-dottrel*, *Pug*.

Fit. How now, sweet Heart, what's the matter?

Mrs. Fit. Good!

You

You are a stranger to the Plot! you set not
Your sawcy *Devil* here to tempt your Wife,
With all the insolent uncivil Language,
Or Action, he could vent?

Fit. Did you so, *Devil*?

Mrs. Fit. Not you? you were not planted i' your
Hole to hear him,
Upo' the Stairs, or here behind the Hangings?
I do not know your Qualities? he durst do it,
And you not give Directions?

Fit. You shall see, Wife,
Whether he durst or no, and what it was I did direct.

[*Her Husband goes out, and enters presently
with a Cudgel upon him.*

Pug. Sweet Mistress, are you mad? [*Iain!*

Fit. You most meer Rogue! you open manifest Vil-
You Fiend apparent you! you declar'd Hell-hound!

Pug. Good Sir.

Fit. Good Knave, good Rascal, and good Traitor.
Now, I do find you parcel *Devil* indeed.

Upo' the Point of Trust? I' your first Charge?

The very day o' your Probation?

To tempt your Mistress? You do see, good Wedlock,
How I directed him?

Mrs. Fit. Why where, Sir, were you?

Fit. Nay, there is one blow more for Exercise:

[*After a pause, he strikes him again.*

I told you, I should do it.

Pug. Would you had done, Sir.

Fit. O Wife, the rarest man! yet there's another
To put you in mind o' the last, such a brave man,
Wife!

Within, he has his Projects, and does vent 'em

[*And again.*

The gallantest! were you *tentiginous*? ha?

Would you be acting of the *Incubus*?

Did her Silk's rustling move you?

Pug. Gentle Sir,

Fit.

Fit. Out of my sight. If thy Name were not *Devil*,
 Thou should'st not stay a Minute with me. In,
 Go, yet stay, yet go too. I am resolv'd
 What I will do, and you shall know't afore-hand.
 Soon as the Gentleman is gone, do you hear?
 I'll help your lisping. Wife, such a Man, Wife!

[*Devil goes out.*]

He has such Plots! He will make me a *Duke*!
 No less by Heaven! Six Mares to your Coach, Wife!
 That's your Proportion! And your Coach-man bald,
 Because he shall be bare enough. Do not you laugh,
 We are a looking for a Place, and all i' the Map
 What to be of. Have faith, be not an Infidel.
 You know I am not easie to be gull'd.
 I swear, when I have my *Millions*, else I'll make
 Another *Dutchess*, if you ha' not Faith. [Spirits.]

Mrs. Fit. You'll ha' too much, I fear, in these false

Fit. Spirits? O, no such thing, Wife; wit, meer
 This Man defies the *Devil* and all his Works! [wit!
 He does't by *Engine*, and Devices, he!

He has his winged Ploughs, that go with Sails,
 Will plough you forty Acres at once! and Mills
 Will spout you Water ten miles off! All *Crowland*
 Is ours, Wife; and the Fens, from us, in *Norfolk*,
 To the utmost bounds of *Lincolnshire*! we have view'd
 And measur'd it within all, by the Scale! [it,
 The richest Tract of Land, Love, i' the Kingdom!
 There will be made seventeen or eighteen *Millions*,
 Or more, as't may be handled! wherefore think,
 Sweet-heart, if th' hast a fancy to one Place
 More than another, to be *Dutchess* of,
 Now name it; I will ha't what-e'er it cost,
 (If't will be had for Money) either here,
 Or in *France*, or *Italy*.

Mrs. Fit. You ha' strange Phantasies!

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Meercraft, Fitz-dottrel, Engine.

Meer. Where are you, Sir?

Fit. I see thou hast no *Talent*

This way, Wife. Up to thy Gallery, do *Chuck*,
Leave us to talk of it who understand it.

Meer. I think we ha' found a Place to fit you now, Sir.
Gloucester.

Fit. O no, I'll none!

Meer. Why, Sir?

Fit. 'Tis fatal.

Meer. That you say right in: *Spenser*, I think the
Had his last Honour thence. But he was but *Earl*.

Fit. I know not that, Sir. But *Thomas of Woodstock*,
I'm sure, was *Duke*, and he was made away
At *Calice*, as *Duke Humphrey* was at *Bury*: [to]

And *Richard the Third*, you know what end he came

Meer. By m' faith you are cunning i' the *Chronicle*, Sir.

Fit. No, I confels I ha't from the Play-books,
And think they are more *authentick*.

Eng. That's sure, Sir.

Meer. What say you (to this then)

Fit. No, a noble House [He whispers him of a Place.
Pretends to that. I will do no Man wrong.

Meer. Then take one Proposition more, and hear it
As past exception.

Fit. What's that?

Meer. To be

Duke of those Lands you shall recover: take
Your Title thence, Sir, *Duke* of the *Drown'd Lands*,
Or *Drown'd-land*.

Fit. Ha! that last has a good sound!
I like it well. The *Duke* of *Drown'd-land*?

Eng. Yes;

It goes like *Green-land*, Sir, if you mark it,

Mer.

Meer. I,

And drawing thus your Honour from the Work,
You make the Reputation of that greater,
And stay't the longer i' your Name.

Fit. 'Tis true.

Drown'd-lands will live in *Drown'd-land*!

Meer. Yes, when you

Ha' no foot left; as that must be, Sir, one day.
And though it tarry in your Heirs some *Forty*,
Fifty Descents, the longer Liver at last, yet,
Must thrust 'em out on't, if no Quirk in Law,
Or odd *Vice* o' their own not do it first.

We see those changes daily; the fair Lands
That were the *Clients*, are the *Lawyers* now;
And those rich Manors there of Goodman *Taylor's*,
Had once more Wood upon 'em, than the Yard
By which th' were measur'd out for the last Purchase.
Nature hath these vicissitudes. She makes
No man a state of Perpetuity, Sir.

Fit. You're i' the right. Let's in then, and conclude.

[*He spies Devil.*]

I'my fight again? I'll talk with you anon.

SCENE V.

Pug.

Sure he will geld me if I stay, or worse,
Pluck out my Tongue, one o' the two. This Fool,
There is no trusting of him; and to quit him,
Were a contempt against my *Chief* past pardon.
It was a shrewd disheartning this, at first!
Who would ha' thought a Woman so well harness'd,
Or rather well caparison'd, indeed,
That wears such Petticoats, and Lace to her Smocks,
Broad seaming Laces (as I see 'em hang there)
And Garters which are lost, if she can shew 'em,
Could

Could ha' done this? *Hell!* why is she so brave?
It cannot be to please *Duke Dottrel*, sure,
Nor the dull Pictures in her Gallery,
Nor her own dear Reflection in her Glass;
Yet that may be: I have known many of 'em
Begin their Pleasure, but none end it there:
(That I consider, as I go along with it)
They may, for want of better Company,
Or that they think the better, spend an hour;
Two, three, or four, discoursing with their Shadow;
But sure they have a farther Speculation.
No Woman drest with so much Care and Study,
Doth dress her self in vain. I'll vex this *Problem*
A little more, before I leave it sure.

SCENE VI.

Wittipol, Manly, Mistress Fitz-dottrel, Pug.

Wit. This was a Fortune happy above Thought;
That this should prove thy Chamber; which I fear'd
Would be my greatest trouble! this must be
The very Window, and that the Room.

Man. It is.

I now remember, I have often seen there
A Woman, but I never mark'd her much.

Wit. Where was your Soul, Friend?

Man. Faith, but now and then
Awake unto those Objects.

Wit. You pretend so.

Let me not live, if I am not in love
More with her Wit, for this direction now,
Than with her Form, tho' I ha' prais'd that prettily,
Since I saw her and you to day. Read those:

[*He gives him a Paper, wherein is the Copy of a Song.*
They'll go unto the Air you love so well.

Try 'em unto the Note, may be the Musick
Will call her sooner; light, she's here! Sing quickly:

VOL. IV:

T

Mrs. Fitz.

Mrs. Fit. Either he understood him not; or else,
The Fellow was not faithful in delivery
Of what I bad. And, I am justly pay'd,
That might have made my Profit of his Service,
But by mistaking, have drawn on his Envy,
And done the worse Defeat upon my self.

[*Manly sings; Pug enters and perceives it.*
How! Musick? then he may be there: and is sure.

Pug. O! Is it so? Is there the Interview?
Have I drawn to you, at last, my cunning *Lady*?
The *Devil* is an *Ass*! fool'd off! and beaten!
Nay, made an Instrument! and could not scent it!
Well, since you've shewn the Malice of a Woman,
No less than her true Wit and Learning, Mistress,
I'll try, if little *Pug* have the Malignity
To recompence it, and so save his danger.
'Tis not the Pain, but the Discredit of it,
The *Devil* should not keep a Body intire.

Wit. Away, fall back, she comes.

Man. I'll leave you, Sir,
The Master of my Chamber. I have business.

Wit. Mistress!

Mrs. Fit. You make me Paint, Sir. [ceive

Wit. They're fair Colours, *Lady*, and natural! I did re-
Some Commands from you, lately, gentle *Lady*,

[*This Scene is acted at two Windows, as out of two
contiguous Buildings.*

But so perplex'd, and wrap'd in the Delivery,
As I may fear to have mis-interpreted:
But must make Suit still, to be near your Grace.

Mrs. Fit. Who is there with you, Sir?

Wit. None but my self.

It falls out, *Lady*, to be a dear Friend's Lodging.
Wherein there's some Conspiracy of Fortune
With your poor Servant's blest Affections.

Mrs. Fit. Who was it sung?

Wit. He, *Lady*, but he's gone,
Upon my Entreaty of him, seeing you

Approach the Window. Neither need you doubt him
If he were here; he is too much a Gentleman.

Mrs. Fit. Sir, if you judge me by this simple Action;
And by the outward Habit, and Complexion
Of Easiness it hath, to your Design;
You may with Justice say, I am a Woman:
And a strange Woman. But when you shall please
To bring but that concurrence of my Fortune
To Memory, which to day your self did urge;
It may beget some Favour like Excuse,
Though none like Reason.

Wit. No, my tuneful Mistress?
Then, surely, *Love* hath none; nor *Beauty* any;
Nor *Nature* violenced in both these:
With all whose gentle Tongues you speak, at once:
I thought I had enough remov'd already
That Scruple from your Breast, and left y'all Reason;
When thro' my Morning's Perspective I shew'd you
A Man so above Excuse, as he is the Cause,
Why any thing is to be done upon him;
And nothing call'd an Injury misplac'd.
I rather now had hope, to shew you how *Love*
By his Accesses grows more Natural:
And what was done this Morning with such force;
Was but devis'd to serve the present, then.
That since *Love* hath the Honour to approach

[*He grows more familiar in his Courtship.*

These Sister-swelling Breasts; and touch this soft
And roscie Hand; he hath the Skill to draw
Their *Nectar* forth, with kissing; and could make
More wanton 'faults, from this brave Promontory,
Down to this Valley, than the nimble *Roe*;

[*Plays with her Paps, kisseth her Hands, &c.*
Could play the hopping *Sparrow* 'bout these Nets;
And sporting *Squirrel* in these crisped Groves;
Bury himself in every *Silk-worm's* Kell,
Is here unravell'd; run into the Snare,
Which every Hair is cast into a Curl,

To catch a *Cupid* flying: Bath himself
 In Milk and Roses here, and dry him there;
 Warm his cold Hands, to play with this smooth, round,
 And well-turn'd Chin, as with the Billyard-ball;
 Rowl on these Lips, the Banks of Love, and there
 At once both plant and gather Kisses. Lady,
 Shall I, with what I have made to day here, call
 All Sense to Wonder, and all Faith to sign
 The Mysteries revealed in your Form?
 And will *Love* pardon me the Blasphemy
 I utter'd, when I said, a Glass could speak
 This Beauty, or that Fools had Power to judge it?

*Do but look on her Eyes! they do light——
 All that Love's World comprizeth!
 Do but look on her Hair! it is bright
 As Love's Star, when it riseth!
 Do but mark, her Forehead's smoother
 Than Words that sooth her!
 And from her arched Brows, such a Grace
 Sheds it self through the Face;
 As alone, there Triumphs to the Life,
 All the Gain, all the Good, of the Elements strife!*

*Have you seen but a bright Lilly grow,
 Before rude Hands have touch'd it?
 Have you mark'd but the fall of the Snow,
 Before the Soil hath smutch'd it?
 Have you felt the Wooll o' the Beaver?
 Or Swan's Down, ever?
 Or have smelt o' the Bud o' the Bryer?
 Or the Nard i' the Fire?
 Or have tasted the Bag o' the Bee?
 O, so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet is she!*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Fitz-dottrel, Wittipol, Pug.

Her Husband appears at her Back.

Fit. Is she so, Sir? and I will keep her so;
If I know how, or can: that wit of Man
Will do't, I'll go no farther. At this Window
She shall no more be *buzz'd* at. Take your leave on't;
If you be sweet Meats, Wedlock, or sweet Flesh,
All's one: I do not love this *hum* about you.
A Fly-blown Wife is not so proper; in:
For you, Sir, look to hear from me.

[He speaks out of his Wife's Window.]

Wit. So I do, Sir.

Fit. No, but in other terms. There's no Man offers
This to my Wife, but pays for't.

Wit. That have I, Sir.

Fit. Nay then, I tell you, you are.

Wit. What am I, Sir?

Fit. Why, that I'll think on, when I ha' cut your

Wit. Go, you are an *Ass*.

[Throat.]

Fit. I am resolv'd on't, Sir.

Wit. I think you are.

Fit. To call you to a reckoning.

Wit. Away you Broker's Block, you Property.

Fit. Slight, if you strike me, I'll strike your Mistress.

[He strikes his Wife.]

Wit. O! I could shoot mine Eyes at him for that
now,

Or leave my Teeth in him, were they Cuckold's bane
Enough to kill him. What prodigious,

Blind, and most wicked change of Fortune's this?

I ha' no Air of Patience: all my Veins

Swell, and my Sinews start at iniquity of it.

I shall break, break.

[The Devil speaks below.]

T 3,

Pug.

Pug. This for the Malice of it,
And my Revenge may pass! But, now, my Conscience
Tells me, I have profited the Cause of Hell
But little, in the breaking off their Loves.
Which, if some other act of mine repair not,
I shall hear ill of in my account.

Fitz-dottrel enters with his Wife as come down.

Fit. O, Bird!

Could you do this? 'gainst me? and at this time, now?
When I was so employ'd, wholly for you,
Drown'd i' my care (more than the Land, I swear,
I have hope to win) to make you peerless? studying
For Footmen for you, fine pac'd Huishers, Pages,
To serve you o' the Knee; with what Knight's Wife
To bear your Train, and sit with your four Women
In Council, and receive Intelligences
From foreign parts, to dress you at all Pieces!
You've (a'most) turn'd my good Affection to you;
Sowr'd my sweet Thoughts, all my pure Purposes:
I could now find (i' my very Heart) to make
Another *Lady Dutcheß*, and depose you.
Well, go your ways in. *Devil*, you have redeem'd all.
I do forgive you. And I'll do you good.

SCENE VIII.

Meercraft, Fitz-dottrel, Engine, Trains.

Meer. Why ha' you these Excursions? where ha' been, Sir?

Fit. Where I ha' been vex'd a little with a Toy!

Meer. O Sir! no Toys must trouble your grave Head,
Now it is growing to be great. You must
Be above all those things.

Fit. Nay, nay, so I will.

Meer. Now you are to'ard the Lord, you must put
The Man, Sir.

Eng.

Eng. He says true.

Meer. You must do nothing
As you ha' done it heretofore; not know,
Or salute any Man.

Eng. That was your Bedfellow
The other Month.

Meer. The other Month? the Week.
Thou dost not know the Privileges, *Engine*,
Follow that Title; nor how swift: To day,
When he has put on his Lord's Face once, then —

Fitz. Sir, for these things I shall do well enough;
There is no fear of me. But then, my Wife is
Such an untoward thing, she'll never learn
How to comport with it! I am out of all
Conceit, on her behalf.

Meer. Best have her taught, Sir.

Fitz. Where? Are there any Schools for Ladies?
Is there

An *Academy* for Women? I do know
For Men there was: I learn'd in it my self
To make my Legs, and do my Postures.

Eng. Sir,
Do you remember the conceit you had —
O' the *Spanish* Gown, at home?

[*Engine whispers* Meercraft: Meercraft
turns to Fitz-dottrel.

Meer. Ha! I do thank thee
With all my Heart, dear *Engine*. Sir, there is
A certain Lady, here about the Town,
An *English* Widow, who hath lately travell'd,
But she's call'd the *Spaniard*, cause she came
Latest from thence, and keeps the *Spanish* habit:
Such a rare woman! all our women here,
That are of spirit and fashion, flock unto her,
As to their President; their Law, their Canon;
More than they ever did to Oracle Foreman.
Such rare Receipts she has, Sir, for the Face,
Such Oils, such Tinctures, such Pomatums,

Such *Perfumes, Medicines, Quintessences, &c.*
 And such a Mistress of behaviour,
 She knows from the *Duke's* Daughter to the *Doxey*,
 What is their due just, and no more!

Fit. O Sir!

You please me i' this, more than mine own greatness.
 Where is she? Let us have her.

Meer. By your patience,

We must use means, cast how to be acquainted —

Fit. Good Sir, about it.

Meer. We must think how, first.

Fit. O!

I do not love to tarry for a thing,
 When I have a mind to't. You do not know me,
 If you do offer it.

Meer. Your Wife must send
 Some pretty token to her, with a compliment,
 And pray to be receiv'd in her good Graces.
 All the great *Ladies* do't.

Fit. She shall, she shall,
 What were it best to be?

Meer. Some little Toy,
 I would not have it any great matter, Sir:
 A *Diamond Ring* of *forty* or *fifty* Pound,
 Would do it handsomely, and be a gift
 Fit for your Wife to send, and her to take.

Fit. I'll go and tell my Wife on't straight,

[*Fitz-dottrel goes out.*]

Meer. Why this
 Is well! The Clothes we have now, but where's this
Lady?

If we could get a witty Boy now, *Engine*,
 That were an excellent crack. I could instruct him
 To the true height. For any thing takes this *Dottrel*.

Eng. Why, Sir, your best will be one o' the *Players*!

Meer. No, there's no trusting them. They'll talk
 And tell their *Poets*. [on't,

Eng. What if they do? the Jest

Will

Will brook the Stage. But there be some of 'em
Are very honest Lads. There's *Dick Robinson*
A very pretty Fellow, and comes often
To a Gentleman's Chamber, a Friend's of mine. We had
The merriest Supper of it there, one night,
The Gentleman's Landlady invited him
T' a Gossips Feast: Now he, Sir, brought *Dick Robin-*
Drest like a Lawyer's Wife, amongst 'em all; [Son,
(I lent him Cloaths) but to see him behave it,
And lay the Law, and carve and drink unto 'em,
And then talk baudy, and send Frolicks! O!
It would have burst your Buttons, or not left you
A Scam.

Meer. They say he's an ingenious Youth!

Eng. O Sir! and dresses himself the best! beyond
Forty o' your very *Ladies!* did you ne'er see him?

Mer. No, I do seldom see those Toys. But think
That we may have him? [you

Eng. Sir, the young Gentleman
I tell you of can command him. Shall I attempt it?

Meer. Yes, do it. [Fit. enters again.

Fit. 'Slight, I cannot get my Wife
To part with a Ring on any terms, and yet
The fullen *Monkey* has two.

Meer. It were 'gainst Reason
That you should urge it; Sir, send to a Goldsmith,
Let not her lose by't.

Fit. How does she lose by't?
Is't not for her?

Meer. Make it your own bounty,
It will ha'the better success; what is a matter
Of fifty Pound to you, Sir?

Fit. I have but a hundred
Pieces, to shew here; that I would not break —

Meer. You shall ha' credit, Sir. I'll send a Ticket
Unto my Goldsmith. Here my Man comes too,
To

To carry it fitly. How now, *Trains*? What Birds?

[*Trains enters.*]

Tra. Your Cousin *Ever-ill* met me, and has beat me, Because I would not tell him where you were: I think he has dog'd me to the House too.

Fit. Well —

You shall go out at the back-door then, *Trains*. You must get *Gilt-head* hither by some means.

Tra. 'Tis impossible!

Fit. Tell him we have *Venison*, I'll gi' him a piece, and send his Wife a *Pheasant*.

Tra. A Forest moves not, 'till that forty Pound Yo' had of him last be paid. He keeps more stir For that same petty sum, than for your Bond Of Six, and Statute of Eight hundred!

Fit. Tell him

We'll hedge in that. Cry up *Fitz-dottrel* to him, Double his price: Make him a Man of mettall.

Tra. That will not need, his Bond is current enough.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Gilt-head, Plutarchus.

Gilt. ALL this is to make you a Gentleman:
 I'll have you learn, Son. Wherefore have
 I plac'd you
 With Sir Poule *Escher-side*, but t' have so much Law
 To keep your own? Besides, he is a *Justice*,
 Here i' the Town; and dwelling, Son, with him,
 You shall learn that in a Year, shall be worth twenty
 Of having staid you at *Oxford* or at *Cambridge*,
 Or sending you to the *Inns of Court*, or *France*.
 I am call'd for now in haste by Master *Meer-craft*,
 To trust Master *Fitz-dottrel*, a good Man:
 I have enquir'd him eighteen hundred a Year,

(His

(His name is currant) for a Diamond Ring
Of forty, shall not be worth thirty (that's gain'd)
And this is to make you a Gentleman!

Plu. O, but good Father, you trust too much!

Gilt. Boy, boy,

We live by finding Fools out to be trusted.
Our Shop-books are our Pastures, our Corn-grounds,
We lay 'em open, for them to come into;
And when we have 'em there, we drive 'em up
Int' one of our Pounds, the *Compters*, straight,
And this is to make you a Gentleman!
We Citizens never trust, but we do cozen:
For, if our Debtors pay, we cozen them;
And if they do not, then we cozen our selves.
But that's a hazard every one must run,
That hopes to makes his Son a Gentleman!

Plu. I do not wish to be one, truly, Father.
In a descent or two we come to be
Just i' their State, fit to be cozen'd, like 'em.
And I had rather ha' tarried i' your Trade:
For, since the *Gentry* scorn the City so much,
Methinks we should in time, holding together,
And matching in our own Tribes, as they say,
Have got an *Act* of *Common-Council* for it,
That we might cozen them out of *verum natura*.

Gilt. I, if we had an *Act* first to forbid
The marrying of our wealthy Heirs unto 'em,
And Daughters with such lavish Portions.
That confounds all.

Plu. And makes a *Mungril* breed, Father.
And when they have your Money, then they laugh
at you,
Or kick you down the Stairs. I cannot abide 'em.
I would fain have 'em cozen'd, but not trusted,

SCENE II.

Meer-craft, Gilt-head, Fitz-dottrel, Plutarchus.

Meer. O, is he come! I knew he would not fail
 Welcome, good *Gilt-head*, I must ha' you do [mc.
 A noble Gentleman a courtesie here,
 In a meer toy (some pretty Ring or Jewel)
 Or fifty or threescore Pound. (Make it a hundred,
 And hedge in the last forty that I owe you,
 And your own price for the Ring.) He's a good Man,
 And you may hap' see him a great one! He [Sir,
 Is likely to bestow hundreds and thousands
 Wi' you, if you can humour him. A great Prince
 He will be shortly. What do you say?

Gilt. In truth, Sir,
 I cannot. 'T has been a long vacation with us.

Fitz. Of what, I pray thee, of Wit or Honesty?
 Those are your Citizens long vacations.

Plu. Good Father, do not trust 'em.

Meer. Nay, *Thom.* *Gilt-head*,
 He will not buy a courtesie and beg it:
 He'll rather pay than pray. If you do for him,
 You must do chearfully. His credit, Sir,
 Is not yet prostitute! Who's this, thy Son?
 A pretty Youth, what's his name?

Plu. *Plutarchus*, Sir.

Meer. *Plutarchus*! How came that about?

Gilt. That Year, Sir,
 That I begot him, I bought *Plutarch's Lives*,
 And fell s' in love with the Book, as I call'd my Son,
 By his name, in hope he should be like him,
 And write the Lives of our great Men!

Meer. I' the City?
 And you do breed him there?

Gilt. His mind, Sir, lies
 Much to that way.

Meer

Meer. Why, then he is i' the right way.

Gilt. But now, I had rather get him a good Wife,
And plant him i' the Country, there to use
The blessing I shall leave him.

Meer. Out upon't!

And lose the laudable means thou hast at home here,
T' advance and make him a young *Alderman*?
Buy him a Captain's place for shame, and let him
Into the World early, and with his Plume
And Scarfs march through *Cheapside*, or along *Cornhill*,
And by the vertue of those, draw down a Wife
There from a Window worth ten thousand Pound!
Get him the Posture-book and's leaden Men
To set upon a Table 'gainst his Mistress
Chance to come by, that he may draw her in,
And shew her *Finsbury Battles*.

Gilt. I have plac'd him
With Justice *Eitherside*, to get so much Law —

Meer. As thou hast Conscience. Come, come, thou
dost wrong
Pretty *Plutarchus*, who had not his name
For nothing, but was born to train the Youth
Of *London* in the Military truth —
That way his *Genius* lies. My Cousin *Ever-ill*!

SCENE III.

Ever-ill, Plutarchus, Gilt-head, Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel.

Ever. O, are you here, Sir? pray you let us whisper.

Plu. Father, dear Father, trust him if you love me.

Gilt. Why, I do mean it, Boy; but what I do
Must not come easily from me: We must deal
With *Courtiers*, Boy, as *Courtiers* deal with us.
If I have a *Business* there with any of them,
Why I must wait, I'm sure on't, Son; and though
My Lord dispatch me, yet his worshipful Man —
Will keep me for his sport a Month or two,
To shew me with my Fellow-Citizens.

I must make his Train long, and full, one quarter,
And help the spectacle of his greatness. There
Nothing is done at once but injuries, Boy, [not,
And they come headlong! all their good turns move
Or very slowly.

Plu. Yet, sweet Father, trust him.

Gilt. Well, I will think.

Ever. Come, you must do't, Sir.

I'm undone else, and your *Lady Tail-bush*
Has sent for me to dinner, and my Cloaths
Are all at pawn. I had sent out this morning,
Before I heard you were come to Town, some twenty
Of my Epistles, and no one return —

[*Meer-craft tells him of his faults.*

Meer. Why, I ha' told you o'this. This comes of
wearing

Scarlet, Gold-lace, and Cut-works! your fine Gartring!
With your blown Roses, Cousin! and your eating
Pheasant, and *God-wit*, here in *London*! haunting
The *Globes* and *Mermaids*! wedging in with *Lords*
Still at the Table! and affecting Lechery
In Velvet! where could you ha' contented your self
With Cheese, salt Butter, and a pickled Herring,
I'the Low-countries; there worn Cloth and Fustian!
Been satisfied with a leap o' your Host's Daughter,
In Garrison, a Wench of a Storer! or,
Your *Sutler's* Wife, i'the Leaguer, of two Blanks!
You never then had run upon this flat,
To write your Letters missive, and send out
Your privy Seals, that thus have frightened off
All your acquaintance, that they shun you at distance,
Worse than you do the Bayliffs.

Ever. Pox upon you,

I come not to you for Counsel, I lack Money.

[*He repines.*

Meer. You do not think what you owe me already.

Ever. I?

They owe you that mean to pay you. I'll be sworn

I never meant it. Come, you will project,
I shall undo your Practice, for this Month else:
You know me.

[And threatens him.]

Meer. I, you're a right sweet Nature!

Ever. Well, that's all one!

Meer. You'll leave this Empire one day?
You will not ever have this Tribute paid,
Your Scepter o' the Sword?

Ever. Tie up your Wit,
Do, and provoke me not——

Meer. Will you, Sir, help
To what I shall provoke another for you?

Ever. I cannot tell; try me: I think I am not
So utterly, of an Ore un-to-be-melted,
But I can do my self good, on occasions. *[They join.]*

Meer. Strike in then, for your part. Mr. *Fitz-dottrel*,
If I transgress in point of Manners, afford me
Your best construction; I must beg my freedom
From your Affairs, this day.

Fit. How, Sir?

Meer. It is
In succour of this Gentleman's Occasions,
My Kinsman—— *[Meercraft pretends Business.]*

Fit. You'll not do me that Affront, Sir.

Meer. I am sorry you should so interpret it.
But, Sir, it stands upon his being invested
In a new Office, he has stood for, long:

[Meer-craft describes the Office of Dependency.]
Master of the Dependances! A Place
Of my Projection too, Sir, and hath met
Much Opposition; but the State, now, sees
That great Necessity of it, as after all
Their writing, and their speaking, against *Duels*,
They have erected it. His Book is drawn——
For, since there will be Differences daily
'Twixt Gentlemen, and that the roaring manner
Is grown offensive; that those few, we call
The civil Men o' the Sword, abhor the Vapours;

They

They shall refer now, hither, for their *Process*;
And such as trespass 'gainst the Rule of Court
Are to be fin'd——

Fit. In troth, a pretty Place!

Meer. A kind of Arbitrary Court 'twill be, Sir.

Fit. I shall have matter for it, I believe,
Ere it be long: I had a Distaste.

Meer. But now, Sir,
My learned Council, they must have a feeling,
They'll part, Sir, with no Books, without the Hand-gout
Be oil'd; and I must furnish. If't be Money,
To me straight; I am *Mine*, *Mint*, and *Exchequer*,
To supply all. What is't? a hundred Pound?

Ever. No, th' *Harpey* now stands on a hundred Pieces!

Meer. Why, he must have 'em, if he will. To mor-
Will equally serve your Occasions—— [row, Sir,
And therefore, let me obtain, that you will yield
To timing a poor Gentleman's Distresses,
In terms of hazard.——

Fit. By no means!

Mer. I must
Get him this Money, and will.——

Fit. Sir, I protest,
I'd rather stand engag'd for it my self;
Than you should leave me.

Meer. O good Sir, do you think
So courly of our Manners, that we would,
For any need of ours, be prest to take it:
Though you be pleas'd to offer it.

Fit. Why, by Heaven
I mean it!

Meer. I can never believe less.
But we, Sir, must preserve our Dignity,
As you do publish yours. By your fair leave, Sir.
[He offers to be gone.

Fit. As I am a Gentleman, if you do offer
To leave me now, or if you do refuse me,
I will not think you love me.

Meer,

Meer. Sir, I honour you,
And with just Reason, for these noble Notes
Of the Nobility you pretend to: But, Sir—
I would know, why? a Motive (he a Stranger)
You should do this?

(*Ever.* You'll mar all with your Fineness.)

Fit. Why that's all one, if 'twere, Sir, but my fancy.
But I have a *Business*, that perhaps I'd have
Brought to his *Office*.

Meer. O Sir! I have done then;
If he can be made profitable to you.

Fit. Yes, and it shall be one of my Ambitions
To have it the first *Business*: May I not?

Ever. So you do mean to make't a perfect *Business*.

Fit. Nay, I'll do that, assure you: shew me once.

Meer. Sir, it concerns, the first be a perfect *Business*,
For his own Honour!

Ever. I, and th' Reputation
Too, of my Place:

Fit. Why, why do I take this course, else?
I am not altogether an *Ass*, good Gentlemen,
Wherefore should I consult you? do you think,
To make a Song on't? How's your manner? tell us:

Meer. Do, satisfy him: give him the whole course.

Ever. First, by request, or otherwise, you offer
Your *Business* to the Court; wherein you crave
The Judgment of the *Master* and the *Assistants*.

Fit. Well, that's done now; what do you upon it?

Ever. We strait, Sir, have recourse to the Spring-
Visit the Ground, and so disclose the nature; [head:
If it will carry, or no. If we do find,
By our proportions, it is like to prove
A fullen and black Bus'ness, that it be
Incorrigible, and out of Treaty; then
We file it, a *Dependance*!

Fit. So 'tis fil'd:

What follows? I do love the Order of these things:

Ever. We then advise the Party, if he be

A Man of Means and Havings, that forthwith
He settle his Estate; if not, at least
That he pretend it: For, by that, the World
Takes notice, that it now is a *Dependance*.
And this we call, Sir, *Publication*.

Fit. Very sufficient! After *Publication*, now?

Ever. Then we grant out our *Process*, which is divers;
Either by *Chartel*, Sir, or *Ore-remus*,
Wherein the Challenger, and Challengee,
Or (with your *Spaniard*) your *Provocador*,
And *Provocado*, have their several courses——

Fit. I have enough on't! for an hundred Pieces?
Yes, for two hundred, under-write me, do.
Your Man will take my Bond?

Meer. That he will, sure:

But, these same Citizens, they are such Sharks!
There's an old Debt of forty, I ga' my word
For one is run away to the *Bermudas*,
And he will hook in that, or he wi' not do.

[*He whispers Fitz-dottrel aside.*]

Fit. Why, let him. That and the Ring, and a hun-
Will all but make two hundred? [dred Pieces,

Meer. No, no more, Sir.

What ready Arithmetick you have! Do you hear?

[*And then Gilt-head.*]

A pretty Morning's Work for you, this! Do it,
You shall ha' twenty Pound on't.

Gilt. Twenty Pieces?

(*Plu.* Good Father, do't.)

Meer. You will hook still? well,
Shew us your Ring. You could not ha' done this now,
With gentleness, at first, we might ha' thank'd you;
But groan, and ha' your Courtesies come from you
Like a hard stool, and stink. A Man may draw
Your Teeth out easier than your Money. Come,
Were little *Gilt-head* here, no better a Nature,
I should ne'er love him, that could pull his Lips off,
now.

[*He pulls Plutarchus by the Lips.*]

Was

Was not thy Mother a Gentlewoman?

Plu. Yes, Sir.

Meer. And went to the Court at *Christmas*, and St.
And lent the Lords-men Chains! [*George's-tide?*]

Plu. Of Gold and Pearl, Sir.

Meer. I knew thou must take after somebody!
Thou could'st not be else. This was no Shop-look!
I'll ha' thee Captain *Gilt-head*, and march up,
And take in *Pimlico*, and kill the Bush
At every Tavern! Thou shalt have a Wife,
If Smocks will mount, Boy. How now? you ha' there
Some *Bristow-stone*, or *Cornish* Counterfeit [now
You'd put upon us? [*He turns to old Gilt-head.*

Gilt. No, Sir, I assure you.

Look on his Lustre! he will speak himself!
I'll gi' you leave to put him i' the Mill,
H' is no great, large Stone, but a true *Paragon*,
H' has all his Corners, view him well.

Meer. H' is yellow.

Gilt. Upo' my faith, Sir, o' the right black-water,
And very deep! H' is set without a Foil, too.
Here's one o' the yellow-water, I'll sell cheap.

Meer. And what do you value this at? thirty Pound?

Gilt. No, Sir, he cost me forty ere he was set.

Meer. Turnings, you mean? I know your *Equivocs*:
You're grown the better Fathers of 'em o' late.
Well, where't must go 'twill be judg'd, and therefore
Look you't be right. You shall have fifty Pound for't.
[*Now to Fitz-dottrel.*

Not a *Denier* more! And because you would
Have things dispatch'd, Sir, I'll go presently,
Inquire out this *Lady*. If you think good, Sir,
Having an hundred Pieces ready, you may
Part with those now, to serve my Kinsman's turns,
'That he may wait upon you anon the freer;
And take 'em, when you ha' seal'd again, of *Gilt-head*.

Fitz. I care not if I do!

Meer. And dispatch all
Together.

Fit. There, they're just a hundred Pieces;
I ha' told 'em over twice a day these two Months.

[He turns 'em out together; and Ever-ill and he fall to share.]

Meer. Well, go and seal then, Sir; make your return
As speedy as you can.

Ever. Come, gi' me.

Meer. Soft, Sir.

Ever. Marry, and fair too then; I'll no delaying, Sir.

Meer. But you will hear?

Ever. Yes, when I have my Dividend.

Meer. There's forty Pieces for you.

Ever. What is this for? *[twenty.]*

Meer. Your half. You know, that *Gilt-head* must ha'

Ever. And what's your Ring there? Shall I ha' none

Meer. O, that's to be given to a Lady! *[o' that?]*

Ever. Is't so?

Meer. By that good light, it is.

Ever. Come, gi' me

Ten Pieces more, then.

Meer. Why?

Ever. For *Gilt-head*? Sir,

D'you think I'll allow him any such Share?

Meer. You must.

Ever. Must I? Do your musts, Sir, I'll do mine;
You wi' not part with the whole, Sir, will you? Go too,
Gi' me ten Pieces!

Meer. By what Law do you this?

Ever. E'en Lyon-law, Sir, I must roar else.

Meer. Good!

Ever. You've heard how th' *Ass* made his Divisions

Meer. And I am he: I thank you. *[wisely?]*

Ever. Much good do you, Sir.

Meer. I shall be rid o' this Tyranny one day.

Ever. Not

While you do eat, and lie about the Town here,
And cozen i' your Bullions; and I stand
Your name of Credit, and compound your business;
Adjourn

Adjourn your Beatings every Term, and make New Parties for your Projects. I have now A pretty Task of it, to hold you in Wi' your *Lady Tail-bush*: But the Toy will be How we shall both come off?

Meer. Leave you your doubting,
And do your Portion, what's assign'd you: I
Never fail'd yet.

Ever. With reference to your Aids?
You'll still be unthankful. Where shall I meet you,
anon?

You ha' some Feat to do alone, now, I see;
You wish me gone; well, I will find you out,
And bring you after to the Audit.

Meer. Slight!

There's *Engine's* Share too, I had forgot! This Reign
Is too-too-unsupportable! I must
Quit my self of this Vassalage! *Engine!* welcome.

SCENE IV.

Meer-craft, Engine, Wittipol.

Meer. How goes the Cry?

Eng. Excellent well!

Meer. Will't do?

Where's *Robinson*?

Eng. Here is the Gentleman, Sir,
Will undertake't himself. I have acquainted him.

Meer. Why did you so?

Eng. Why, *Robinson* would ha'told him,
You know. And he's a pleasant Wit! will hurt
Nothing you purpose. Then, he's of Opinion,
That *Robinson* might want Audacity.
She being such a Gallant. Now, he has been
In *Spain*, and knows the Fashions there; and can
Discourse; and being but Mirth (he says) leave much
To his care.

U 3

Meer.

Meer. But he is too tall! [*He excepts at his Stature.*]

Eng. For that,

He has the bravest Device (you'll love him for't)

To say, he wears *Gioppinos*; and they do so

In *Spain*. And *Robinson's* as tall as he.

Meer. Is he so?

Eng. Every jot.

Meer. Nay, I had rather

To trust a Gentleman with it o' the two. [*him*]

Eng. Pray you to go to him then, Sir, and salute

Meer. Sir, my Friend *Engine* has acquainted you

With a strange *business* here.

Wit. A merry one, Sir.

The Duke of *Drown'd-land* and his *Dutchess*?

Meer. Yes, Sir.

Now that the *Conjurers* ha' laid him by,

I ha' made bold to borrow him awhile.

Wit. With purpose, yet, to put him out, I hope,
To his best use.

Meer. Yes, Sir.

Wit. For that small part

That I am trusted with, put off your care:

I would not lose to do it, for the mirth

Will follow of it; and well, I have a fancy.

Meer. Sir, that will make it well.

Wit. You will report it so.

Where must I have my dressing?

Eng. At my House, Sir.

Meer. You shall have caution, Sir, for what he
To Six Pence. [*yields,*]

Wit. You shall pardon me. I will share, Sir,

I' your Sports only, nothing i' your purchase.

But you must furnish me with Compliments, [*enna's.*]

To th' manner of *Spain*; my Coach, my *guarda du-*

Meer. *Engine's* your *Provedore*. But, Sir, I must

(Now I have entied trust wi' you thus far)

Secure still i' your Quality, acquaint you

With somewhat beyond this. The Place design'd

To

To be the *Scene* for this our merry Matter,
Because it must have countenance of Women,
To draw discourse, and offer it, is here by,
At the *Lady Tailbushes*.

Wit. I know her, Sir,
And her Gentleman-Uther.

Meer. Mr. Ambler!

Wit. Yes, Sir.

Meer. Sir, it shall be no shame to me, to confess
To you, that we poor Gentlemen that want Acres,
Must for our needs turn Fools up, and plough *Ladies*
Sometime, to try what gleb they are: and this
Is no unfruitful Piece. She and I now
Are on a Project, for the Fact, and venting
Of a new kind of *Fucus* (paint for *Ladies*)
To serve the Kingdom: wherein she her self
Hath travell'd, specially, by way of Service
Unto her Sex, and hopes to get the *Monopoly*,
As the Reward of her Invention.

Wit. What is her end in this?

Meer. Meerly Ambition,
Sir, to grow great, and court it with the Secret,
Though she pretend some other. For, she's dealing
Already upon caution for the shares,
And Mr. Ambler, is he nam'd *Examiner*
For the Ingredients; and the *Register*
Of what is vented, and shall keep the *Office*.
Now, if she break with you, of this (as I
Must make the leading Thread to your acquaintance,
That, how Experience gotten i' your being
Abroad, will help our Business) think of some
Pretty Additions, but to keep her floating:
It may be she will offer you a Part,
Any strange Names of ———

Wit. Sir, I have my Instructions.
Is it not high time to be making ready?

Meer. Yes, Sir.

Eng. The Fool's in fight, *Dottrel*,

Meer. Away then.

SCENE V.

Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Pug.

Meer. Return'd so soon?

Fit. Yes, here's the Ring: I ha' seal'd.

But there's not so much Gold in all the Row, he says--

'Till't come fro' the Mint. 'Tis ta'en up for the Game--

Meer. There's a Shop-shift! plague on 'em. [sters.

Fit. He does swear it.

Meer. He'll swear and forswear too, it is his Trade,
You should not have left him.

Fit. 'Slid, I can go back,
And beat him yet.

Meer. No, now let him alone.

Fit. I was so earnest after the main *Business*,
To have this Ring gone.

Meer. True, and 'tis time.

I have learn'd, Sir, sin' you went, her *Ladyship* eats
With the *Lady Tail-bush*, here hard by.

Fit. I' the Lane here?

Meer. Yes, if you had a Servant now of Presence,
Well cloath'd, and of an airy voluble Tongue,
Neither too big or little for his Mouth,
That could deliver your Wife's Compliment,
To send along withal.

Fit. I have one, Sir,
A very handsome Gentleman-like fellow,
That I do mean to make my *Dutchess's* *Usher* ———
I entertain'd him but this Morning too:
I'll call him to you. The worst of him is his Name!

Meer. She'll take no note of that, but of his Mes-
sage. [He shews him his Pug.

Fit. Devil! How like you him, Sir. Pace, go a little,
Let's see you move.

Meer.

Meer. He'll serve, Sir; give it him,
And let him go along with me, I'll help
To present him and it.

Fit. Look you do, Sirrah,
Discharge this well, as you expect your Place.
D'you hear, go on, come off with all your Honours.
[*Gives him Instructions.*]

I would fain see him do it.

Meer. Trust him with it.

Fit. Remember kissing of your Hand, and answering
With the *French* time, in flexure of your Body.
I could now so instruct him — and for his words —

Meer. I'll put them in his Mouth.

Fit. O, but I have 'em
O' the very *Academies*.

Meer. Sir, you'll have use for 'em
Anon your self, I warrant you, after Dinner,
When you are call'd.

Fit. 'Slight, that'll be just Play-time.

[*He longs to see the Play.*]
It cannot be, I must not lose the *Play*!

Meer. Sir, but you must, if she appoint to sit.
And she's President.

Fit. 'Slid, it is the *Devil*! [*Because it is the Devil.*]

Meer. And 'twere his Dam too, you must now ap-
Your self, Sir, to this wholly, or lose all. [ply

Fit. If I could but see a Piece —

Meer. Sir, never think on't.

Fit. Come but to one Act, and I did not care —
But to be seen to rise and go away,
To vex the Players, and to punish their *Poet* —
Keep him in awe!

Meer. But say that he be one
Wi' not be aw'd! but laugh at you. How then?

Fit. That he shall pay for's Dinner himself.

Meer. Perhaps,
He would do that twice, rather than thank you.

*Come

Come get the *Devil* out of your Head, my Lord,
 (I'll call you so in private still) and take
 Your *Lordship* i' your mind. You were, sweet Lord,
 [He puts him in mind of his Quarrel.
 In talk to bring a *Business* to the Office.

Fit. Yes.

Meer. Why should not you, Sir, carry it o' your self,
 Before the Office be up? and shew the World
 You had no need of any man's direction,
 In Point, Sir, of sufficiency? I speak
 Against a Kinsman, but as one that tenders
 Your Grace's good.

Fit. I thank you; to proceed —

Meer. To *Publications*: ha' your *Deed* drawn presently,
 And leave me a blank to put in your *Feoffees*,
 One, two, or more, as you see cause —

Fit. I thank you

Heartily, I do thank you. Not a word more,
 I pray you, as you love me. Let me alone.
 That I could not think o' this as well as he?
 O, I could beat my infinite Blockhead! —

[He is angry with himself.

Meer. Come, we must this way.

Pug. How far is't?

Meer. Hard by here,

Over the way. Now, to atchieve this Ring
 From this same Fellow, that is to assure it,

[He thinks how to cozen the Bearer of the Ring.
 Before he give it. Though my *Spanish Lady*,
 Be a young Gentleman of means, and scorn
 To share, as he doth say, I do not know
 How such a Toy may tempt his *Ladyship*,
 And therefore, I think best it be assur'd.

Pug. Sir, be the *Ladies* brave we go unto?

Meer. O, yes.

Pug. And shall I see 'em, and speak to 'em?

Meer. What else? ha' you your false Beard about
 you, *Trains*?

[Questions his man.
Tra.

Tra. Yes.

Meer. And is this one of your double Cloaks?

Tra. The best of 'em.

Meer. Be ready then. Sweet Pitfall!

SCENE VI.

Meer-craft, Pitfall, Pug, Trains!

Meer. Come, I must buss ——— [*Offers to kiss.*]

Pit. Away.

Meer. I'll set thee up again.

Never fear that: canst thou get ne'er a Bird?

No *Thrushes* hungry? Stay 'till cold Weather come,

I'll help thee to an *Ousel* or a *Field-fare*.

Who's within with *Madam*?

Pit. I'll tell you straight.

[*She runs in in haste; he follows.*]

Meer. Please you stay here awhile, Sir, I'll go in.

Pug. I do so long to have a little Venery

While I am in this Body! I would taste

Of every Sin a little, if it might be,

After the manner of Man! *Sweet-heart!*

Pit. What would you, Sir?

[*Pug. leaps at Pitfall's coming in.*]

Pug. Nothing but fall in, to you, be your Black-bird,

My pretty *Pit* (as the Gentlemen said) your *Throats*:

Lye tame and taken with you; here is Gold!

To buy you so much new Stuffs from the Shop;

As I may take the old up ———

Tra. You must send, Sir,

The Gentleman the Ring.

[*Trains in his false Cloak brings a false Message, and gets the Ring.*]

Pug. There 'tis. Nay look,

Will you be foolish, *Pit*?

Pit.

Pit. This is strange rudeness.

Pug. Dear *Pit.*

Pit. I'll call, I swear.

Meer. Where are you, Sir?

Is your Ring ready? Go with me.

Pug. I sent it you.

[*Meer-craft follows presently, and asks for it.*

Meer. Me? When? by whom?

Pug. A Fellow here, e'en now,

Came for it i' your Name.

Meer. I sent none, sure.

My meaning ever was, you should deliver it

Your self: So was your Master's charge, you know.

[*Enter Trains as himself again:*

What Fellow was it, do you know him?

Pug. Here,

But now, he had it.

Meer. Saw you any, *Trains*?

Tra. Not I.

Pug. The Gentlewoman saw him.

Meer. Enquire.

Pug. I was so in earnest upon her, I mark'd not!

[*The Devil confesseth himself cozen'd.*

My devilish *Chief* has put me here in Flesh

To shame me! This dull Body I am in,

I perceive nothing with! I offer at nothing

That will succeed!

Tra. Sir, she saw none, she says.

Pug. *Satan* himself has ta'en a shape t' abuse me.

It could not be else!

Meer. This is above strange!

[*Meer-craft accuseth him of negligence.*

That you should be so retchless. What'll you do, Sir?

How you will answer this, when you are question'd?

Pug. Run from my Flesh, if I could: put off Man-kind!

This's such a scorn! and will be a new Exercise

For my *Arch-duke*! Woe to the several Cudgels

Must

Must suffer on this back! Can you no Succours, Sir?

[*He asketh aid.*]

Meer. Alas! the use of it is so present.

Pug. I ask,

Sir, Credit for another but till to morrow.

Meer. There is not so much time, Sir; but however,
The Lady is a noble Lady, and will
(To save a Gentleman from check) be intreated

[*Meer-craft promiseth faintly, yet comforts him:*
To say, she has receiv'd it.

Pug. Do you think so?

Will she be won?

Meer. No doubt, to such an Office,
It will be a Lady's Bravery and her Pride.

Pug. And not be known on't after, unto him?

Meer. That were a Treachery! Upon my word,
Be confident. Return unto your Master.
My *Lady President* sits this Afternoon,
Has ta'en the Ring, commends her Services
Unto your *Lady Dutcheſs*. You may say
She's a civil *Lady*, and does give her
All her Respects already: Bad you tell her,
She lives but to receive her wish'd Commandments,
And have the honour here to kiss her Hands,
For which she'll stay this hour yet. Hasten you
Your *Prince*, away.

Pug. And, Sir, you will take care
Th'excuse be perfect?

Meer. You confess your fears

[*The Devil is doubtful.*]

Too much.

Pug. The Shame is more, I'll quit you of either.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Tail-bush, Meer-craft, Manly?

Tai. A Pox upo' referring to *Commissioners*,
 I had rather hear that it were past the Seals:
 You *Courtiers* move so Snail-like i' your *Business*.
 Would I had not begun wi' you.

Meer. We must move,
Madam, in order, by degrees; not jump!

Tai. Why, there was Sir *John Money-man* could jump
 A *Business* quickly.

Meer. True, he had great Friends;
 But, because some, sweet *Madam*, can leap Ditches,
 We must not all shun to go over Bridges.
 The harder Parts, I make account, are done,

[He flatters her.]

Now 'tis referr'd. You are infinitely bound
 Unto the *Ladies*, they ha' so cry'd it up!

Tai. Do they like it then?

Meer. They ha' sent the *Spanish Lady*
 To gratulate with you —

Tai. I must send 'em thanks,
 And some Remembrances.

Meer. That you must, and visit 'em. Where's *Ambler*?

Tai. Lost, to day, we cannot hear of him.

Meer. Not, *Madam*?

Tai. No, in good faith. They say he lay not
 At home to night. And here has fall'n a *Business*
 Between your Cousin and Master *Manly*, has
 Unquieted us all.

Meer. So I hear, *Madam*.
 Pray you how was it?

Tai. Troth, it but appears
 Ill o' your Kinsman's part. You may have heard
 That *Manly* is a Sutor to me, I doubt not.

Meer.

The Devil is an Ass.

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Meer. I guess'd it, Madam.

Tai. And it seems, he trusted
Your Cousin to let fall some fair Reports
Of him unto me.

Meer. Which he did!

Tai. So far

From it, as he came in, and took him rayling
Against him.

Meer. How! and what said *Manly* to him?

Tai. Enough, I do assure you; and with that Scorn
Of him, and the Injury, as I do wonder
How *Ever-ill* bore it! But that Guilt undoes
Many Mens Valours.

Meer. Here comes *Manly*.

Man. Madam, I'll take my leave——

[*Manly offers to be gone.*]

Tai. You sha' not go, i' faith.

I'll ha' you stay, and see this *Spanish* Miracle,
Of our *English* Lady.

Man. Let me pray your Ladyship,
Lay your Commands on me some other time.

Tai. Now, I protest; and I will have all picc'd
And Friends again.

Man. It will be but ill solder'd!

Tai. You are too much affected with it.

Man. I cannot,
Madam, but think on't for th' Injustice.

Tai. Sir,
His Kinsman here is sorry.

Meer. Not I, Madam,
I am no kin to him, we but call Cousins;
[*Meercraft denies him.*]

And if we were, Sir, I have no Relation
Unto his Crimes.

Man. You are not urged with 'em.
I can accuse, Sir, none but mine own Judgment;
For though it were his Crime, so to betray me,
I'm sure, 'twas more mine own, at all to trust him:
But

But he therein did use but his old Manners,
And savour strongly what he was before.

Tai. Come, he will change.

Man. Faith, I must never think it.
Nor were it Reason in me to expect,
That for my sake, he should put off a Nature
He suck'd in with his Milk. It may be, Madam,
Deceiving Trust, is all he has to trust to:
If so, I shall be loth, that any hope
Of mine, should bate him of his means.

Tai. Y'are sharp, Sir.

This Act may make him honest!

Man. If he were

To be made honest by an Act of Parliament,
I should not alter i' my faith of him.

Tai. Either side!

Welcome, dear *Either side!* how hast thou done, good
Wench? [*She spies the Lady Either side.*]

Thou hast been a Stranger! I ha' not seen thee this Week.

SCENE II.

To them, Either side.

Eitb. Ever your Servant, Madam.

Tai. Where hast thou been?

I did so long to see thee.

Eitb. Visiting, and so tir'd!

I protest, Madam, 'tis a monstrous trouble!

Tai. And so it is. I swear I must to morrow
Begin my Visits (would they were over) at Court.
It tortures me, to think on 'em.

Eitb. I do hear

You ha' cause, Madam, your Suit goes on.

Tai. Who told thee?

Eitb. One that can tell: Mr. *Either side.*

Tai. O, thy Husband!

Yes faith, there's Life in't, now: It is referr'd.

If we once see it under the Seals, Wench, then,
Have with 'em for the great *Carroch*, Six Horses,
And the two *Coachmen*, with my *Ambler* bare,
And my three Women; we will live i' faith,
The Examples o' the Town, and govern it.
I'll lead the Fashion still.

Eitb. You do that now,
Sweet *Madam*.

Tai. O, but then I'll every day
Bring up some new Device. Thou and I, *Eitberside*,
Will first be in it, I will give it thee;
And they shall follow us. Thou shalt, I swear,
Wear every Month a new Gown out of it.

Eitb. Thank you, good *Madam*.

Tai. Pray thee call me *Tail-bush*,
As I thee *Eitberside*; I love not this *Madam*.

Eitb. Then I protest to you, *Tail-bush*, I am glad
Your *Business* so succeeds.

Tai. Thank thee, good *Eitberside*.

Eitb. But Master *Eitberside* tells me, that he likes
Your other *Business* better.

Tai. Which?

Eitb. O' the Tooth-picks.

Tai. I never heard on't.

Eitb. Ask Mr. *Meercraft*.

Meer. *Madam*? H'is one, in a word, I'll trust his Malice,
With any man's Credit, I would have abus'd!

[*Meercraft* hath whisper'd with him the while.]

Man. Sir, if you think you do please me in this,
You are deceiv'd.

Meer. No, but because my Lady
Nam'd him my Kinsman; I would satisfy you
What I think of him: and pray you upon it
To judge me.

Man. So I do: that ill mens Friendship,
Is as unfaithful as themselves.

Tai. Do you hear?

Ha' you a *Business* about Tooth-picks?

Meer. Yes Madam,
Did I ne'er tell't you? I meant to have offer'd it
Your Ladyship, on the perfecting the Patent.

Tai. How is't?

Meer. For serving the whole State with Tooth-
picks; [The Project for Tooth-picks.
(Somewhat an intricate *Business* to discourse) but—
I shew how much the Subject is abus'd,
First, in that one Commodity; then what Diseases
And Putrefactions in the Gums are bred,
By those are made of adult'rate and false Wood;
My Plot for Reformation of these, follows:
To have all Tooth-picks brought unto an Office,
There seal'd; and such as counterfeit 'em mulcted.
And last, for venting 'em, to have a Book
Printed, to teach their Use, which every Child
Shall have throughout the Kingdom that can read,
And learn to pick his Teeth by. Which beginning
Early to practise, with some other Rules,
Of never sleeping with the Mouth open, chewing
Some Grains of *Mastick*, will preserve the Breath
Pure and so free from taint—Ha' what is't, say'st thou?

[Trains his Man whispers him.

Tai. Good faith, it sounds a very pretty Business!

Eitb. So Mr. *Eitberside* says, Madam.

Meer. The Lady is come.

Tai. Is she? Good, wait upon her in. My *Ambler*
Was never so ill absent. *Eitberside*
How do I look to day? Am I not dress'd
Spruntly? [She looks in her Glass.

Fit. Yes verily, Madam.

Tai. Pox o' Madam,
Will you not leave that?

Eitb. Yes, good *Tailbush*.

Tai. So;

Sounds not that better? What vile *Fucus* is this
Thou hast got on?

Eitb. 'Tis *Pearl*.

Tai.

Tai. Pearl? Oyster-shells:

As I breath, *Eitherside*, I know't. Here comes
(They say) a wonder, Sirrah, has been in *Spain*?
Will teach us all! she's sent to me from Court,
To gratulate with me! Prithee let's observe her,
What Faults she has, that we may laugh at 'em,
When she is gone.

Eitb. That we will heartily, *Tail-bush*:

Wittipol enters.

Tai. O me! the very *Infanta* of the *Giants*!

SCENE III.

To them, *Meercraft*, *Wittipol*.

[*Wittipol* drest like a Spanish Lady.

Meer. Here is a noble Lady, Madam, come
From your great Friends at Court, to see your *Ladyship*,
And have the Honour of your Acquaintance.

Tai. Sir,

She does us Honour.

Wit. Pray you, say to her *Ladyship*,
It is the manner of *Spain* to embrace only,
Never to kiss. She will excuse the Custom.

[*Excuses himself for not kissing.*

Tai. Your use of it is Law. Please you, sweet Madam,
To take a Seat.

Wit. Yes, Madam. I have had
The favour, through a World of fair Report
To know your Virtues, Madam; and in that
Name, have desir'd the Happiness of presenting
My Service to your *Ladyship*.

Tai. Your Love, Madam,
I must not own it else.

Wit. Both are due, Madam,
To your great Undertakings.

Tai. Great? In troth, Madam,
They are my Friends, that think 'em any thing:
If I can do my Sex (by 'em) any Service,
I have my ends, Madam.

Wit. And they are noble ones,
That make a Multitude beholden, *Madam*:
The Commonwealth of *Ladies* must acknowledge from
Eirb. Except some envious, *Madam.* [you.

Wit. Y'are right in that, *Madam*,
Of which Race, I encountred some but lately.
Who ('t seems) have studyed Reasons to discredit
Your *Business*.

Tai. How, sweet *Madam*.

Wit. Nay, the Parties [Madam,
Wi' not be worth your pause——Most ruinous things,
That have put off all hope of being recover'd
To a degree of Handsomness.

Tai. But their Reasons, *Madam*?
I would fain hear.

Wit. Some, *Madam*, I remember.
They say that Painting quite destroys the Face——

Eirb. O, that's an old one, *Madam*.

Wit. There are new ones too.
Corrupts the Breath; hath left so little sweetness
In kissing, as 'tis now us'd but for Fashion;
And shortly will be taken for a Punishment.
Decays the Fore-teeth that should guard the Tongue;
And suffers that run Riot everlasting!
'And (which is worse) some *Ladies* when they meet
Cannot be merry and laugh, but they do spit
In one another's Faces!

Man. I should know
This Voice and Face too: [Manly begins to know him.

Wit. Then, they say, 'tis dangerous
To all the fal'n, yet well dispos'd *Mad-dams*,
That are industrious, and desire to earn
Their Living with their Sweat! for any Distemper
Of heat and motion, may displace the Colours;
And if the Paint once run about their Faces,
Twenty to one they will appear so ill-favour'd,
Their Servants run away too, and leave the Pleasure
Imperfect, and the Reckoning als' unpaid.

Eirb.

Eitb. Pox, these are Poets Reasons.

Tai. Some old *Lady*,

That keeps a *Poet*, has devis'd these Scandals.

Eitb. Faith we must have the *Poets* banish'd, *Madam*,
As Master *Eitberfide* says,

Meer. Master *Fitz-dottrel*,

And his Wife! where? *Madam*, the Duke of *Drown'd-*
That will be shortly. [land,

Wit. Is this my Lord?

Meer. The same.

SCENE IV.

To them, Fitz-dottrel, Mistress Fitz-dottrel, Pug.

Fit. Your Servant, *Madam*!

Wit. How now, Friend? offended,
That I have found your haunt here?

[*Wittipol whispers with Manly.*

Man. No, but wondring
At your strange fashion'd Venture hither.

Wit. It is

To shew you what they are you so pursue.

Man. I think 'twill prove a Med'cine against Mar-
To know their Manners. [riage;

Wit. Stay, and profit then.

Meer. The Lady, *Madam*, whose Prince has brought
To be instructed, [her here

[*He presents Mrs. Fitz-dottrel.*

Wit. Please you sit with us, *Lady*.

Meer. That's *Lady-President*.

Fit. A goodly Woman!

I cannot see the Ring, though,

Meer. Sir, she has it.

Tai. But, *Madam*, these are very feeble Reasons,

Wit. So I urg'd, *Madam*, that the new Complexion
Now to come forth, in name o' your *Ladyship's Fucus*,
Had no *Ingredient*——

Tai. But I durst eat, I assure you.

Wit. So do they in *Spain*.

Tai. Sweet Madam, be so liberal,
To give us some o' your *Spanish Fucussees*.

Wit. They are infinite, Madam.

Tai. So I hear, they have
Water of *Gourdes*, of *Radish*, the white *Beans*,
Flowers of *Glass*, of *Thistles*, *Rose-marine*,
Raw *Honey*, *Mustard-seed*, and Bread dough-bak'd,
The Crums o' Bread, *Goats-milk*, and Whites of Eggs,
Camphire, and *Lilly-roots*, the Fat of *Swans*,
Marrow of *Veal*, white *Pidgeons*, and *Pine-kernels*,
The Seeds of *Nettles*, *Purseline*, and *Hares-gall*;
Limons, thin-skin'd —

Eirb. How her Ladyship has studied
All excellent things!

Wit. But ordinary, Madam,
No, the true Rarities are, th' *Alvagada*
And *Argentata* of Queen *Isabella*!

Tai. I, what are their *Ingredients*, gentle Madam?

Wit. Your *Allum Scagliola*, or *Pol-dipedra*;
And *Zuccarino*; *Turpentine* of *Abbezzo*,
Wash'd in nine Waters; *Soda di levante*,
Or your *Fern Ashes*; *Benjamin di gotta*:
Grasso di serpe; *Porcelletto marino*;
Oyls of *Lentisco*; *Zucche Mugia*; make
The admirable *Vernish* for the Face,
Gives the right Lustre; but two drops rubb'd on
With a piece of Scarlet, makes a *Lady* of Sixty
Look as Sixteen. But above all, the Water
Of the white *Hen*, of the *Lady Estifania's*.

Tai. O, I, that same, good Madam, I have heard of:
How is it done?

Wit. Madam, you take your *Hen*,
Plume it, and skin it, cleanse it o' the Inwards;
Then chop it, Bones at all; add to four Ounces
Of *Carravicans*, *Pipitas*, *Sope* of *Cyprus*,
Make the Decoction, strein it. Then distil it,

And

And keep it in your Galley-pot well glidder'd:
Three drops preserves from Wrinkles, Warts, Spots,
Blemish, or Sun-burnings, and keeps the Skin [Moles,
In decimo sexto, ever bright and smooth,
As any Looking-glass; and indeed, is call'd
The Virgin's Milk for the Face, *Oglia reale*;
A Ceruse, neither Cold or Heat will hurt;
And mixt with Oyl of *Myrrh*, and the red *Gilliflower*,
Call'd *Caraputia*, and Flowers of *Rovistico*,
Makes the best *Muta*, or Dye, of the whole World.

Tai. Dear Madam, will you let us be familiar?

Wit. Your *Ladyship's* Servant.

Meer. How do you like her?

Fir. Admirable!

But yet I cannot see the Ring.

[*He is jealous about his Ring, and Meercraft delivers it.*

Pug Sir.

Meer. I must

Deliver it, or mar all. This Fool's so jealous.

Madam——Sir, wear this Ring, and pray you take
knowledge,

'Twas sent you by his Wife, and give her thanks.

Do not you dwindle, Sir, bear up.

Pug. I thank you, Sir.

[let us

Tai. But for the manner of *Spain*! Sweet Madam,
Be bold, now we are in: Are all the Ladies
There i' the Fashion?

Wit. None but *Grandeas*, Madam,
O' the clasp'd Train, which may be worn at length too,
Or thus, upon my Arm,

Tai. And do they wear
Gioppino's all?

Wit. If they be drest in *punto*, Madam.

Eirb. Gilt as those are, Madam?

Wit. Of Goldsmith's Work, Madam;
And set with Diamonds; and their *Spanish* Pumps,
Of perfum'd Leather.

Tai. I should think it hard

To go in 'em, Madam.

Wit. At the first it is, Madam.

Tai. Do you never fall in 'em?

Wit. Never.

Eirb. I swear, I should

Six times an hour.

Tai. But you have Men at hand still,

To help you, if you fall?

Wit. Only one, Madam,

The *Guarda-duenna's*, such a little old Man
As this.

Eirb. Alas! he can do nothing, this!

Wit. I'll tell you, Madam, I saw in the Court of *Spain*
A Lady fall i' the King's fight, along; [once
And there she lay, flat spread, as an *Umbrella*,
Her Hoop here crack'd; no Man durst reach a Hand
To help her, 'till the *Guarda-duenna's* came,
Who is the Person onl' allow'd to touch
A Lady there, and he but by this Finger.

Eirb. Ha! they no Servants, Madam, there, nor Friends?

Wit. An *Escudero*, or so, Madam, that waits
Upon 'em in another Coach, at distance;
And when they walk or dance, holds by a Handkerchief,
Never presumes to touch 'em.

Eirb. This's scurvy,
And a forc'd Gravity! I do not like it.
I like our own much better.

Tai. 'Tis more *French*,
And courtly, ours.

Eirb. And tastes more Liberty.
We may have our dozen of Visitors at once
Make Love t' us.

Tai. And before our Husbands.

Eirb. Husband?

As I am honest, *Tail-bush*, I do think,
If no body should love me, but my poor Husband,
I should e'en hang my self.

Tai. Fortune forbid, Wenches,

So fair a Neck should have so foul a Neck-lace.

Eitb. 'Tis true, as I am handsome.

Wit. I receiv'd, Lady,

A Token from you, which I would not be
Rude to refuse, being your first Remembrance.

(Fit. O, I am satisfied now!)

Meer. Do you see it, Sir?

Wit. But since you come to know me nearer, Lady,
I'll beg the Honour you will wear it for me,
It must be so. [*Wittipol gives it Mrs. Fitz-dottrel.*]

Mrs. Fit. Sure I have heard this Tongue.

Meer. What do you mean, Sir? [*Meercraft murmurs:*]

Wit. Would you ha' me mercenary?

We'll recompence it anon, in somewhat else.

[He is satisfied, now he sees it.]

Fit. I do not love to be gull'd, though in a Toy.
Wife, do you hear? you're come into the School, Wife,
Where you may learn, I do perceive it, any thing!
How to be fine, or fair, or great, or proud,
Or what you will, indeed, Wife; here 'tis taught:
And I am glad on't, that you may not say,
Another day, when Honours come upon you,
You wanted Means. I ha' done my parts; been,
To day, at fifty Pound charge; first, for a Ring,

[He upbraids her with his Bill of Costs.]

To get you entred; then left my new Play,
To wait upon you here, to see't confirm'd,
That I may say, both to mine own Eyes and Ears,
Senses, you are my Witness, she hath enjoy'd
All Helps that could be had for Love or Money——

Mrs. Fit. To make a Fool of her.

Fit. Wife, that's your Malice,
The wickedness o' your Nature, to interpret
Your Husband's Kindness thus: But I'll not leave
Still to do good, for your deprav'd Affections:
Intend it; bend this stubborn Will; be Great:

Tai. Good Madam, whom do they use in Messages?

Wit. They commonly use their Slaves, Madam.

Tai.

Tai. And does your *Ladyship*
Think that so good, *Madam*?

Wit. No indeed, *Madam*; I
Therein prefer the Fashion of *England* far,
Of your young delicate Page, or discreet Usher.

Fit. And I go with your *Ladyship* in opinion,
Directly for your Gentleman-Usher;
There's not a finer Officer goes on Ground.

Wit. If he be made and broken to his Place once.

Fit. Nay, so I presuppose him.

Wit. And they are fitter
Managers too, Sir; but I would have 'em call'd
Our *Escudero's*.

Fit. Good.

Wit. Say I should send
To your *Ladyship*, who (I presume) has gather'd
All the dear Secrets, to know how to make
Pastillo's of the *Dutchess* of *Braganza*,
Coquetta's, *Almojavana's*, *Manecada's*,
Alcorea's, *Mustaccioli's*; or say it were
The *Peladore* of *Issabella*, or *Balls*
Against the Itch, or *Aqua Nansa*, or *Oyl*
Of *Jessamine* for Gloves, of the *Marquess Muja*;
Or for the Head and Hair; why, these are Offices

Eith. Fit for a Gentleman, not a Slave. They only
Might ask for your *Piveri*, *Spanish* Cole,
To burn, and sweeten a Room: But the *Arcana*
Of *Ladies* Cabinets —

Fit. Should be elsewhere trusted.

You're much about the Truth. Sweet honoured *Ladies*,
[He enters himself with the Ladies.]

Let me fall in wi' you. I ha' my Female Wit,
As well as my Male. And I do know what suits
A Lady of Spirit, or a Woman of Fashion!

Wit. And you would have your Wife such?

Fit. Yes, *Madam*, airy,
Light; not to plain Dishonesty, I mean:
But somewhat o' this side,

Wit.

Wit. I take you, Sir.
He'as Reason, *Ladies*. I'll not give this Rush
For any *Lady* that cannot be honest
Within a Thread.

Tai. Yes, *Madam*, and yet venture
As far for th' other, in her Fame——

Wit. As can be;
Coach it to *Pimlico*, dance the *Saraband*,
Hear and talk Bawdy, laugh as loud as a *Larum*,
Squeak, spring, do any thing.

Eitb. In young Company, *Madam*.

Tai. Or afore Gallants. If they be brave, or *Lords*,
A Woman is ingag'd.

Fit. I say so, *Ladies*.
It is Civility to deny us nothing.

Pug. You talk of a *Univerfity*! why, *Hell* is
A Grammar-school to this! [*The Devil admires him.*]

Eitb. But then
She must not lose a Look on Stuffs or Cloth, *Madam*.

Tai. Nor no course Fellow.

Wit. She must be guided, *Madam*,
By the Cloaths he wears, and Company he is in,
Whom to salute, how far——

Fit. I ha' told her this;
And how that Bawdry too, upo' the point,
Is (in it self) as civil a Discourse——

Wit. As any other Affair of Flesh whatever.

Fit. But she will ne'er be capable, she is not
So much as coming, *Madam*; I know not how,
She loses all her Opportunities,
With hoping to be forc'd. I have entertain'd

[*He shews his Pug.*]

A Gentleman, a younger Brother, here,
Whom I would fain breed up her *Escudero*,
Against some Expectations that I have,
And she'll not countenance him.

Wit. What's his Name?

Fit. Devil, o' *Darbyshire*.

Eitb.

Eitb. Bless us from him!

Tai. Devil!

Call him *De-vile*, sweet *Madam*.

Mrs. Fit. What you please, *Ladies*.

Tai. *De-vile's* a prettier Name!

Eitb. And sounds, methinks,

As it came in with the *Conqueror*——

Man. Over Smocks!

What things they are! that *Nature* should be at leisure
Ever to make 'em! My Wooing is at an end.

[*Manly goes out with Indignation.*]

Wit. What can he do?

Eitb. Let's hear him.

Tai. Can he manage?

Fit. Please you to try him, *Ladies*. Stand forth, *Devil*.

Pug. Was all this but the Preface to my Torment?

Fit. Come, let their *Ladyships* see your Honours.

Eitb. O, he makes a wicked Leg.

Tai. As ever I saw!

Wit. Fit for a *Devil*.

Tai. Good *Madam*, 'call him *De-vile*.

Wit. *De-vile*, what Property is there most required,
I' your Conceit now, in the *Escudero*?

[*They begin their Catechism.*]

Fit. Why do you not speak?

Pug. A settled discreet Pace, *Madam*.

Wit. I think, a barren Head, Sir, Mountain-like,
To be expos'd to the cruelty of Weathers——

Fit. I, for his Valley is beneath the Waste, *Madam*,
And to be fruitful there, it is sufficient.

Dulness upon you! Could not you hit this?

Pug. Good Sir——

[*Fit. strikes Pug.*]

Wit. He then had had no barren Head.

You draw him too much in troth, Sir.

Fit. I must walk

With the *French* Stick, like an old *Vierger*, for you.

Pug. O *Chief*, call me to *Hell* again, and free me.

[*The Devil prays.*]

Fit:

Fit. Do you murmur now?

Pug. Not I, Sir.

Wit. What do you take,
Mr. *De-vile*, the height of your Employment,
In the true perfect *Escudero*?

Fit. When?

What do you answer?

Pug. To be able, *Madam*,
First to enquire, then report the working
Of any *Lady's* Physick, in sweet Phrase.

Wit. Yes, that's an Act of Elegance, and Importance;
But what above?

Fit. O, that I had a Goad for him.

Pug. To find out a good *Corn-cutter*.

Tai. Out on him!

Eith. Most barbarous!

Fit. Why did you do this now?
Of purpose to discredit me, you damn'd *Devil*?

Pug. Sure, if I be not yet, I shall be. All
My Days in *Hell* were Holydays, to this!

Tai. 'Tis Labour lost, *Madam*.

Eith. He's a dull Fellow,
Of no Capacity!

Tai. Of no Discourse!

O, if my *Ambler* had been here!

Eith. I, *Madam*,

You talk of a Man, where is there such another?

Wit. Mr. *De-vile*, put case one of my *Ladies* here
Had a fine Brach, and would employ you forth
To treat 'bout a convenient Match for her,
What would you observe?

Pug. The Colour, and the Size, *Madam*.

Wit. And nothing else?

Fit. The Moon, you Calf, the Moon!

Wit. I, and the Sign.

Tai. Yes, and Receipts for Proneness.

Wit. Then when the *Puppies* came, what would you

Pug. Get their Nativities cast,

[do?

Wit.

Wit. This is well. What more?

Pug. Consult the *Almanack-man* which would be
Which cleanliest. [least,

Wit. And which silent'st? This is well, *Madam*;
And while she were with Puppy?

Pug. Walk her out,
And air her every Morning.

Wit. Very good!
And be industrious to kill her Fleas!

Pug. Yes.

Wit. He will make a pretty Proficient.

Pug. Who,
Coming from *Hell*, could look for such catechising?
The *Devil is an Ass*, I do acknowledge it.

Fit. The top of Woman! all her Sex in abstract!
[*Fitz-dottrel admires Wittipol.*
I love her, to each Syllable falls from her.

Tai. Good *Madam*, give me leave to go aside with
And try him a little! [him,

Wit. Do, and I'll withdraw, *Madam*,
With this fair *Lady*, read to her the while.

Tai. Come, Sir.

Pug. Dear *Chief*, relieve me, or I perish.

[*The Devil prays again.*

Wit. *Lady*, we'll follow; you are not jealous, Sir?

Fit. O, *Madam*! you shall see. Stay, Wife, behold,
I give her up here absolutely to you;
She is your own, do with her what you will:

[*He gives his Wife to him, taking him to be a Lady.*
Melt, cast, and form her as you shall think good;
Set any Stamp on: I'll receive her from you
As a new thing, by your own Standard.

Wit. Well, Sir!

SCENE

SCENE V.

Meer-craft, Fitz-dottrel, Pit-fall, Ever-ill, Plutarchus.

Meer. But what ha' you done i' your *Dependance* since?

Fit. O, it goes on; I met your Cousin, the *Master--*

Meer. You did not acquaint him, Sir?

Fit. Faith but I did, Sir.

And, upon better thought, not without reason!

He being chief *Officer*, might ha' ta'en it ill else,

As a *Contempt* against his Place, and that

In time, Sir, ha' drawn on another *Dependance*.

No, I did find him in good Terms, and ready

To do me any Service.

Meer. So he said to you?

But, Sir, you do not know him.

Fit. Why, I presum'd,

Because this *Bus'ness* of my Wife's requir'd me,

I could not ha' done better: And he told

Me, that he would go presently to your *Council*,

A Knight here i' the *Lane*—

Meer. Yes, *Justice Either-side*.

Fit. And get the *Feoffment* drawn, with a Letter
For *Livery* and *Seisin*. [of *Attorney*,

Meer. That I know's the Course.

But, Sir, you mean not to make him *Feoffee*?

Fit. Nay, that I'll pause on!

Meer. How now, little *Pit-fall*?

Pit. Your Cousin, Master *Ever-ill*, would come in—

But he would know if Mr. *Manly* were here.

Meer. No, tell him, if he were, I ha' made his Peace!

[*Meer-craft* whispers against him.

He's one, Sir, has no State, and a Man knows not

How such a Trust may tempt him.

Fit. I conceive you.

Ever. Sir, this same Deed is done here.

Meer.

Meer. Pretty *Plutarchus*!

Art thou come with it? and has *Sir Poul* view'd it?

Plu. His Hand is to the Draught.

Meer. Will you step in, Sir,
And read it?

Fit. Yes.

Eve. I pray you, a word wi' you.

[*Ever-ill whispers against Meer-craft.*]

Sir Poul *Either-side* will'd me gi' you caution
Whom you did make *Feoffee*; for 'tis the Trust
O' your whole State; and though my Cousin here
Be a worthy Gentleman, yet his Valour has
At the tall Board been question'd; and we hold
Any Man so impeach'd, of doubtful Honesty!
I will not justifie this, but give it you
To make your profit of it; if you utter it;
I can forswear it.

Fit. I believe you, and thank you, Sir.

S C E N E VI.

Wittipol, Mrs. Fitz-dottrel, Manly, Meer-craft.

Wis. Be not afraid, sweet *Lady*; yo' are trusted
To Love, not Violence, here: I am no Ravisher;
But one whom you by your fair Trust again
May of a Servant make a most true Friend.

Mrs. Fit. And such a one I need, but not this way.
Sir, I confess me to you, the meer manner
Of your attempting me this morning, took me;
And I did hold m' Invention, and my Manners,
Were both engag'd to give it a Requital,
But not unto your Ends: My Hope was then,
(Though interrupted e'er it could be utter'd)
That whom I found the Master of such Language;
That Brain and Spirit for such an Enterprize,
Could not, but if those Succours were demanded
To a right use, employ them vertuously,

And

And make that Profit of his noble Parts
Which they would yield. Sir, you have now the
To exercise them in: I am a Woman [ground
That cannot speak more wretchedness of my self,
Than you can read; match'd to a Mass of Folly,
That every day makes haste to his own Ruin;
The wealthy Portion that I brought him, spent,
And (through my Friends neglect) no Jointure made
My Fortunes standing in this Precipice, [me.
'Tis Counsel that I want, and honest Aids;
And in this Name I need you for a Friend,
Never in any other; for his ill
Must not make me, Sir, worse.

[Manly conceal'd this while, shews himself.

Man. O, Friend, forsake not
The brave Occasion Virtue offers you
To keep you innocent: I have fear'd for both,
And watch'd you, to prevent the Ill I fear'd.
But since the weaker side hath so assur'd me,
Let not the stronger fall by his own Vice,
Or be the less a Friend, 'cause Virtue needs him.

Wtr. Virtue shall never ask my Succours twice;
Most Friend, most Man, your Counsels are Commands.

Lady, I can love Goodness in you, more
Than I did Beauty; and do here intitle
Your Virtue to the Power upon a Life
You shall engage in any fruitful Service,
Even to forfeit.

Meer. Madam: Do you hear, Sir?

[Meer-craft takes Wittipol aside, and moves
a Project for himself.

We have another Leg strain'd for this Distrel.
H' has a Quarrel to carry; and has caus'd
A Deed of Feoffment of his whole Estate
To be drawn yonder; h' has't within: And you
Only he means to make Feoffee: He's fall'n
So desperately enamour'd on you, and talks
Most like a Madman: you did never hear

A *Pbrentick* so in love with his own Favour!
 Now, you do know, 'tis of no validity
 In your name, as you stand: Therefore advise him
 To put in me. (He's come here.) You shall share, Sir:

S C E N E VII.

Wittipol, Mrs. Fitz-dottrel, Manly, Meercraft, Fitz-dottrel, Ever-ill, Plutarchus.

Fit. Madam, I have a Suit to you; and afore-hand
 I do bespeak you; you must not deny me,
 I will be granted.

Wit. Sir, I must know it, though.

Fit. No, Lady, you must not know it: yet you must too;
 For the Trust of it, and the Fame indeed,
 Which else were lost me. I would use your Name
 But in a *Feoffment*, make my whole Estate
 Over unto you; a Trifle, a thing of nothing,
 Some eighteen hundred.

Wit. Alas! I understand not
 Those things, Sir: I am a Woman, and most loth
 To embark my self——

Fit. You will not flight me, Madam?

Wit. Nor you'll not quarrel me?

Fit. No, sweet Madam, I have
 Already a *Dependance*; for which cause
 I do this: Let me put you in, dear *Madam*,
 I may be fairly kill'd.

Wit. You have your Friends, Sir,
 About you here for choice.

Ever. She tells you right, Sir. [*He hopes to be the Man.*]

Fit. Death, if she do, what do I care for that?
 Say, I would have her tell me wrong.

Wit. Why, Sir,
 If for the Trust you'll let me have the Honour
 To name you one.

Fit. Nay, you do me the Honour, *Madam*.
 Who is't?

Wit.

Wit. This Gentleman.

[*Designs Manly.*]

Fit. O no, sweet *Madam*,

He's Friend to him with whom I ha' the *Dependance*.

Wit. Who might he be?

Fit. One *Wittipol*; do you know him?

Wit. Alas, Sir, he! a Toy! This Gentleman
A Friend to him? No more than I am, Sir.

Fit. But will your *Ladyship* undertake that, *Madam*?

Wit. Yes, and what else, for him, you will engage me.

Fit. What is his Name?

Wit. His Name is *Eustace Manly*.

Fit. Whence does he write himself?

Wit. Of *Middlesex*, *Esquire*.

Fit. Say nothing, *Madam*. Clerk, come hither;
Write *Eustace Manly*, Squire o' *Middlesex*.

Meer. What ha' you done, Sir?

Wit. Nam'd a Gentleman,
That I'll be answerable for to you, Sir.
Had I nam'd you, it might ha' been suspected;
This way 'tis safe.

Fit. Come, Gentlemen, your Hands
For witness.

Man. What is this?

Ever. You ha' made Election [*Ever-ill applauds it*]
Of a most worthy Gentleman!

Man. Would one of Worth
Had spoke it; whence it comes, it is
Rather a Shame to me, than a Praise.

Ever. Sir, I will give you any Satisfaction.

Man. Be silent then: "Falshood commends not
Truth.

Plu. You do deliver this, Sir, as your Deed,
To th' Use of Mr. *Manly*?

Fit. Yes: And Sir——

When did you see young *Wittipol*? I am ready
For Process now: Sir, this is *Publication*.

He shall hear from me; he would needs be courting
My Wife, Sir.

Man. Yes; so witnesseth his Cloke there.

Fit. Nay, good Sir—*Madam*, you did undertake—

[*Fitz-dottrel is suspicious of Manly still.*]

Wit. What?

Fit. That he was not *Wittipol's* Friend.

Wit. I hear,

Sir, no Confession of it.

Fit. O, she knows not,

Now I remember. *Madam*, this young *Wittipol*
Would ha' debauch'd my Wife, and made me *Cuckold*
Thorough a Casement; he did fly her home
To mine own Window; but I think I fought him,
And ravish'd her away out of his Pounces.
I ha' sworn to ha' him by the Ears: I fear
The Toy wi' not do me right,

Wit. No! that were pity:

What Right do you ask, Sir? Here he is will do't
you. [*Wittipol discovers himself.*]

Fit. Ha! *Wittipol*!

Wit. I, Sir; no more *Lady* now,
Nor *Spaniard*!

Man. No indeed, 'tis *Wittipol*.

Fit. Am I the thing I fear'd?

Wit. A *Cuckold*? No, Sir;
But you were late in possibility,
I'll tell you so much.

Man. But your Wife's too virtuous.

Wit. We'll see her, Sir, at home, and leave you here,
To be made *Duke o' Shoreditch* with a Project.

Fit. Thieves, Ravishers!

Wit. Cry but another Note, Sir,
I'll mar the Tune o' your Pipe.

Fit. Gi' me my Deed then.

[*He would have his Deed again.*]

Wit. Neither: That shall be kept for your Wife's
Who will know better how to use it. [*good,*]

Fit. Ha!

To feast you with my Land?

Wit.

Wit. Sir, be you quiet,
Or I shall gag you e'er I go; consult
Your Master of Dependences, how to make this
A second Business, you have time, Sir.

Fit. Oh! [*Wittipol baffles him, and goes out.*]
What will the Ghost of my wise Grandfather,
My learned Father, with my worshipful Mother,
Think of me now, that left me in this World
In state to be their Heir? that am become
A Cuckold, and an Ass, and my Wife's Ward;
Likely to lose my Land, ha' my Throat cut;
All by her Practice!

Meer. Sir, we are all abus'd!

Fit. And be so still! Who hinders you, I pray you?
Let me alone, I would enjoy my self,
And be the *Duke o' Drown'd-land* you ha' made me.

Meer. Sir, we must play an *After-game* o' this.

Fit. But I am not in case to be a *Gamester*,
I tell you once again——

Meer. You must be rul'd,
And take some Counsel.

Fit. Sir, I do hate Counsel,
As I do hate my Wife, my wicked Wife!

Meer. But we may think how to recover all,
If you will act.

Fit. I will not think, nor act,
Nor yet recover; do not talk to me:
I'll run out o' my Wits, rather than hear,
I will be what I am, *Fabian Fitz-dottrel*,
Though all the world say Nay to't.

Meer. Let's follow him.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Ambler, Pitfall, Meercraft.**Amb.* BUT has my Lady miss'd me?*Pit.* Beyond telling!

Here has been that infinity of Strangers!

And then she would ha' had you, to ha' sampled you
With one within, that they are now a teaching,
And does pretend to your Rank.*Amb.* God Fellow *Pitfall*,Tell Mr. *Meercraft* I intreat a word with him.[*Pitfall goes out.*]This most unlucky Accident will go near
To be the loss o' my Place, I am in doubt.*Meer.* With me? What say you, Mr. *Ambler*?*Amb.* Sir,I would beseech your Worship, stand between
Me and my Lady's Displeasure, for my Absence.*Meer.* O, is that all? I warrant you.*Amb.* I would tell you, Sir,

But how it happen'd.

Meer. Brief, good Mr. *Ambler*,Put your self to your rack; for I have Task
Of more importance. [*Meercraft seems full of Business.*]*Amb.* Sir, you'll laugh at me!But (so is *Truth*) a very Friend of mine,
Finding by conference with me, that I liv'd
Too chaste for my Complexion, (and indeed
Too honest for my Place, Sir) did advise me,
If I did love my self, (as that I do,
I must confess.)*Meer.* Spare your *Parentbesis*.*Amb.* To gi' my Body a little Evacuation——*Meer.* Well, and you went to a Whore?*Amb.* No, Sir, I durst not

(For fear it might arrive at some bodies Ear

It

It should not) trust my self to a common House;

[*Ambler tells this with extraordinary Speed.*

But got the Gentlewoman to go with me,
And carry her Bedding to a Conduit-Head,
Hard by the Place toward Tyburn, which they call
My Lord Mayor's Banqueting-house. Now, Sir, this mor-
Was Execution; and I ne'er dreamt on't, [ning
Till I heard the Noise o' the People, and the Horses;
And neither I, nor the poor Gentlewoman
Durst stir, till all was done and past: so that
I' the interim we fell asleep again. [*He flags.*

Meer. Nay, if you fall from your Gallop, I am gone,
Sir.

Amb. But when I wak'd, to put on my Cloaths, a Sute
I made new for the Action, it was gone,
And all my Money, with my Purse, my Seals,
My Hard-wax, and my Table-books, my Studies,
And a fine new Device I had to carry
My Pen and Ink, my Civet, and my Tooth-picks,
All under one. But that which griev'd me, was
The Gentlewoman's Shooes (with a pair of Roses,
And Garters) I had given her for the Business,
So as that made us stay till it was dark:
For I was fain to lend her mine, and walk
In a Rug, by her, barefoot, to St. Giles's.

Meer. A kind of Irish Penance! Is this all, Sir?

Amb. To satisfy my Lady.

Meer. I will promise you, Sir.

Amb. I ha' told the true Disaster.

Meer. I cannot stay wi' you,
Sir, to condole; but gratulate your Return.

Amb. An honest Gentleman; but he's never at leisure
To be himself, he has such Tides of Business.

SCENE II.

Pug, Ambler.

Pug. O call me home again, dear *Chief*, and put me
 To yoking Foxes, milking of He-goats,
 Pounding of Water in a Mortar, laving
 The Sea dry with a Nut-shell, gathering all
 The Leaves are fall'n this Autumn, drawing Farts
 Out of dead Bodies, making Ropes of Sand,
 Catching the Winds together in a Net,
 Mustring of Ants, and numbring Atoms; all
 That Hell and you thought exquisite Torments, rather
 Than stay me here a thought more: I would sooner
 Keep Fleas within a Circle, and be accomptant
 A thousand Year, which of 'em, and how far,
 Out-leap'd the other, than endure a Minute
 Such as I have within. There is no Hell
 To a *Lady* of Fashion. All your Tortures there
 Are Pastimes to it. 'Twould be a refreshing
 For me, to be i' the Fire again, from hence.

*[Ambler comes in, and surveys him.]**Amb.* This is my Sute, and those the Shooes and Roses!

Pug. Th' have such impertinent Vexations,
 A general Council o' Devils could not hit—

[Pug perceives it, and starts.]

Ha! This is he I took asleep with his *Wench*,
 And borrow'd his Cloaths. What might I do to balk

Amb. Do you hear, Sir? [him?]*Pug.* Answer him, but not to th' purpose.*Amb.* What is your Name, I pray you, Sir?*Pug.* Is't so late, Sir?*[He answers quite from the purpose.]**Amb.* I ask not o' the Time, but of your Name, Sir.*Pug.* I thank you, Sir. Yes, it does hold, Sir, certain.*Amb.* Hold, Sir? What holds?

I must both hold, and talk to you
 About these Clothes.

Pug.

Pug. A very pretty Lace!
But the *Taylor* cozen'd me.

Amb. No, I am cozen'd
By you! robb'd.

Pug. Why, when you please, Sir; I am
For three-penny *Gleek*, your Man.

Amb. Pox o' your *Gleek*,
And three-pence: Give me an Answer.

Pug. Sir,
My Master is the best at it.

Amb. Your Master!
Who is your Master?

Pug. Let it be *Friday Night*.

Amb. What should be then?

Pug. Your best Song's *Thom. o' Bethlem*.

Amb. I think you are he.

Does he mock me trow from purpose?
Or do not I speak to him what I mean?
Good Sir, your Name.

Pug. Only a couple o' *Cocks*, Sir;
If we can get a *Widgeon*, 'tis in season.

Amb. He hopes to make one o' these *Scipticks* o' me,
[For *Scepticks*.

(I think I name 'em right) and does not fly me;
I wonder at that! 'tis a strange Confidence!
I'll prove another way, to draw his Answer.

SCENE III.

Meercraft, Fitz-dottrel, Ever-ill, Pug:

Meer. It is the easiest thing, Sir, to be done,
As plain as fizzling: Roll but wi' your Eyes,
And foam at th' Mouth. A little *Castle-soap*
Will do't, to rub your Lips; and then a *Nut-shell*,
With *Tow*, and *Touch-wood* in it, to spit Fire.
Did you ne'er read, Sir, little *Darrel's Tricks*
With the Boy o' *Burton*, and the Seven in *Lancashire*,
Sommers

Sommers at Nottingham? All these do teach it.
And we'll give out, Sir, that your Wife has bewitch'd
you. *[They repair their old Plots.]*

Ever. And practis'd with those two, as *Sorcerers*.

Meer. And ga' you Potions, by which means you were
Not *Compos mentis*, when you made your *Feoffment*.
There's no recovery o' your State but this:
This, Sir, will sting.

Ever. And move in a Court of Equity.

Meer. For it is more than manifest, that this was
A plot o' your Wife's, to get your Land.

Fit. I think it.

Ever. Sir, it appears.

Meer. Nay, and my Cousin has known
These Gallants in these shapes.

Ever. T' have done strange things, Sir.
One as the *Lady*, the other as the *Squire*.

Meer. How a Man's Honesty may be fool'd! I thought
A very *Lady*. *[him]*

Fit. So did I: renounce me else.

Meer. But this way, Sir, you'll be reveng'd at height.

Ever. Upon 'em all.

Meer. Yes faith, and since your Wife
Has run the way of Woman thus, e'en give her —

Fit. Lost, by this Hand, to me; dead to all Joys
Of her dear *Dottrel*; I shall never pity her,
That could not pity her self.

Meer. Princely resolv'd, Sir,
And like your self still, in *Potentia*.

S C E N E IV.

To them, Gilt-head, Sledge, Plutarchus, Serjeants.

Meer. *Gilt-head*, what News?

Fit. O Sir, my hundred Pieces:
Let me ha' them yet? *[Fitz-dottrel asks for his Money.]*

Gilt. Yes, Sir. Officers,
Arrest him.

Fit.

Fit. Me?

Ser. I arrest you.

Sle. Keep the Peace,
I charge you, Gentlemen.

Fit. Arrest me? why?

Gilt. For better security, Sir. My Son *Plutarchus*
Assures me you are not worth a Groat.

Plu. Pardon me, Father,

I said his Worship had no foot of Land left:
And that I'll justifie, for I writ the Deed.

Fit. Ha' you these Tricks i' the City?

Gilt. Yes, and more.

Arrest this Gallant too, here, at my suit.

[Meaning Meercraft.

Sle. I, and at mine. He owes me for his Lodging
Two Year and a quarter.

Meer. Why Mr. *Gilt-head*, Landlord,
Thou art not mad, though th' art *Constable*,
Pust up with th' pride of the place? Do you hear, Sirs.
Have I deserv'd this from you two? for all
My pains at Court, to get you each a Patent.

Gilt. For what?

Meer. Upo' my Project o' the Forks.

Sle. Forks? what be they? [The Project of Forks.

Meer. The laudable Use of Forks,
Brought into Custom here, as they are in *Italy*,
To th' sparing o' *Napkins*. That, that should have made
Your Bellows go at the Forge, as his at the Furnace.
I ha' procur'd it, ha' the Signet for it,
Dealt with the *Linen-drappers*, on my private
Bie, 'cause I fear'd they were the likeliest ever
To stir against, to cross it: for 'twill be
A mighty savor of *Linen* through the Kingdom
(As that is one o' my grounds, and to spare washing)
Now, on you two, had I laid all the Profits.
Gilt-head to have the making of all those
Of Gold and Silver, for the better Personages;
And you, of those of *Steel* for the common sort.

And

And both by Patent. I had brought you your Seals in,
But now you have prevented me, and I thank you.

[*Sledge is brought about.*

Sle. Sir, I will bail you, at mine own ap-peril.

Meer. Nay chuse.

Plu. Do you so too, good Father.

[*And Gilt-head comes.*

Gilt. I like the fashion o' the Project well,
The Forks! It may be a lucky one! and is not
Intricate, as one would say, but fit for
Plain Heads, as ours, to deal in. Do you hear,
Officers, we discharge you.

Meer. Why, this shews

A little Good-nature in you, I confess,
But do not tempt your Friends thus. Little *Gilt-head*,
Advise your Sire, great *Gilt-head*, from these courses:
And, here, to trouble a great Man in reversion,
For a matter o' Fifty, on a false *Alarm*,
Away, it shews not well. Let him get the Pieces
And bring 'em: You'll hear more else.

Plu. Father.

SCENE V.

To them, Ambler.

Amb. O Master *Sledge*, are you here? I ha' been to
You are the *Constable*, they say. Here's one [seek you.
That I do charge with *Fellony*, for the Sute
He wears, Sir.

Meer. Who? Mr. *Fitz-dottrel's* Man?
Ware what you do, Mr. *Ambler*.

Amb. Sir, these Clothes
I'll swear are mine, and the Shooes the Gentlewoman's
I told you of: And ha' him afore a *Justice*
I will.

Pug. My Master, Sir, will pass his Word for me.

Amb. O, can you speak to purpose now?

Fit. Not I,

If

If you be such a one, Sir, I will leave you
To your *God-fathers* in Law. Let twelve Men work.

[*Fitz-dottrel disclaims him.*]

Pug. Do you hear, Sir, pray, in private.

Fir. Well, what say you?

Brief, for I have no time to lose.

Pug. Truth is, Sir,

I am the very *Devil*, and had leave
To take this Body I am in, to serve you:
Which was a *Cut-purse's*, and hang'd this Morning.
And it is likewise true, I stole this Sute
To cloath me with. But, Sir, let me not go
To Prison for it. I have hitherto
Lost time, done nothing; shown, indeed, no part
O' my *Devil's* Nature. Now, I will so help
Your Malice, 'gainst these Parties; so advance
The business that you have in hand, of *Witchcraft*,
And your *Possession*, as my self were in you,
Teach you such Tricks, to make your Belly swell,
And your Eyes turn, to foam, to stare, to gnash
Your Teeth together, and to beat your self,
Laugh round, and feign six Voices——

Fir. Out, you Rogue!

You most infernal counterfeit Wretch! avant!
Do you think to gull me with your *Æsop's Fables*?
Here, take him to you, I ha' no part in him.

Pug. Sir.

Fir. Away, I do disclaim, I will not hear you.

[*And sends him away.*]

Meer. What said he to you, Sir?

Fir. Like a lying Rascal,

Told me he was the *Devil*.

Meer. How! a good Jest!

Fir. And that he would teach me such fine *Devils*
For our new Resolution. [tricks]

Ever. O' Pox on him,

'Twas excellent wisely done, Sir, not to trust him,
[*Meercraft gives the Instructions to him and the rest.*]

Meer.

Meer. Why, if he were the *Devil*, we sha' not need him,

If you'll be rul'd. Go throw your self on a Bed, Sir,
And feign you ill. We'll not be seen wi' you
Till after, that you have a fit; and all
Confirm'd within. Keep you with the two *Ladies*
And perswade them. I'll to *Justice Either side*,
And possess him with all. *Trains* shall seek out *Engine*,
And they two fill the Town with't; every Cable
Is to be veer'd. We must employ out all
Our *Emissaries* now. Sir, I will send you
Bladders and *Bellows*. Sir, be confident,
'Tis no hard thing t'out-do the *Devil* in;
A Boy o'thirteen Year old made him an *Ass*,
But t'other Day.

Fit. Well, I'll begin to practise,
And scape the Imputation of being *Cuckold*,
By mine own act.

Meer. You're right.

Ever. Come, you ha' put
Your self to a simple coil here, and your Friends,
By dealing with new *Agents*, in new Plots.

Meer. No more o' that, sweet Cousin.

Ever. What had you
To do with this same *Wittipol*, for a *Lady*?

Meer. Question not that; 'tis done.

Ever. You had some strain
'Bove *E-la*?

Meer. I had indeed.

Ever. And now you crack for't.

Meer. Do not upbraid me.

Ever. Come, you must be told on't;
You are so covetous, still, to embrace
More than you can, that you lose all.

Meer. 'Tis right. [cours.
What would you more than Guilty? Now, your Suc-

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Shackles, Pug, Iniquity, Devil.

Pug is brought to Newgate.

Sba. Here you are lodg'd, Sir; you must send your
If you'll be private. [Garnish,

Pug. There it is, Sir, leave me.

To *Newgate* brought? How is the Name of *Devil*
Discredited in me! What a lost Fiend
Shall I be, on return? My *Chief* will roar
In triumph, now, that I have been on Earth
A day, and done no noted thing, but brought
That Body back here, was hang'd out this Morning.
Well! would it once were Midnight, that I knew
My utmost. I think Time be drunk, and sleeps;
He is so still, and moves not! I do glory
Now i' my Torment. Neither can I expect it,
I have it with my fact. [Enter Iniquity the Vice.

Iniq. *Child* of Hell, be thou merry:

Put a Look on as round, Boy, and red as a Cherry.
Cast Care at thy Posterns, and firk i' thy Fetters:
They are Ornaments, *Baby*, have graced thy betters:
Look upon me, and hearken. Our *Chief* doth salute thee,
And lest our cold Iron should chance to confute thee,
H'hath sent thee, *Grant-parol* by me to stay longer
A Month here on Earth, against Cold, *Child*, or Hunger.

Pug. How? longer here a Month?

Iniq. Yes, Boy, till the *Session*
That so thou may'st have a triumphal Egression.

Pug. In a Cart, to be hang'd?

Iniq. No, *Child*, in a Car,
The Chariot of Triumph, which most of them are.
And in the mean time, to be greazy, and bouzy,
And nasty, and filthy, and ragged, and louzy,
With daman me, renounce me; and all the fine Phrases,
That bring unto *Tyburn* the plentiful Gazes.

Pug.

Pug. He is a *Devil!* and may be our *Chief!*
 The great Superior *Devil!* for his Malice:
Arch-devil! I acknowledge him. He knew
 What I would suffer, when he ty'd me up thus
 In a Rogue's Body; and he has (I thank him)
 His tyrannous Pleasure on me, to confine me
 To the unlucky Carcass of a *Cut-purse*,
 Wherein I could do nothing.

*The great Devil enters, and upbraids him with all
 his Day's work.*

Dev. Impudent Fiend,
 Stop thy lewd Mouth. Dost thou not shame and tremble
 To lay thine own dull damn'd Defects upon
 An innocent Case there? Why, thou heavy Slave!
 The Spirit that did possess that Flesh before
 Put more true life in a Finger and a Thumb,
 Than thou in the whole Mass. Yet thou rebell'ft
 And murmur'ft? What one Proffer hast thou made,
 Wicked enough, this day, that might be call'd
 Worthy thine own, much less the Name that sent thee?
 First, though did'ft help thy self into a Beating
 Promptly, and with't endangered'ft too thy Tongue:
 A *Devil*, and could not keep a Body intire
 One day! That, for our Credit: And to vindicate it,
 Hinder'dst (for ought thou know'ft) a deed of Darkness:
 Which was an act of that egregious Folly,
 As no one, to'ard the *Devil*, could ha' thought on.
 This for your acting! But for suffering! why
 Thou hast been cheated on, with a false Beard,
 And a turn'd Cloke. Faith, would your Predecessor
 The *Cut-purse*, think you, ha' been so? Out upon thee
 The Hurt th' hast done, to let Men know their Strength,
 And that they're able to out-do a *Devil*
 Put in a Body, will for ever be
 A Scar upon our Name! Whom hast thou dealt with,
 Woman or Man, this Day, but have out-gone thee
 Some way, and most have prov'd the better Fiends?
 Yet, you would be imploy'd? Yes, Hell shall make you
Provine

Provincial o' the *Cheaters!* or *Bawd-ledger*,
For this side o' the *Town!* No doubt you'll render
A rare account of things. Bane o' your Itch,
And scratching for *Employment.* I'll ha' *Brimstone*
To allay it sure, and *Fire* to singe your *Nails* off.
But that I would not such a damn'd dishonour
Stick on our state, as that the *Devil* were hang'd,
And could not save a body, that he took
From *Tyburn*, but it must come thither again;
You should e'en ride. But up, away with him —

[*Iniquity takes him on his Back.*

Iniq. Mount, darling of darkness, my *Shoulders* are
He that carries the *Fiend*, is sure of his load. [broad:
The *Devil* was wont to carry away the *Evil*,
But now the *Evil* out-carries the *Devil.*

SCENE VII.

Shackles, Keepers.

A great Noise is heard in Newgate, and the Keepers come out affrighted.

Sha. O me!

1. *Keep.* What's this?

2. A piece of *Justice Hall*

Is broken down.

3. Fough! what a steam of *Brimstone* is here?

4. The *Prisoner's* dead, came in but now!

Sha. Ha? where?

4. Look here.

Keep. 'Slid, I should know his countenance!

It is *Gill-cut-purse*, was hang'd out this morning!

Sha. 'Tis he!

2. The *Devil* sure has a hand in this!

3. What shall we do?

Sha. Carry the news of it unto the *Sheriffs.*

1. And to the *Justices.*

VOL. IV.

Z

4. This

4. This is strange!
3. And favours of the *Devil* strongly!
2. I ha' the *Sulphur* of *Hell-coal* i' my Nose.
1. Fough.
- Sha.* Carry him in.
1. Away.
2. How rank it is!

S C E N E VIII.

Sir Poule, Meer-craft, Ever-ill, Trains, Pit-fal, Fitz-dottrel.

To them.] Wittipol, Manly, Mistress Fitz-dottrel, Engine.

To them.] Guilt-head, Sledge, Shackles.

The Justice comes out wondring, at the rest informing him.

Pou. This was the notablest Conspiracy
That e'er I heard of.

Meer. Sir, they had giv'n him Potions,
That did enamour him on the counterfeit *Lady* —

Ever. Just to the time o' delivery o' the Deed —

Meer. And then the witchcraft 'gan t' appear, for
He fell into his fit. [straight

Ever. Of rage at first, Sir,
Which since has so increased.

Tai. Good Sir Poule, see him,
And punish the Impostors.

Pou. Therefore I come, *Madam*.

Entz. Let Mr. *Either*side alone, *Madam*.

Pou. Do you hear?

Call in the Constable, I will have him by :
He's the King's *Officer*! and some Citizens
Of credit! I'll discharge my Conscience clearly.

Meer. Yes, Sir, and send for his Wife.

Ever. And the two *Sorcerers*,
By any means.

Tai. I thought one a true *Lady*,

I should be sworn. So did you, *Either side?*

Eith. Yes, by that light, wou'd I might ne'er stir
else, *Tailbush.*

Tai. And the other a civil Gentleman.

Ever. But, *Madam,*

You know what I told your *Ladyship!*

Tai. I now see it.

I was providing of a Banquet for 'em,
After I had done instructing o' the Fellow
De-vile, the Gentleman's Man.

Meer. Who's found a Thief, *Madam,*
And to have robb'd your Usher, Master *Ambler,*
This Morning.

Tai. How?

Meer. I'll tell you more anon.

Fit. Gi' me some *Garlick, Garlick, Garlick, Garlick.*
[*He begins his fit.*]

Meer. Hark, the poor Gentleman, how he is tor-
mented!

Fit. *My Wife is a Whore, I'll kiss her no more: and why?*
May'st not thou be a Cuckold as well as I?
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Pou. That is the Devil speaks and laughs in him.
[*The Justice interprets all.*]

Meer. Do you think so, Sir?

Pou. I discharge my Conscience.

Fit. And is not the Devil good company? *Tes, wis.*

Ever. How he changes, Sir, his Voice!

Fit. And a Cuckold is,
Where-e'er he put his Head, with a Wanion,
If his Horns be forth, the Devil's companion!
Look, look, look, else.

Meer. How he scams!

Ever. And swells!

Tai. O me! what's that there rises in his Belly!

Eith. A strange thing! hold it down.

Tra. Pit. We cannot, *Madam.*

Pou. 'Tis too apparent this!

Fit. Wittipol, Wittipol.

[*Wittipol, and Manly, and Mrs. Fitz-dottrel enter.*

Wit. How now, what play ha' we here?

Man. What fine new matters?

Wit. The *Cockscorn* and the *Coverlet*.

Meer. O strange impudence!

That these should come to face their Sin!

Ever. And out-face

Justice; they are the Parties, Sir.

Pou. Say nothing.

Meer. Did you mark, Sir, upon their coming in,
How he call'd *Wittipol*?

Ever. And never saw 'em.

Pou. I warrant you did I, let 'em play awhile.

Fit. *Buz, buz, buz, buz.*

Tai. 'Lass, poor Gentleman,
How he is tortur'd!

Mrs. Fit. Fie, Master *Fitz-dottrel*!

What do you mean to counterfeit thus?

[*His Wife goes to him.*

Fit. O, O,

She comes with a Needle, and thrusts it in,

She pulls out that, and she puts in a Pin,

And now, and now, I do not know how, nor where,

But she pricks me here, and she pricks me there: Oh, oh.

Pou. Woman forbear.

Wit. What, Sir?

Pou. A practice foul

For one so fair.

Wit. Hath this, then, credit with you?

Man. Do you believe in't?

Pou. Gentlemen, I'll discharge

My Conscience. 'Tis a clear conspiracy!

A dark and devilish practice! I detest it!

Wit. The *Justice* sure will prove the merrier Man!

Man. This is most strange, Sir!

Pou.

Pou. Come not to confront
Authority with Impudence: I tell you,
I do detest it. Here comes the King's *Constable*,
And with him a right worshipful *Commoner*,
My good Friend, Master *Gilt-head*! I am glad
I can before such witnesses, profess
My Conscience, and my Detestation of it.
Horrible! most unnatural! abominable!

Ever. You do not tumble enough.

[*They whisper him,*

Meer. Wallow, gnash.

Tai. O how he is vexed!

Pou. 'Tis too manifest.

Ever. Give him more Soap to foam with, now lie
still.

[*And give him Soap to act with.*

Meer. And act a little.

Tai. What does he now, Sir?

Pou. Shew

The taking of *Tobacco*, with which the *Devil*
Is so delighted.

Fit. *Hum!*

Pou. And calls for *Hum*.

You takers of strong *Waters* and *Tobacco*,
Mark this.

Fit. *Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, &c.*

Pou. That's *Starch*! the *Devil's* Idol of that colour.
He ratifies it with clapping of his Hands.
The proofs are pregnant.

Gilt. How the *Devil* can act!

Pou. He is the Master of *Players*! Master *Gilt-head*,
And *Poets* too! you heard him talk in Rhime!
I had forgot to observe it to you, e'er while!

Tai. See, he spits Fire.

Pou. O no he plays at *Figgum*,

The *Devil* is the Author of wicked *Figgum* —

[*Sir Poule interprets Figgum to be a Jugler's Game.*

Man. Why speak you not unto him?

Wit. If I had
 All innocence of Man to be indanger'd,
 And he could save or ruin it, I'd not breathe
 A syllable in request, to such a Fool
 He makes himself.

Fit. O they whisper, whisper, whisper.
 We shall have more of Devils a score,
 To come to dinner, in me the Sinner.

Eith. Alas, poor Gentleman!

Pou. Put 'em asunder,
 Keep 'em one from the other.

Man. Are you phrentick, Sir?
 Or what grave dotage moves you to take part
 With so much Villany? We are not afraid
 Either of Law or Trial; let us be
 Examin'd what our ends were, what the means
 To work by, and possibility of those means?
 Do not conclude against us e'er you hear us.

Pou. I will not hear you, yet I will conclude
 Out of the circumstances.

Man. Will you so, Sir?

Pou. Yes, they are palpable.

Man. Not as your folly.

Pou. I will discharge my Conscience, and do all
 To the Meridian of Justice.

Gilt. You do well, Sir.

Fit. Provide me to eat, three or four dishes o' good
 Meat,
 I'll feast them and their trains, a Justice Head and
 Brains
 Shall be the first.

Pou. The Devil loves not Justice,
 There you may see.

Fit. A Spare-rib o' my Wife,
 And a Whore's Puritanance! a Gilt-head whole.

Pou. Be not you troubled, Sir, the Devil speaks it.

Fit. Yes, wis, Knight, shite, Poul, Foul, Owl, foul, troul,
 boul.

Pou.

Pou. Cramb, another of the Devil's Games!

Meer. Speak, Sir, some Greek, if you can. Is not the Justice

A solemn Gamester?

Ever. Peace.

Fit. Οἱ μοὶ, κακοδαίμων,
Καὶ βισκακοδαίμων, καὶ τελεράκας, καὶ πεντάκας,
Καὶ δοδεκάκας, καὶ μυριάκας.

Pou. He curses

In Greek, I think.

Ever. Your Spanish, that I taught you.

Fit. Quebrémos el ojo de burlas.

Ever. How? your rest —

Let's break his Neck in jest, the Devil says.

Fit. Di grátia Signòr mio se hañete denàri fataméne parte.

Meer. What, would the Devil borrow Money?

Fit. Ouy, Ouy Monsieur, un pauvre Diable! Diablot in!

Pou. It is the Devil, by his several Languages.

Sha. Where's Sir Poul Eitherside?

[Enter the Keeper of Newgate.

Pou. Here, what's the matter?

Sha. O! such an accident fall'n out at Newgate, Sir:

A great piece of the Prison is rent down!

The Devil has been there, Sir, in the body —

Of the young Cut-purse, was hang'd out this morning,

But in new Cloaths, Sir; every one of us know him.

These things were found in his Pocket.

Amb. Those are mine, Sir.

Sha. I think he was committed on your charge, Sir,
For a new Felony.

Amb. Yes.

Sha. He's gone, Sir, now,

And left us the dead Body. But withal, Sir,

Such an infernal stink and steam behind,

You cannot see St. Pulchres Steeple yet.

They smelt as far as Ware, as the wind lies,

By this time sure.

Fit. Is this upon your credit, Friend?

[*Fitz-dottrel leaves counterfeiting.*]

Sha. Sir, you may see, and satisfie your self.

Fit. Nay, then, 'tis time to leave off counterfeiting.

Sir, I am not bewitch'd, nor have a *Devil*,
No more than you. I do defie him, I,
And did abuse you. These two Gentlemen
Put me upon it. (I have faith against him.)
They taught me all my tricks. I will tell truth,
And shame the *Fiend*. See, here, Sir, are my Bellows,
And my false Belly, and my *Moufe*, and all
That should ha' come forth.

Man. Sir, are not you asham'd
Now of your solemn serious Vanity?

Pou. I will make honourable amends to Truth.

Fit. And so will I. But these are *Cozeners* still,
And ha' my Land, as Plotters, with my Wife;
Who, though she be not a Witch, is worse, a Whore.

Man. Sir, you belie her. She is chaste and virtuous,
And we are honest. I do know no glory
A Man should hope, by venting his own Follies,
But you'll still be an *Ass* in spite of Providence.
Please you go in, Sir, and hear truths, then judge 'em,
And make amends for your late rashness, when
You shall but hear the pains and care was taken
To save this fool from ruin, (his *Grace* of Drown'd-
land.)

Fit. My Land is drown'd indeed —

Pou. Peace.

Man. And how much

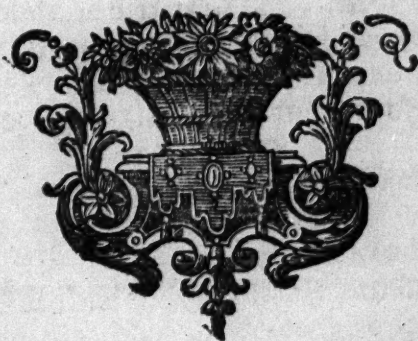
His modest and too worthy Wife hath suffer'd
By misconstruction from him, you will blush,
First, for your own belief, more for his actions!
His Land is his; and never, by my Friend,
Or by my self, meant to another use,
But for her succours, who hath equal right.
If any other had worse Counsels in't,
(I know I speak to those can apprehend me)

Let

Let 'em repent 'em, and be not detected.
It is not manly to take joy or pride
In human errors (we do all ill things,
They do 'em worst that love 'em, and dwell there,
Till the Plague comes.) The few that have the
Seeds
Of goodness left, will sooner make their way
To a true life, by Shame than Punishment.

THE EPILOGUE.

THUS the Projector here is overthrown;
But I have now a Project of mine own,
If it may pass, that no Man would invite
The Poet from us, to sup forth to night,
If the Play please. If it displeasing be,
We do presume that no Man will, nor we.



THE

THE
MAGNETICK
L A D Y;

O R,
Humours Reconcil'd.

A
C O M E D Y.

*Jam lapides suos ardor agit ferrumq; tenetur,
Illecebris——* Claud. de Magnet.

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXVI.

Dramatis Personæ.

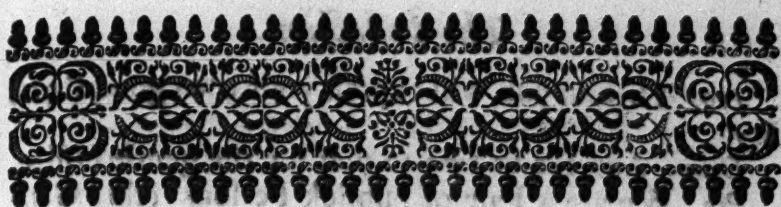
Lady Loadstone, the Magnetick Lady.
Mistress Polish, her Gossip and Sbe-parasite.
Mistress Placentia, her Neice.
Pleasance, her Waiting-woman.
Mistress Keep, the Neice's Nurse.
Mother Chair, the Midwife.
Mr. Compass, a Scholar Mathematick.
Captain Ironside, a Soldier.
Parson Palate, Prelate of the Parish.
Doctor Rut, Physician to the House.
Tim. Item, his Apothecary.
Sir Diaph Silkworm, a Courtier.
Mr. Practise, a Lawyer.
Sir Moath Interest, an Usurer, or Mony-Bawd.
Mr. Bias, a Vi-politick, or Sub-secretary.
Mr. Needle, the Lady's Steward and Taylor.

The Chorus by way of Induction.

SCENE LONDON.



THE



THE
INDUCTION
OR
CHORUS.

Two Gentlemen entring upon the Stage.

Mr. Probee and Mr. Damplay.

A Boy of the House meets them.

Boy. **W**HAT do you lack, Gentlemen? what is't you lack? Any fine Fancies, Figures, Humours, Characters, Ideas, Definitions of Lords and Ladies? Waiting-women, Parasites, Knights, Captains, Courtiers, Lawyers? what do you lack?

Pro. A pretty prompt Boy for the Poetick Shop.

Dam. And a bold! Where's one o' your Masters, Sirrah, the Poet?

Boy. Which of 'em? Sir we have divers that drive that Trade, now: Poets, Poet'accios, Poetasters, Poetito's—

Dam. And all Haberdashers of small Wit, I presume; we would speak with the Poet o' the day, *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, he is not here. But I have the Dominion of the Shop, for this time, under him, and can shew you all the variety the Stage will afford for the present.

Pro.

Pro. Therein you will express your own good Parts,
Boy.

Dam. And tye us two to you for the gentle Office.

Pro. We are a Pair of publick Persons (this Gentleman and my self) that are sent, thus coupled unto you, upon State-busines.

Boy. It concerns but the State of the Stage, I hope.

Dam. O, you shall know that by degrees, *Boy.* No Man leaps into a Business of State, without foarding first the State of the Business.

Pro. We are sent unto you, indeed, from the People.

Boy. The People! which side of the People?

Dam. The Venison side, if you know it, *Boy.*

Boy. That's the left side. I had rather they had been the right.

Pro. So they are. Not the *Faces*, or Grounds of your People, that sit in the oblique Caves and Wedges of your House, your sinful Six-penny Mechanicks---

Dam. But the better and braver sort of your People! Plush and Velvet Outsides! that stick your House round like so many Eminences-----

Boy. Of Cloaths, not Understandings? They are at Pawn. Well, I take these as a Part of your People though; what bring you to me from these People?

Dam. You have heard, *Boy*, the ancient Poets had it in their purpose, still to please this People.

Pro. I, their chief Aim was-----

Dam. *Populo ut placerent*: (if he understands so much.)

Boy. *Quas fecissent fabulas.*) I understand that, sin' I learn'd *Terence*, i' the third Form at *Westminster*: Go on, Sir.

Pro. Now, these People have employed us to you, in all their Names, to intreat an excellent Play from you.

Dam. For they have had very mean ones from this Shop of late, the Stage as you call it.

Boy. Troth, Gentlemen, I have no Wares which

I dare thrust upon the People with Praise. But this, such as it is, I will venture with your People, your gay gallant People: So as you, again, will undertake for them, that they shall know a good *Play* when they hear it; and will have the Conscience and Ingenuity beside to confess it.

Pro. We'll pass our Words for that; you shall have a Brace of us to ingage our selves.

Boy. You'll tender your Names, *Gentlemen*, to our Book then?

Dam. Yes, here's *Mr. Probee*; a Man of most powerful Speech, and Parts to persuade.

Pro. And *Mr. Damplay* will make good all he undertakes.

Boy. Good *Mr. Probee*, and *Mr. Damplay*! I like your Securities: Whence do you write your selves?

Pro. Of *London*, *Gentlemen*; but *Knights Brothers*, and *Knights Friends*, I assure you.

Dam. And *Knights Fellows* too. Every Poet writes Squire now.

Boy. You are good Names! very good Men, both of you! I accept you.

Dam. And what is the Title of your *Play*, here? *The Magnetick Lady*?

Boy. Yes, Sir, an attractive Title the Author has given it.

Pro. A *Magnete*, I warrant you.

Dam. O, no, from *Magnus*, *Magna*, *Magnum*.

Boy. This Gentleman hath found the true Magnitude——

Dam. Of his Portal or Entry to the Work, according to *Vitruvius*.

Boy. Sir, all our Work is done without a Portal---or *Vitruvius*. In *Foro*, as a true Comedy should be. And what is conceal'd within, is brought out, and made present by Report.

Dam. We see not that always observ'd by your Authors of these Times; or scarce any other.

Boy.

Boy. Where it is not at all known, how should it be observ'd? The most of those your People call *Authors*, never dreamt of any *Decorum*, or what was proper in the *Scene*; but grope at it i' the dark, and feel or fumble for it; I speak it, both with their leave and the leave o' your People.

Dam. But, why *Humours Reconcil'd*; I would fain know?

Boy. I can satisfy you there too; if you will. But, perhaps you desire not to be satisfied.

Dam. No? Why should you conceive so, *Boy*?

Boy. My Conceit is not ripe yet; I'll tell you that anon. The *Author* beginning his Studies of this kind, with *Every Man in his Humour*; and after, *Every Man out of his Humour*; and since, continuing in all his *Plays*, especially those of the *Comick Thread*, whereof the *New-Inn* was the last, some recent *Humours* still, or *Manners of Men*, that went along with the *Times*; finding himself now near the close, or shutting up of his Circle, hath fancy'd to himself, in *Idea*, this *Magnetick Mistress*: A Lady, a brave bountiful House-keeper, and a virtuous Widow; who having a young Neice, ripe for a Man and marriageable, he makes that his Center attractive, to draw thither a diversity of Guests, all Persons of different *Humours* to make up his *Perimeter*. And this he hath call'd *Humours reconcil'd*.

Pro. A bold Undertaking, and far greater than the Reconciliation of both Churches; the Quarrel between *Humours* having been much the ancients; and, in my poor Opinion, the Root of all Schism and Faction both in Church and Common-wealth.

Boy. Such is the Opinion of many wise Men, that meet at this Shop still; but how he will speed in it, we cannot tell, and he himself (it seems) less cares. For he will not be intreated by us, to give it a *Prologue*. He has lost too much that way already, he says. He will not wooe the Gentile Ignorance so much.

Euc

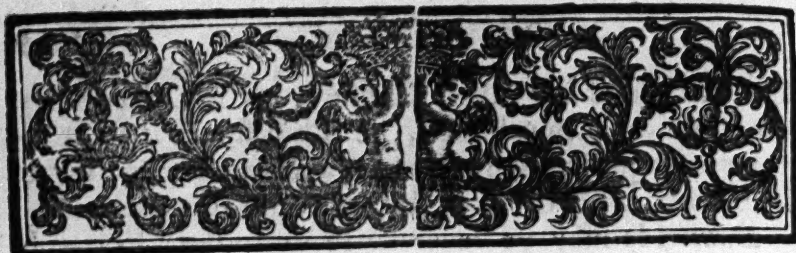
But careless of all vulgar Censure, as not depending on common Approbation, he is confident it shall super-please judicious Spectators, and to them he leaves it to work with the rest, by Example or otherwise.

Dam. He may be deceived in that, *Boy*: Few follow Examples now, especially if they be good.

Boy. The *Play* is ready to begin, *Gentlemen*, I tell you, lest you might defraud the Expectation of the People, for whom you are Delegates: Please you take a couple of Seats and plant your selves, here, as near my Standing as you can: Fly every thing you see to the Mark, and censure it, freely; so you interrupt not the *Series* or Thread of the Argument, to break or pucker it, with unnecessary Questions. For, I must tell you, (not out of mine own *Dictamen*, but the *Author's*) A good *Play* is like a Skain of Silk; which, if you take by the right End, you may wind off at pleasure, on the Bottom or Card of your Discourse, in a Tale, or so; how you will: But if you light on the wrong End, you will pull all into a knot or Else-lock; which nothing but the Sheers, or a Candle, will undo or separate.

Dam. Stay! who be these, I pray you?

Boy. Because it is your first Question (and these be the prime Persons) it would in civility require an Answer: But I have heard the Poet affirm, that to be the most unlucky *Scene* in a *Play*, which needs an Interpreter; especially, when the *Auditory* are awake: And such are you, he presumes; *Ergo*—



THE
MAGNETICK LADY;
OR,
Humours Reconcil'd.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Compass, Ironside.

COMPASS.



Elcome good Captain *Ironside*, and Brother;

You shall along with me. I'm lodg'd
hard by

Here, at a noble Lady's House i' th'
Street,

The Lady *Loadstone's* (one will bid us welcome)
Where there are Gentlewomen, and Male Guests,
Of several Humours, Carriage, Constitution,
Profession too; but so diametral
One to another, and so much oppos'd,

As

As if I can but hold them all together,
And draw 'em to a Sufferance of themselves;
But 'till the Dissolution of the Dinner,
I shall have just Occasion to believe
My Wit is magisterial; and our selves
Take infinite delight i' the Success.

Iron. Troth, Brother *Compass*, you shall pardon me;
I love not so to multiply Acquaintance
At a Meal's cost; 'twill take off o' my Freedom
So much; or bind me to the least Observance.

Com. Why, *Ironside*, you know I am a Scholar,
And part a Soldier; I have been employed
By some the greatest States-men o' the Kingdom,
These many Years; and in my time convers'd
With sundry Humours, suiting so my self
To Company, as honest Men, and Knaves;
Good-fellows, Hypocrites, all sorts of People,
Though never so divided in themselves,
Have studied to agree still in the Usage
And handling of me (which hath been fair too.)

Iron. Sir, I confess you to be one well read
In Men, and Manners; and that, usually,
The most ungovern'd Persons, you being present,
Rather subject themselves unto your Censure,
Than give you least Occasion of Distaste,
By making you the Subject of their Mirth:
But (to deal plainly with you, as a Brother)
When ever I distrust i' my own Valour,
I'll never bear me on another's Wit,
Or offer to bring off, or save my self
On the opinion of your Judgment, Gravity,
Discretion, or what else. But (being away)
You're sure to have less-wit-work, gentle Brother,
My Humour being as stubborn as the rest,
And as unmanageable.

Com. You do mistake
My Caract of your Friendship all this while!
Or at what rate I reckon your Assistance,

Knowing by long Experience, to such Animals,
 Half-hearted Creatures, as these are, your Fox there,
 Unkennel'd with a Cholerick, ghastly Aspect,
 Or two or three comminatory Terms,
 Would run their Fears to any hole of Shelter,
 Worth a day's Laughter! I am for the Sport:
 For nothing else.

Iron. But, Brother, I ha' seen
 A Coward, meeting with a Man as valiant
 As our *St. George* (not knowing him to be such,
 Or having least Opinion that he was so)
 Set to him roundly, I, and swinge him soundly:
 And i' the vertue of that Error, having
 Once overcome, resolv'd for ever after
 To err; and think no Person, nor no Creature
 More valiant than himself.

Com. I think that too:
 But, Brother, (could I overintreat you)
 I have some little Plot upon the rest,
 If you would be contented to endure
 A sliding Reprehension at my hands,
 To hear your self or your Profession glanc'd at
 In a few slighting Terms; it would beget
 Me such a main Authority, o' the bie,
 And do your self no Disrepute at all!

Iron. Compass. I know that universal Causes
 In Nature produce nothing, but as meeting
 Particular Causes, to determine those,
 And specifie their Acts. This is a piece
 Of *Oxford Science*, stays with me e'er since
 I left that place; and I have often found
 The truth thereof, in my private Passions:
 For I do never feel my self perturb'd
 With any general words 'gainst my Profession,
 Unless by some smart Stroke upon my self
 They do awake, and stir me: Else, to wise
 And well experienc'd Men, Words do but signifie;
 They have no power, save with dull Grammarians,
 Whose

Whose Souls are nought but a *Syntaxis* of them.

Com. Here comes our Parson, *Parson Palate* here;
A venerable Youth! I must salute him,
And a great Clerk! he's going to the Ladies:
And tho' you see him thus, without his Cope,
I dare assure you, he's our Parish Pope!
God save my reverend Clergy, *Parson Palate*.

SCENE II.

Palate, Compass, Ironside.

Pal. The witty Mr. *Compass*! how is't with you?

Com. My Lady stays for you, and for your Counsel,
Touching her Neice, Mrs. *Placentia Steel*!
Who strikes the fire of full fourteen to day,
Ripe for a Husband.

Pal. I, she chimes, she chimes.
Saw you the Doctor *Rut*, the House Physician?
He's sent for too.

Com. To Counsel? time yo' were there.
Make haste, and give it a round quick Dispatch:
That we may go to Dinner betimes, *Parson*;
And drink a Health, or two more, to the business.

Iron. This is a strange Put-off! a reverend Youth,
You use him most surreverently methinks!
What call you him? *Palate Please*? or *Parson Palate*?

Com. All's one, but shorter! I can gi' you his Character.
He is the Prelate of the Parish, here,
And governs all the Dames, appoints the Cheer,
Writes down the Bills of Fare, pricks all the Guests,
Makes all the Matches and the Marriage Feasts
Within the Ward; draws all the Parish Wills,
Designs the Legacies, and strokes the Gills
Of the chief Mourners: And (whoever lacks)
Of all the Kindred, he hath first his Blacks.
Thus holds he Weddings up, and Burials,
As his main Tithing; with the Gossips Stalls,

A a 3

Their

Their Pews; he's top still, at the publick Mefs,
 Comforts the Widow, and the Fatherless,
 In funeral Sack: Sits 'bove the Alderman;
 For of the Ward-mote *Quest*, he better can
 The Mystery, than the Levitick Law:
 That piece of Clark-ship doth his Vestry awe.
 He is, as he conceives himself, a fine
 Well furnish'd, and apparelled Divine.

Iron. Who made this *Epigram*, you?

Com. No, a great Clerk

As any's of his Bulk (*Ben. Johnson*) made it.

Iron. But what's the other Character, *Doctor Rut*?

Com. The same Man made 'em both: but his is shorter,
 And not in Rhime, but Blanks. I'll tell you that, too.
Rut is a young Physician to the Family:
 That, letting God alone, ascribes to Nature
 More than her share; licentious in Discourse,
 And in his Life a profest Voluptuary;
 The Slave of Money, a Buffoon in Manners;
 Obscene in Language, which he vents for Wit;
 Is sawcy in his Logicks, and disputing;
 Is any thing but Civil, or a Man.
 See here they are! and walking with my Lady,
 In consultation, afore the Door;
 We will slip in, as if we saw 'em not.

SCENE III.

Lady, Palate, Rut.

Lad. I, 'tis his fault, she's not bestow'd,
 My Brother *Interest*'s.

Pal. Who, old Sir *Moath*?

Lad. He keeps off all her Suitors, keeps the Portion
 Still in his Hands; and will not part with all,
 On any terms.

Pal. *Hinc illa lachryma*;
 Thence flows the Cause o' the main Grievance.

Rut.

Rut. That

It is a main one! how much is the Portion?

Lad. No petty Sum.

Pal. But sixteen thousand Pound.

Rut. He should be forc'd, Madam, to lay it down:
When is it payable?

Lad. When she is married.

Pal. Marry her, marry her, Madam.

Rut. Get her married.

Lose not a Day, an Hour——

Pal. Not a minute.

Pursue your Project real, *Mr. Compass*
Advis'd you to. He is the perfect Instrument
Your Ladyship should sail by.

Rut. Now, *Mr. Compass*
Is a fine witty Man; I saw him go in, now.

Lad. Is he gone in?

Pal. Yes, and a Feather with him,
He seems a Soldier.

Rut. Some new Suitor, Madam.

Lad. I am beholding to him; he brings ever
Variety of good Persons to my Table,
And I must thank him, tho' my Brother *Interest*
Dislike of it a little.

Pal. He likes nothing
That runs your way.

Rut. Troth, and the other cares not.
He'll go his own way, if he think it right.

Lad. He's a true Friend! and there's *Mr. Practice*,
The fine young Man of Law, comes to the House:
My Brother brooks him not, because he thinks
He is by me assigned for my Neice:
He will not hear of it.

Rut. Not of that Ear:
But yet your Ladyship doth wisely in it——

Pal. 'Twill make him to lay down the Portion sooner,
If he but dream you'll match her with a Lawyer.

Lad. So *Mr. Compass* says. It is between

The Lawyer, and the Courtier, which shall have her.

Pal. Who, Sir *Diaphanous Silk-worm*?

Rut. A fine Gentleman,
Old Mr. *Silk-worm's* Heir.

Pal. And a neat Courtier,
Of a most elegant Thread.

Lad. And so my Gossip

Polish assures me. Here she comes! good *Polish*
Welcome in troth! How do'st thou, gentle *Polish*?

Rut. Who's this?

Pal. Dame *Polish*, her She-parasite,
Her talking, soothing, sometime governing Gossip.

SCENE IV.

Polish, Lady, Palate, Rut.

Pal. Your Ladyship is still the Lady *Loadstone*,
That draws, and draws unto you, Guests of all sorts:
The Courtiers, and the Soldiers, and the Scholars,
The Travellers, Physicians, and Divines,
As Doctor *Ridley* writ, and Doctor *Barlow*.

They both have wrote of you, and Mr. *Compass*.

Lad. We mean, they shall write more, ere it be
long.

Pol. Alas, they are both dead, and't please you; but
Your Ladyship means well, and shall mean well,
So long as I live. How does your fine Neice,
My Charge, Mistress *Placentia Steel*?

Lad. She is not well.

Pol. Not well?

Lad. Her Doctor says so.

Rut. Not very well; she cannot shoot at Buts,
Or manage a great Horse, but she can cranch
A Sack of Small-coal! eat you Lime, and Hair,
Soap-ashes, Loam, and has a dainty spice
O' the Green-sickness!

Pol. 'Od shield!

Rut.

Rut. Or the Dropſie!

A toy, a thing of nothing. But my Lady, here,
Her noble Aunt,

Pol. She is a noble Aunt!

And a right worſhipful Lady, and a virtuous;
I know it well!

Rut. Well, if you know it, peace.

Pal. Good Siſter *Polish*, hear your betters ſpeak.

Pol. Sir I will ſpeak, with my good Lady's leave,
And ſpeak, and ſpeak again; I did bring up
My Lady's Neice, Mrs. *Placentia Steel*,
With my own Daughter (who's *Placentia* too)
And waits upon my Lady, is her Woman:
Her Ladyſhip well knows Mrs. *Placentia*
Steel (as I ſaid) her curious Neice, was left
A Legacy to me, by Father and Mother,
With the Nurſe *Keep* that tended her: her Mother
She died in Child-bed of her, and her Father
Liv'd not long after: for he lov'd her Mother!
They were a godly couple! yet both dy'd,
(As we muſt all.) No Creature is immortal,
I have heard our Paſtor ſay: no, not the faithful!
And they did dye (as I ſaid) both in one month.

Rut. Sure ſhe is not long liv'd, if ſhe ſpend Breath
thus.

Pol. And did bequeath her to my care and hand,
To poliſh and bring up. I moulded her,
And faſhion'd her, and form'd her; ſhe had the ſweat
Both of my Brows and Brains. My Lady knows it
Since ſhe could write a quarter old.

Lad. I know not

That ſhe could write ſo early, my good Goſſip.
But I do know ſhe was ſo long your care,
Till ſhe was twelve year old; that I call'd for her,
And took her home, for which I thank you, *Poliſh*,
And am beholden to you.

Rut. I ſure thought
She had a Leaſe of talking for nine lives —

Pal.

Pal. It may be she has.

Pol. Sir, sixteen thousand Pound
Was then her Portion! for she was, indeed,
Their only Child! and this was to be paid
Upon her Marriage, so she married still
With my good Lady's liking here, her Aunt:
(I heard the Will read) Mr. *Steel*, her Father,
The World condemn'd him to be very rich,
And very hard; and he did stand condemn'd
With that vain World, till, as 'twas prov'd, after
He left almost as much more to good uses
In Sir *Moath Interest's* hands, my Lady's Brother,
Whose Sister he had married: he holds all
In his close gripe. But Mr. *Steel* was liberal,
And a fine Man; and she a dainty Dame,
And a religious, and a bountiful —

SCENE V.

To them, Compass, Ironside.

Pol. You knew her, Mr. *Compass*?

Com. Spare the torture,
I do confess without it.

Pol. And her Husband,
What a fine couple they were? and how they liv'd?

Com. Yes.

Pol. And lov'd together like a pair of Turtles!

Com. Yes.

Pol. And feasted all the Neighbours.

Com. Take her off
Some body that hath mercy.

Rut. O he knows her,
It seems!

Com. Or any measure of compassion:
Doctors, if you be Christians, undertake
One for the Soul, the other for the Body!

Pol.

Pol. She would dispute with the Doctors of Divi-
At her own Table! and the *Spittle* Preachers! [nity,
And find out the *Armenians*.

Rut. The *Armenians*?

Pol. I say, the *Armenians*.

Com. Nay, I say so too!

Pol. So Mr. *Polish* call'd 'em, the *Armenians*!

Com. And *Medes* and *Persians*, did he not?

Pol. Yes, he knew 'em,

And so did Mistress *Steel*:

She was his Pupil.

The *Armenians*, he would say, were worse than Pa-

And then the *Persians* were our Puritans, [pists:

Had the fine piercing wits!

Com. And who, the *Medes*?

Pol. The middle Men, the luke-warm Protestants.

Rut. Out, out.

Pol. Sir, she would find them by their branching:
Their branching Sleeves, brancht Cassocks, and brancht
Beside their Texts. [Doctrine,

Rut. Stint Karlin: I'll not hear.

Confute her, Parson.

Pol. I respect no Parsons,
Chaplains, or Doctors, I will speak.

Lad. Yes, so't be Reason,
Let her.

Rut. Death, she cannot speak Reason.

Com. Nor Sense, if we be Masters of our Senses!

Iro. What mad Woman ha' they got here to bait?

Pol. Sir, I am mad in truth, and to the purpose;
And cannot but be mad, to hear my Lady's
Dead Sister slighted, witty Mrs. *Steel*.

Iro. If she had a wit, Death has gone near to spoil it;
Assure your self.

Pol. She was both witty and zealous,
And lighted all the Tinder o' the truth
(As one said) of Religion, in our Parish;
She was too learned to live long with us!

She

She could the Bible in the Holy Tongue,
And read it without Pricks; had all her *Masoreth*;
Knew *Burton* and his Bull, and Scribe *Prin*, Gent,
Presto-be-gon, and all the Pharisees.

Lad. Dear Gossip,
Be you gone, at this time, too, and vouchsafe
To see your Charge, my Neice.

Pol. I shall obey
If your wise Ladyship think fit: I know
To yield to my Superiors.

Lad. A good Woman!
But when she is impertinent, grows earnest,
A little troublesome, and out of season:
Her love and zeal transport her.

Com. I am glad
That any thing could port her hence. We now
Have hope of Dinner, after her long Grace.
I have brought your Ladyship a hungry Guest here,
A Soldier, and my Brother Captain *Ironside*:
Who being by custom grown a Sanguinary,
The solemn and adopted Son of slaughter,
Is more delighted i' the chase of an Enemy,
An execution of three days and nights,
Than all the hope of numerous succession,
Or happiness of Issue could bring to him.

Rut. He is no Suitor then?

Pal. So't should seem.

Com. And if he can get pardon at Heaven's hand
For all his murders, is in as good case
As a new-christen'd Infant: (his Employments
Continu'd to him, without interruption,
And not allowing him, or time, or place
To commit any other sin, but those) [dam.
Please you to make him welcome for a meal, Ma-

Lad. The nobleness of his profession makes
His welcome perfect; though your course description
Would seem to fully it.

Iro. Never, where a beam

The Magnetick Lady.

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Of so much favour doth illustrate it,
Right knowing Lady.

Pal. She hath cur'd all well.

Rut. And he hath fitted well the Compliment.

S C E N E VI.

To them, Sir Diaphanous, Practice.

Com. No, here they come: the prime *Magnetick*
Our Lady *Loadstone* so respects: the Artick! [Guests
And th' Antartick! Sir *Diaphanous Silk-worm*!
A Courtier extraordinary; who by diet
Of Meats and Drinks, his temperate Exercise,
Choice Musick, frequent Baths, his horary shifts
Of Shirts and Waste-coats, means to immortalize
Mortality itself, and makes the essence
Of his whole happiness the trim of Court.

Dia. I thank you, Mr. *Compass*, for your short
Encomiastick.

Rut. It is much in little, Sir.

Pal. Concise and quick; the true stile of an Orator.

Com. But Mr. *Practice* here, my Lady's Lawyer,
Or Man of Law (for that's the true writing:)

A Man so dedicate to his profession,
And the preferments go along with it,
As scarce the thund'ring brute of an Invasion,
Another eighty eight, threat'ning his Country
With ruin, would no more work upon him,
Than *Syracusa's* Sack on *Archimede*:
So much he loves that Night-cap! the Bench-gown!
With the broad Guard o' th' back! These shew
A Man betroth'd unto the study of our Laws!

Pra. Which you but think the crafty impositions
Of subtille Clerks, feats of fine understanding,
To abuse Clots and Clowns with, Mr. *Compass*,
Having no ground in nature to sustain it,
Or light, from those clear causes; to the inquiry
And

And search of which, your Mathematical Head
Hath so devow'd itself.

Com. Tut, all Men are
Philosophers, to their inches. There's within
Sir *Interest*, as able a Philosopher,
In buying and selling! has reduc'd his thrift
To certain principles, and i' that method!
As he will tell you instantly, by *Logarythms*,
The utmost profit of a stock imployed:
(Be the commodity what it will) the place,
Or time, but causing very, very little,
Or, I may say, no paralax at all,
In his pecuniary observations!
He has brought your Neice's Portion with him, Ma-
At least, the Man that must receive it: Here [dam;
They come negotiating the affair;
You may perceive the Contract in their Faces,
And read th' Indenture. If you'll sign 'em: So.

SCENE VII.

To them, Interest, Bias.

Pal. What is he, Mr. *Compass*?

Com. A Vi-politick!

Or a sub-aiding Instrument of State!
A kind of a laborious Secretary
To a great Man! (and likely to come on)
Full of attendance! and of such a stride
In business Politick or Oeconomick,
As well his Lord may stoop t' advise with him,
And be prescribed by him in affairs
Of highest consequence, when he is dull'd,
Or wearied with the less.

Dia. 'Tis Mr. *Bias*,
Lord *Whack'um*'s Politick.

Com. You know the Man?

Dia.

The Magnetick Lady.

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Dia. I ha' seen him wait at Court, there, with his
Of Papers and Petitions.

[*Maniples*

Pra. He is one

That over-rules, tho' by his authority
Of living there; and cares for no Man else:
Neglects the Sacred Letter of the Law;
And holds it all to be but a dead heap
Of civil Institutions: the rest only
Of common Men, and their causes, a Farrago,
Or a made dish in Court; a thing of nothing.

Com. And that's your quarrel at him? a just plea.

Int. I tell you, Sister *Loadstone* —

Com. (Hang your Ears

This way, and hear his Praises: now *Moath* opens.)

Int. I ha' brought you here the very Man! the Jewel
Of all the Court! close Mr. *Bias*! Sister,
Apply him to your side! or you may wear him
Here o' your Breast! or hang him in your Ear!
He's a fit Pendant for a Lady's tip!
A Chrysolite, a Gem; the very Agate
Of State and Polity; cut from the Quar
Of *Machiavel*, a true Cornelian,
As *Tacitus* himself! and to be made
The brooch to any true State-cap in *Europe*!

Lad. You praise him, Brother, as you had hope to
sell him.

Com. No, Madam, as he had hope to sell your Neice
Unto him.

Lad. 'Ware your true Jests, Mr. *Compass*;
They will not relish.

Int. I will tell you, Sister,
I cannot cry his Carra^ct up enough:
He is unvaluable: All the Lords
Have him in that esteem, for his Relations;
Corrants, Avises, Correspondences
With this Ambassador, and that Agent! He
Will screw you out a Secret from a Statist —

Com. So easie, as some Cobler worms a Dog.

Int.

Int. And lock it in the Cabinet of his memory—

Com. 'Till't turn a politick Insect or a Fly!

Thus long.

Int. You may be merry, *Mr. Compass*;
But though you have the reversion of an Office,
You are not in't, Sir.

Bia. Remember that.

Com. Why should that fright me, *Mr. Bi—*, from
Whose As you are? [telling

Int. Sir, he's one, can do
His turns there, and deliver too his Letters
As punctually, and in as good a fashion,
As e'er a Secretary can in Court:

Iro. Why, is it any matter in what fashion
A Man deliver his Letters, so he not open 'em?

Bia. Yes, we have certain precedents in Court,
From which we never swerve once in an Age:
And (whatsoe'er he thinks) I know the Arts
And Sciences do not directlier make
A Graduate in our Universities,
Than an habitual gravity prefers
A Man in Court.

Com. Which by the truer stile,
Some call a formal flat Servility.

Bia. Sir, you may call it what you please; but we
(That tread the path of publick busineses)
Know what a tacit shrug is, or a shrink;
The wearing the Callot, the politick Hood,
And twenty other *Parerga*, o'the bie
You Seculars understand not: I shall trick him,
If his Reversion come i' my Lord's way.

Dia. What is that, *Mr. Practice*? you sure know?
Mas' *Compasses* Reversion?

Pra. A fine place
(Surveyor of the Projects general)
I would I had it.

Pal. What is't worth?

Pra. O Sir,

A *Nemo scit.*

Lad. We'll think on't afore Dinner.

CHORUS.

Boy. NOW, *Gentlemen*, what censure you of our *Protasis*, or first *Act*?

Pro. Well, *Boy*, it is a fair Presentment of your *Actions*; and a handsome Promise of somewhat to come hereafter.

Dam. But, there is nothing done in it, or concluded: Therefore I say, no *Act*.

Boy. A fine piece of Logick! Do you look, *Mr. Damplay*, for Conclusions in a *Protasis*? I thought the Law of *Comedy* had reserv'd to the *Catastrophe*; and that the *Epitasis* (as we are taught) and the *Catastasis*, had been intervening parts, to have been expected. But you would have all come together, it seems: The Clock should strike five at once, with the *Acts*.

Dam. Why, if it could do so, it were well, *Boy*.

Boy. Yes, if the nature of a Clock were to speak, not strike. So, if a Child could be born in a *Play*, and grow up to a Man, i' the first Scene, before he went off the Stage: and then after to come forth a Squire, and be made a Knight: and that Knight to travel between the *Acts*, and do wonders i' the Holy Land or elsewhere; kill Paynims, wild Boars, dun Cows, and other Monsters; beget him a Reputation, and marry an Emperor's Daughter: for his Mistress convert her Father's Country; and at last come home lame, and all-to-be-laden with Miracles.

Dam. These Miracles would please, I assure you; and take the *People*! For there be of the *People*, that will expect Miracles, and more than Miracles from this Pen.

Boy. Do they think this Pen can juggle? I would we had *Hokos pokos* for 'em then, your *People*; or *Travittanto Tudesko*.

Dam. Who's that, *Boy*?

Boy. Another Juggler, with a long Name. Or that your Expecters would be gone hence now, at the first Act; or expect no more hereafter than they understand.

Dam. Why so, my peremptory *Jack*?

Boy. My Name is *John*, indeed——Because, who expect what is impossible, or beyond Nature, defraud themselves.

Pro. Nay, there the *Boy* said well: They do defraud themselves indeed.

Boy. And therefore, Mr. *Damplay*, unless like a solemn Justice of Wit, you will damn our *Play*, unheard, or unexamined; I shall intreat your Mistress, Madam *Expectation*, if she be among these Ladies, to have Patience, but a pissing while: Give our Springs leave to open a little, by degrees; a source of ridiculous matter may break forth anon, that shall steep their Temples, and bathe their Brains in laughter, to the fomenting of Stupidity it self, and the awaking any velvet Lethargy in the House.

Pro. Why do you maintain your Poets Quarrel so with Velvet, and good Clothes, *Boy*? we have seen him in indifferent good Clothes, ere now.

Boy. And may do in better, if it please the King (his Master) to say *Amen* to it, and allow it, to whom he acknowledgeth all. But his Clothes shall never be the best thing about him, though; he will have somewhat beside, either of human Letters, or severe Honesty, shall speak him a Man, though he went naked.

Pro. He is beholden to you, if you can make this good, *Boy*.

Boy. Himself hath done that already, against Envy.

Dam. What's your Name, Sir? or your Country?

Boy. *John Try-gust* my Name: A *Cornish* Youth, and the Poet's Servant.

Dam. West country Breed I thought, you were so bold.

Boy.

Boy. Or rather sawcy ; to find out your Palate,
Mr. Damplay. 'Faith we do call a Spade, a Spade in
Cornwal. If you dare damn our *Play*, i' the wrong
place, we shall take heart to tell you so.
Pro. Good Boy.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Keep, Placentia, Pleasance.

Keep. SWEET Mistress, pray you be merry: You are
To have a Husband now. [sure

Pla. I, if the Store
Hurt not the Choice.

Ple. Store is no Sore, young Mistress,
My Mother is wont to say.

Keep. And she'll say wisely
As any Mouth i' the Parish. Fix on one;
Fix upon one, good Mistress.

Pla. At this call too,
Here's Mr. *Practise*, who is call'd to the Bench
Of purpose.

Keep. Yes, and by my Lady's means——

Ple. 'Tis thought to be the Man.

Keep. A Lawyer's Wife.

Ple. And a fine Lawyer's Wife.

Keep. Is a brave Calling.

Ple. Sweet Mistress *Practise*!

Keep. Gentle Mistress *Practise*!

Ple. Fair, open Mistress *Practise*!

Keep. I, and close,
And cunning Mistress *Practise*!

Pla. I not like that;
The Courtier's is the neater Calling.

Ple. Yes,
My Lady *Silk-worm*.

B b 2

Keep.

Keep. And to shine in Plush.

Ple. Like a young Night-crow, a *Diaphanous Silk-worm.*

Keep. Lady *Diaphanous* sounds most delicate!

Ple. Which would you chuse now, Mistress?

Pla. 'Cannot tell.

The Copy does confound one.

Ple. Here's my Mother.

SCENE II.

Polish, Keep, Placentia, Pleasance, Needle.

Pol. How now, my dainty Charge, and diligent Nurse? What were you chanting on? (God bless you, Maiden.)

[To her Daughter kneeling.

Keep. We were enchanting all, wishing a Husband For my young Mistress here. A man to please her.

Pol. She shall have a man, good Nurse, and must have a man:

A man and a half, if we can chuse him out:

We are all in Counsel within, and sit about it:

The Doctors and the Scholars; and my Lady,

Who's wiser than all us—Where's Mr. *Needle*?

Her Ladyship so lacks him to prick out

The man: How does my sweet young Mistress?

You look not well methinks! how do you, dear Charge?

You must have a Husband, and you shall have a Husband.

There's two put out to making for you; a third

Your Uncle promises: But you must still

Be rul'd by your Aunt, according to the Will

Of your dead Father and Mother (who are in Heaven.)

Your Lady-Aunt has choice i' the House for you:

We do not trust your Uncle; he would keep you

A Batchelor still, by keeping of your Portion:

And keep you not alone without a Husband,

But in a Sickness: I, and the Green-sickness,

The Maidens Malady; which is a Sickness:

A kind of Disease, I can assure you,
And like the Fish our Mariners call *Remora*——

Keep. A *Remora*, Mistress!

Pol. How now, Goody Nurse?

Dame *Keep* of *Katarns*? what? have you an Oar
I' the Cock-boat, 'cause you are a Sailor's Wife,
And come from *Shadwell*? I say a *Remora*:
For it will stay a Ship that's under Sail!
And Stays are long and tedious things to Maids!
And Maidens are young Ships that would be sailing
When they be rigg'd; wherefore is all their trim else?

Nee. True; and for them to be staid——

Pol. The Stay is dangerous:

You know it, Mr. *Needle*.

Nee. I know somewhat:

And can assure you, from the Doctor's Mouth,
She has a Drop sic; and must change the Air,
Before she can recover.

Pol. Say you so, Sir?

Nee. The Doctor says so.

Pol. Says his Worship so?

I warrant 'em he says true then; they sometimes
Are Sooth-sayers, and always cunning Men.
Which Doctor was it?

Nee. E'en my Lady's Doctor:

The neat House-Doctor: But a true Stone-Doctor.

Pol. Why? hear you, Nurse? How comes this
Jeer to pass?

This is your fault in truth: It shall be your fault,
And must be your Fault: Why is your Mistress sick?
She had her Health, the while she was with me.

Keep. Alas, good Mistress *Polish*, I am no Saint,
Much less, my Lady, to be urg'd give Health,
Or Sicknes, at my Will; but to wait
The Stars good Pleasure, and to do my Duty.

Pol. You must do more than your Duty, foolish Nurse:
You must do all you can; and more than you can,
More than is possible; when Folks are sick,

Especially a Mistress, a young Mistress.

Keep. Here's Mr. Doctor himself cannot do that.

Pol. Doctor *Do-all* can do it. Thence he's call'd so.

SCENE III.

Rut, Poliss, Lady, Keep, Placentia.

Rut. Whence? what's he call'd?

Pol. Doctor, do all you can,

I pray you, and beseech you, for my Charge here.

Lad. She's my tendring Gossip, loves my Neice.

Pol. I know you can do all things, what you please, Sir,
For a young Damsel, my good Lady's Neice here!
You can do what you list.

Rut. Peace, *Tiffany*.

Pol. Especially in this new Case o' the Dropsie.
The Gentlewoman (I do fear) is leven'd.

Rut. Leven'd? what's that?

Pol. Pufft, blown, and't please your Worship.

Rut. What! Dark by darker? What is blown?
puff'd? speak English——

Pol. Tainted (and't please you) some do call it.
She swells, and so swells with it——

Rut. Give her Vent,

If she do swell. A Gimblet must be had:

It is a *Tympanites* she is troubled with;

There are three kinds: The first is *Ana-sarca*.

Under the Flesh a Tumour; that's not hers.

The second is *Ascites*, or *Aquosus*,

A watry Humour; that's not hers neither.

But *Tympanites* (which we call the Drum)

A Wind bombs in her Belly, must be unbrac'd;

And with a Faucet, or a Peg, let out,

And she'll do well: Get her a Husband.

Pol. Yes,

I say so, Mr. Doctor, and betimes too.

Lad. As

Soon

Soon as we can: Let her bear up to day,
Laugh, and keep Company, at Gleek or Crimp.

Pol. Your Ladyship says right, Crimp sure will cure her

Rut. Yes, and Gleek too; peace Gossip *Tittle-tattle*,
She must to morrow down into the Country,
Some twenty miles; a Coach and six brave Horses:
Take the fresh Air a Month there, or five Weeks;
And then return a Bride up to the Town,
For any Husband i' the *Hemisphere*
To chuck at; when she has dropt her *Tympany*.

Pol. Must she then drop it?

Rut. Thence, 'tis call'd a Dropsie.
The *Tympanites* is one spice of it;
A Toy, a thing of nothing, a meer Vapour;
I'll blow't away,

Lad. Needle, get you the Coach
Ready against to morrow morning.

Nee. Yes, Madam.

Lad. I'll down with her my self, and thank the Doctor.

Pol. We all shall thank him. But, dear Madam, think,
Resolve upon a Man this day.

Lad. I ha' done't.

To tell you true (sweet Gossip) here is none
But Master *Doctor*, he shall be o' the Counsel;
The Man I have design'd her to, indeed,
Is Master *Practise*; he's a neat young man,
Forward, and growing up in a Profession!
Like to be some body, if the Hall stand!
And Pleading hold! A prime young Lawyer's Wife,
Is a right happy Fortune.

Rut. And she bringing
So plentiful a Portion, they may live
Like King and Queen at Common Law together!
Sway Judges; guide the Courts; command the Clerks;
And fright the Evidence; rule at their Pleasures,
Like petty Sovereigns in all Cases.

Pol. O, that
Will be a work of Time; she may be old

Before her Husband rise to a chief Judge;
 And all her flower be gone. No, no, a Lady
 O'the first Head I'd have her; and in Court:
 The Lady *Silk-worm*, a *Diaphanous* Lady:
 And be a Vi-countess, to carry all
 Before her, (as we say) her Gentleman-Usher:
 And cast-off Pages, bare, to bid her Aunt
 Welcome unto her Honour at her Lodgings.

Rut. You say well, Lady's Gossip; if my Lady
 Could admit that, to have her Neice precede her.

Lad. For that, I must consult mine own Ambition,
 My zealous Gossip.

Pol. O, you shall precede her:
 You shall be a Countess! Sir *Diaphanous*
 Shall get you made a Countess! Here he comes;
 Has my Voice certain: O fine Courtier!
 O blessed Man! the Bravery prickt out,
 To make my dainty Charge a Vi-countess:
 And my good Lady, her Aunt, Countess at large!

SCENE IV.

To them, Diaphanous, Palate.

Dia. I tell thee, *Parson*, if I get her, reckon
 Thou hast a Friend in Court; and shalt command
 A Thousand Pound, to go on any Errand,
 For any Church-preferment thou hast a mind to.

Pal. I thank your Worship: I will so work for you,
 As you shall study all the ways to thank me:
 I'll work my Lady, and my Lady's Friends;
 Her Gossip, and this Doctor, and Squire *Needle*,
 And Mr. *Compass*, who is all in all;
 The very Fly she moves by; he is one
 That went to Sea with her Husband, Sir *John Loadstone*,
 And brought home the rich Prizes; all that Wealth
 Is left her; for which Service she respects him;
 A dainty Scholar in the Mathematicks;

And

And one she wholly imployes. Now *Dominus Practise*
Is yet the man (appointed by her Ladyship)
But there's a trick to set his Cap awry,
If I know any thing: he hath confest
To me in private that he loves another,
My Lady's Woman, Mrs. *Pleasance*; therefore
Secure you of Rivalship.

Dia. I thank thee,
My noble *Parson*; there's Five hundred pound
Waits on thee more for that.

Pal. Accost the Neice;
Yonder she walks alone; I'll move the Aunt:
But here's the Gossip; she expects a morsel.
Ha' you ne'er a Ring or Toy to throw away?

Dia. Yes, here's a Diamond of some Threescore
I pray you give her that. [Pound,

Pal. If she will take it,

Dia. And there's an Emerald for the Doctor too:
Thou *Parson*, thou shalt coin me; I am thine.

Pal. Here Mr. *Compass* comes: Do you see, my Lady,
And all the rest, how they do flutter about him?
He is the Oracle of the House and Family.
Now is your time; go nick it with the Neice:
I will walk by, and hearken how the Chimes go.

SCENE V.

To them, Compass.

Com. Nay, *Parson*, stand not off; you may approach:
This is no such hid Point of State we handle,
But you may hear it: for we are all of Counsel.
The gentle Mr. *Practise* hath dealt clearly
And nobly with you, Madam.

Lad. Ha' you talk'd with him,
And made the Overture?

Com. Yes, first I mov'd
The Business trusted to me by your Ladyship,

I' your own words, almost your very Syllables, [gance,
 Save where my Memory trespass'd 'gainst their Ele-
 For which I hope your Pardon. Then I inlarg'd,
 In my own homely Stile, the special goodness
 And greatness of your Bounty in your Choice,
 And free conferring of a Benefit
 So without ends, conditions, any tie
 But his meer Virtue, and the value of it,
 To call him to your Kindred, to your Veins,
 Insert him in your Family, and to make him
 A Nephew by the offer of a Neice,
 With such a Portion; which when he had heard,
 And most maturely acknowledg'd (as his Calling
 Tends all unto maturity) he return'd
 A Thanks as ample as the Courtesie,
 (In my Opinion); said it was a Grace
 Too great to be rejected or accepted
 By him! But as the Terms stood with his Fortune,
 He was not to prevaricate with your Ladyship,
 But rather to require ingenious leave,
 He might with the same love that it was offer'd
 Refuse it, since he could not with his honesty,
 (Being he was engag'd before) receive it.

Pal. The same he said to me.

Com. And name the Party?

Pal. He did, and he did not.

Com. Come, leave your Schemes,
 And fine *Amphibolies*, *Parson*.

Pal. You'll hear more.

Pol. Why, now your Ladyship is free to chuse
 The Courtier, Sir *Diaphanous*: he shall do it,
 I'll move it to him my self.

Lad. What will you move to him?

Pol. The making you a Countess.

Lad. Stint, fond Woman.

Know you the Party Mr. *Practise* means?

[To *Compass*.
Com. No, but your *Parson* says he knows, Madam.
Lad.

Lad. I fear he fables; *Parson*, do you know
Where *Mr. Practise* is ingag'd?

Pal. I'll tell you!

But under seal, her Mother must not know:
'Tis with your Ladyship's Woman, *Mrs. Pleasance*.

Com. How!

Lad. He is not mad?

Pal. O hide the hideous Secret
From her, she'll trouble all else. You do hold
A Cricket by the Wing.

Com. Did he name *Pleasance*?
Are you sure, *Parson*!

Lad. O 'tis true, your Mistress!
I find where your Shooe wrings you, *Mr. Compass*:
But you'll look to him there.

Com. Yes, here's Sir *Moath*,
Your Brother, with his *Bias*, and the Party
Deep in discourse; 'twill be a Bargain and Sale,
I see by their close working of their Heads,
And running them together so in Counsel.

Lad. Will *Mr. Practise* be of Counsel against us?

Com. He is a Lawyer, and must speak for his Fee,
Against his Father and Mother, all his Kindred;
His Brothers or his Sisters; no exception
Lies at the Common-Law. He must not alter
Nature for Form, but go on in his Path —
It may be he will be for us. Do not you
Offer to meddle, let them take their Course:
Dispatch, and marry her off to any Husband;
Be not you scrupulous; let who can have her:
So he lay down the Portion, though he geld it;
It will maintain the suit against him; somewhat,
Something in hand is better than no Birds;
He shall at last accompt for the utmost Farthing,
If you can keep your hand from a Discharge.

Pol. Sir, do but make her worshipful Aunt a
Countess,
And she is yours: her Aunt has Worlds to leave you!
The

The Wealth of six *East-Indian* Fleets at least!
Her Husband, Sir *John Loadstone*, was the Governour
O' the Company seven years.

Dia. And came there home
Six Fleets in seven years?

Pol. I cannot tell,
I must attend my Gossip her good Ladyship.

Pla. And will you make me a Vi-countess too? For,
How do they make a Countess? in a Chair?
Or 'pon a Bed?

Dia. Both ways, sweet Bird, I'll shew you.

S C E N E VI.

*To them, Interest, Practise, Bias, Compass, Palate, Rum,
Ironside.*

Int. The truth is, Mr. *Practise*, now we are sure
That you are off, we dare come on the bolder:
The Portion left was Sixteen thousand pound,
I do confess it, as a just man should.
And call here Mr. *Compass*, with these Gentlemen,
To the relation; I will still be just.
Now for the Profits every way arising,
It was the Donor's Wisdom, those should pay
Me for my Watch, and breaking of my Sleeps;
It is no petty charge, you know that sum,
To keep a man awake for Fourteen year.

Pra. But (as you knew to use it i' that time)
It would reward your waking.

Int. That's my Industry,
As it might be your Reading, Study, and Counsel;
And now your Pleading, who denies it you?
I have my Calling too. Well, Sir, the *Contract*
Is with this Gentleman, Ten thousand pound.
(An ample Portion for a younger Brother,
With a soft, tender, delicate Rib of Man's Flesh,
That he may work like Wax, and print upon.)

He

He expects no more, than that sum to be tendred,
And he receive it; those are the Conditions.

Pra. A direct Bargain, and in open sale Marker.

Int. And what I have furnish'd him withal o' the
To appear, or so; a matter of Four hundred, [by.
To be deduc'd upo' the payment —

Bia. Right.

You deal like a just Man still.

Int. Draw up this,

Good Mr. *Practise*, for us, and be speedy.

Pra. But here's a mighty gain, Sir, you have made
Of this one Stock! the Principal first doubled,
In the first Seven year; and that redoubled
I' the next Seven! beside Six thousand pound,
There's Threescore thousand got in Fourteen year,
After the usual Rate of Ten i' the Hundred,
And the Ten thousand paid.

Int. I think it be!

Pra. How will you 'scape the Clamour and the En-

Int. Let 'em exclaim and envy; what care I? [vy?
Their Murmurs raise no Blisters i' my Flesh.
My Monies are my Blood, my Parents, Kindred;
And he that loves not those, he is unnatural.
I am perswaded that the love of Mony
Is not a Virtue, only in a Subject,
But might besit a Prince. And (were there need)
I find me able to make good the Assertion
To any reasonable man's Understanding,
And make him to confess it.

Com. Gentlemen,

Doctors, and Scholars, you'll hear this, and look for
As much true secular Wit, and deep Lay-sense,
As can be shown on such a common Place.

Int. First, we all know the Soul of man is infinite
In what it covers. Who desireth knowledge,
Desires it infinitely. Who covets Honour,
Covets it infinitely. It will be then
No hard thing for a coveting man to prove,

Or

Or to confess, he aims at infinite Wealth.

Com. His Soul lying that way.

Int. Next, every man

Is i' the hope or possibility

Of a whole World; this present World being nothing,

But the dispersed Issue of first one.

And therefore I cannot see, but a just man

May with just reason, and in office ought

Propound unto himself —

Com. An infinite Wealth!

I'll bear the Burden: Go you on, Sir *Moath*:

Int. Thirdly, if we consider man a Member

But of the Body Politick, we know,

By just Experience, that the Prince hath need

More of one wealthy, than ten fighting Men. [*us*:

Com. There you went out o' the Road, a little from

Int. And therefore, if the Prince's aims be infinite,
It must be in that, which makes all.

Com. Infinite Wealth.

Int. Fourthly, 'tis natural to all good Subjects,

To set a price on Mony, more than Fools

Ought on their Mistress Picture; every Piece

Fro' the Penny to the Twelve-pence, being the *Hie*:

And sacred Sculpture of the Sovereign. [*roglyphick*,

Com. A manifest Conclusion, and a safe one.

Int. Fifthly, Wealth gives a Man the leading Voice

At all Conventions; and displaceth Worth,

With general allowance to all Parties:

It makes a Trade to take the Wall of Virtue,

And the meer Issue of a Shop Right Honourable.

Sixthly, It doth inable him that hath it,

To the performance of all real Actions,

Referring him to himself still, and not binding

His Will to any Circumstance, without him.

It gives him precise knowledge of himself;

For, be he rich, he straight with evidence knows

Whether he have any compassion,

Or Inclination unto Virtue, or no;

Where

Where the poor Knave erroneously believes,
If he were rich, he would build Churches, or
Do such mad things. Seventhly, your wise poor Men
Have ever been contented to observe
Rich Fools, and so to serve their turns upon them;
Subjecting all their Wit to the others Wealth,
And become Gentlemen Parasites, Squire Bawds,
To feed their Patrons honourable Humours.
Eighthly, 'Tis certain that a Man may leave
His Wealth, or to his Children, or his Friends;
His Wit he cannot so dispose by Legacy,
As they shall be a *Harrington* the better for't.

Com. He may intail a Jest upon his House,
Or leave a Tale to his Posterity,
To be told after him.

Enter Ironside.

Iro. As you have done here?
T'invite your Friend and Brother to a Feast,
Where all the Guests are so meet Heterogene,
And Strangers, no Man knows another, or cares
If they be Christians, or Mahometans!
That here are met.

Com. Is't any thing to you, Brother,
To know Religions more than those you fight for?

Iro. Yes, and with whom I eat. I may dispute,
And how shall I hold Argument with such,
I neither know their Humours nor their Heresies;
Which are Religions now, and so receiv'd?
Here's no Man among these that keeps a Servant,
T'inquire his Master of: yet i' the House
I hear it buz'd there are a brace of Doctors,
A Fool, and a Physician; with a Courtier,
That feeds on Mulberry-leaves, like a true *Silk-worm*:
A Lawyer, and a mighty Mony-Bawd,
Sir *Moath*! has brought his politick *Bias* with him:
A man of a most animadverting humour;
Who, to endear himself unto his Lord,
Will tell him, you and I, or any of us,

That

That here are met, are all pernicious Spirits,
 And men of pestilent purpose, meanly affected
 Unto the State we live in; and beget
 Himself a thanks with the great men o' the time,
 By breeding Jealousies in them of us,
 Shall cross our Fortunes, frustrate our Endeavours,
 Twice seven years after: And this trick be call'd
 Cutting of Throats, with a Whispering, or a Pen-knife:
 I must cut his Throat now: I am bound in Honour,
 And by the Law of Arms, to see it done;
 I dare to do it, and I dare profess
 The doing of it; being to such a Rascal,
 Who is the common Offence grown of mankind,
 And worthy to be torn up from Society.

Com. You shall not do it here, Sir.

Iro. Why? will you

Intreat your self into a beating for him,
 My courteous Brother? If you will, have at you.
 No man deserves it better (now I think on't)
 Than you, that will keep consort with such Fidlers,
 Pragmatick Flies, Fools, Publicans, and Moaths,
 And leave your honest and adopted Brother.

Int. Best raise the House upon him to secure us;
 He'll kill us all!

Pal. I love no Blades in Belts.

Rut. Nor I.

Bia. Would I were at my Shop again,
 In Court, safe stow'd up with my politic Bundles.

Com. How they are scatter'd!

Iro. Run away like *Cimici*,
 Into the crannies of a rotten Bed-sted.

Com. I told you such a passage would disperse 'em,
 Although the House were their Fee-simple in Law,
 And they possess of all the blessings in it.

Iro. Pray Heaven they be not frightened from their
 That so my Lady's Table be disfurnish'd [Stomachs,
 Of the Provisions!

Com. No, the *Parson's* calling,

By

The Magnetick Lady.

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By this time, all the Covey again, together.
Here comes good Tidings! Dinner's o' the Board!

S C E N E VII.

Compass, Pleasance.

Com. Stay, Mrs. *Pleasance*, I must ask you a question;
Ha' you any Sutes in Law?

Ple. I, Mr. *Compass*?

Com. Answer me briefly, it is dinner time.
They say you have retain'd brisk Mr. *Practice*
Here, of your Council; and are to be join'd
A Patentee with him.

Ple. In what? who says so?
You are dispos'd to jest.

Com. No, I am in earnest.
It is given out i' the House so, I assure you;
But keep your Right to your self, and not acquaint
A common Lawyer with your Case. If he
Once find the Gap, a thousand will leap after.
I'll tell you more anon.

Ple. This Riddle shews
A little like a Love-trick, o' one face,
If I could understand it. I will study it.

C H O R U S.

Dam. But whom doth your Poet mean now by this
Mr. *Bias*? what Lord's Secretary doth he purpose to
personate or perstringe?

Boy. You might as well ask me, what *Alderman*,
or *Alderman's Mate*, he meant by Sir *Moath Interest*?
or what eminent Lawyer, by the ridiculous Mr. *Practice*?
who hath rather his Name invented for Laugh-
ter, than any Offence or Injury it can stick on the
reverend Professors of the Law: And so the wise ones
will think.

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Cc

Pro.

Pro. It is an insidious Question, Brother *Damplay*! Iniquity it self would not have urg'd it. It is picking the Lock of the Scene, not opening it the fair way with a Key. *A Play*, though it apparel, and present Vices in general, flies from all particularities in Persons. Would you ask of *Plautus*, and *Terence*, (if they both liv'd now) who were *Davus* or *Pseudolus* in the Scene? who *Pyrgopolinices* or *Thraso*? who *Euclio* of *Menedemus*?

Boy. Yes, he would: And inquire of *Martial*, or any other Epigrammatist, who he meant by *Titius* or *Sejus*, (the common *John a Noke*, or *John a Stile*) under whom they note all Vices and Errors, taxable to the Times: As if there could not be a Name for a Folly fitted to the Stage, but there must be a Person in nature found out to own it.

Dam. Why, I can fancy a Person to my self, *Boy*, who shall hinder me?

Boy. And in not publishing him, you do no Man an Injury. But if you will utter your own ill Meaning on that Person, under the Author's Words, you make a Libel of his Comedy.

Dam. O, he told us that in a *Prologue*, long since.

Boy. If you do the same reprehensible ill things, still the same Reprehension will serve you, tho' you heard it afore: They are his own words: I can invent no better, nor he.

Pro. It is the solemn vice of Interpretation, that deforms the Figure of many a fair Scene, by drawing it awry; and, indeed, is the civil Murder of most good Plays: If I see a thing vividly presented on the Stage, that the Glass of Custom (which is *Comedy*) is so held up to me by the Poet, as I can therein view the daily Examples of Mens Lives, and Images of Truth, in their Manners, so drawn for my Delight, or Profit, as I may (either way) use them: and will I. (rather than make that true Use) hunt out the Persons to defame, by my Malice of misapplying? and im-

imperil the Innocence and Candour of the *Author*, by his Calumny? It is an unjust way of hearing and beholding Plays, this, and most unbecoming a *Gentleman* to appear malignantly witty in anothers *Work*.

Boy. They are no other but narrow and shrunk natures, shrivell'd up, poor things, that cannot think well of themselves, who dare to detract others. That *Signature* is upon them, and it will last. A half-witted *Barbarism*! which no Barbers Art, or his Balls, will ever expunge or take out.

Dam. Why, *Boy*? This were a strange Empire, or rather a Tyranny, you would entitle your Poet to, over Gentlemen, that they should come to hear, and see Plays, and say nothing for their Money.

Boy. O, yes, say what you will; so it be to purpose and in place.

Dam. Can any thing be out of purpose at a *Play*? I see no reason, if I come here, and give my eighteen Pence, or two Shillings for my Seat, but I should take it out in Censure, on the *Stage*.

Boy. Your two Shilling worth is allow'd you: but you will take your ten Shilling worth, your twenty Shilling worth, and more: And teach others (about you) to do the like, that follow your leading Face; as if you were to cry up and down every *Scene* by confederacy, be it right or wrong.

Dam. Who should teach us the right, or wrong; at a *Play*?

Boy. If your own Science cannot do it, or the love of Modesty and Truth; all other Intreaties, or Attempts are vain. You are fitter *Spectators* for the Bears, than us, or the Puppets. This is a popular Ignorance indeed, somewhat better apparel'd in you, than the People; but a hard-handed and stiff Ignorance, worthy a Trewel, or a Hammer-man; and not only fit to be scorn'd, but to be triumph'd o'er.

Dam. By whom, *Boy*?

Boy. No particular, but the general Neglect, and
C c 2 silence:

silence. Good Master *Damplay*, be your self still, without a Second: Few here are of your Opinion to day, I hope; to morrow, I am sure there will be none, when they have ruminated this.

Pro. Let us mind what you come for, the *Play*, which will draw on to the *Epitafis* now.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Item, Needle, Keep, Pleasance.

Item. **W**Here's Mr. Doctor?

Nee. O, Mr. *Tim.* *Item*,
His learned 'Potheary! you are welcome:
He is within at Dinner.

Item. Dinner! Death!
That he will eat now, having such a Business;
That so concerns him!

Nee. Why, can any business
Concern a Man like his Meat?

Item. O, twenty Millions,
To a Physician that's in Practice: I
Dobring him News from all the Points o' the Compass,
(That's all the parts of the sublunary Globe)
Of times, and double times.

Nee. In, in, sweet *Item*,
And furnish forth the Table with your News:
Deserve your Dinner: Sow out your whole Bag full:
The Guests will hear it.

Item. I heard they were out.
Nee. But they are piec'd, and put together again;
You may go in, you'll find them at high eating:
The Parson has an edifying Stomach,
And a perswading Palate (like his Name:)
He hath begun three draughts of Sack in *Doctrines*,
And four in *Uses*.

Item. And they follow him?

Nee.

Nee. No, Sir *Diaphanous* is a Recusant
In Sack. He only takes it in *French Wine*,
With an allay of Water. In, in, *Item*,
And leave your peeping.

Keep. I have a month's mind,
To peep a little too. Sweet Mas' *Needle*,
How are they set?

Nee. At the Boards-end, my Lady——

Keep. And my young Mistress by her?

Nee. Yes, the *Parson*

On the right Hand (as he'll not lose his Place
For thrusting) and 'gainst him Mrs. *Polish*:
Next, Sir *Diaphanous*, against Sir *Moath*;
Knights, one again another: Then the Soldier,
The Man of War; and Man of Peace, the Lawyer;
Then the pert Doctor, and the politick *Bias*,
And Mr. *Compass* circumscribeth all.

Ple. Nurse *Keep*, Nurse *Keep*! [A Noise within]

Nee. What Noise is that within?

Ple. Come to my Mistress, all their Weapons are out!

Nee. Mischief of Men! what day, what hour is this?

Keep. Run for the Cellar of Strong-waters, quickly.

SCENE II.

To them after, *Compass*, *Ironside*.

Com. Were you a Mad-man to do this at Table?
And trouble all the Guests, to affright the Ladies,
And Gentlewomen?

Iron. Pox upo' your Women,
And your half-man there, Court-Sir *Amber-gris*,
A perfum'd Braggart: He must drink his Wine
With three parts Water; and have Amber in that too.

Com. And you must therefore break his Face with
And wash his Nose in Wine? [a Glas,

Iron. Cannot he drink
In Orthodox, but he must have his Gums,
And Panyng Drugs?

Com.

Com. You should have us'd the Glafs
 Rather as Balance, than the Sword of Justice:
 But you have cut his Face with it, he bleeds.
Come, you shall take your Sanctuary with me;
 The whole House will be up in Arms 'gainst you else,
 Within this half hour: this way to my Lodging.

Rut, Lady, Polish, Keep carrying Placentia over the Stage.

Pleasance, Item.

Rut. A most rude Action! carry her to her Bed;
 And use the Fricace to her, with those Oils.
 Keep your News, *Item*, now, and tend this business.

Lad. Good Gossip look to her.

Pol. How do you, sweet Charge?

Keep. She's in a Sweat.

Pol. I, and a faint Sweat, marry.

Rut. Let her alone to *Tim*; he has Directions.
 I'll hear your News, *Tim. Item*, when you ha' done.

Lad. Was ever such a Guest brought to my Table?

Rut. These boistrous Soldiers ha' no better Breeding.
 Here Mr. *Compass* comes: Where's your Captain,
Rudbudibras de Ironside?

Com. Gone out of Doors.

Lad. Would he had ne'er come in them, I may wish.
 He has discredited my House, and Board,
 With his rude swaggering Manners, and endanger'd
 My Neice's Health (by drawing of his Weapon)
 God knows how far; for Mr. Doctor does not.

Com. The Doctor is an Ass then, if he say so,
 And cannot with his conjuring Names, *Hippocrates*,
Galen, or *Rasis*, *Avicen*, *Averroes*,
 Cure a pure Wenches falling in a Swoon:
 Which a poor Farthing chang'd in *Rosa solis*,
 Or *Cinnamon* Water would.

Lad. How now? how does she?

Keep. She's somewhat better.

Mr.

Mr. Item has brought her
A little about

Pol. But there's Sir Moath, your Brother,
Is fall'n into a fit o' the *Happyplex*,
It were a happy place for him and us,
If he could steal to Heaven thus: All the House
Are calling Mr. Doctor, Mr. Doctor.
The *Parson* he has gi'n him gone, this half hour;
He's pale in the Mouth already for the fear
O' the fierce Captain.

Lad. Help me to my Chamber,
Nurse Keep: would I could see the day no more,
But night hung over me, like some dark Cloud;
That, buried with this loss of my good name,
I and my House might perish, thus forgotten——

Com. Her taking it to heart thus, more afflicts me
Than all these accidents, for they'll blow over.

SCENE III.

Practice, Silk-worm, Compass.

Pra. It was a barbarous injury, I confess:
But if you will be counsell'd, Sir, by me,
The reverend Law lies open to repair
Your Reputation. That will gi' you damages;
Five thousand Pound for a Finger, I have known
Given in Court; and let me pack your Jury.

Silk. There's nothing vexes me, but that he has stain'd
My new white Sattin Doublet, and bespatter'd
My spick and span Silk-stockings o' the day
They were drawn on; and here's a spot i' my Hose too.

Com. Shrewd maims! your Clothes are wounded
desperately;

And that (I think) troubles a Courtier more,
An exact Courtier, than a gash in his Flesh. [much

Silk. My Flesh? I swear had he gi'n me twice
I never should ha' reckon'd it. But my Clothes
To be defac'd and stigmatiz'd so foully!

I take it as a Contumely done me
Above the wisdom of our Laws to right.

Com. Why, then you'll challenge him?

Silk. I will advise,

Though Mr. *Practice* here doth urge the Law,
And reputation it will make me of credit,
Beside great damages. (Let him pack my Jury.)

Com. He speaks like Mr. *Practice*, one that is
The Child of a Profession he's vow'd to,
And servant to the study he hath taken,
A pure Apprentice at Law! But you must have
The Counsel o' the Sword, and square your action
Unto their Canons, and that Brotherhood,
If you do right.

Præ. I tell you, Mr. *Compass*,
You speak not like a Friend unto the Laws,
Nor scarce a Subject, to perswade him thus
Unto the breach o' the Peace: Sir, you forget
There is a Court above, of the *Star-Chamber*,
To punish Routs and Riots.

Com. No, young Master,
Although your Name be *Practice* there in Term-time,
I do remember it. But you'll not hear
What I was bound to say; but like a wild
Young haggard Justice, fly at breach o' the Peace,
Before you know whether the amorous Knight
Dares break the Peace of Conscience in a Duel.

Silk. Troth, Mr. *Compass*, I take you my Friend;
You shall appoint of me in any matter
That's reasonable, so we may meet fair,
On even terms.

Com. I shall perswade no other,
(And take your learned Council to advise you)
I'll run along with him. You say you'll meet him
On even terms. I do not see indeed
How that can be 'twixt *Ironside* and you,
Now I consider it. He is my Brother.
I do confess (we ha' call'd so twenty year:)

But

But you are, Sir, a Knight in Court, allied there,
And so befriended, you may easily answer
The worst Success: He a known, noted, bold
Boy o' the Sword, hath all Mens Eyes upon him;
And there's no *London-Jury*, but are led
In Evidence, as far by common Fame,
As they are by present Deposition.
Then you have many Brethren, and near Kinsmen.
If he kill you, it will be a lasting Quarrel
'Twixt them, and him. Whereas *Rud. Ironside*,
Although he ha' got his Head into a Beaver,
With a huge Feather, 's but a Carrier's Son,
And has not two old Cordov'an Skins to leave
In Leather Caps to mourn him in, if he die.
Again, you are generally belov'd, he hated
So much, that all the Hearts and Votes of Men
Go with you, in the wishing all Prosperity
Unto your Purpose: He's a fat, corpulent,
Unwieldy Fellow; you, a dieted Spark,
Fit for the Combat. He has kill'd so many,
As it is ten to one his Turn is next:
You never fought with any; less, slew any:
And therefore have the hopes before you.
I hope these things, thus specified unto you,
Are fair advantages; you cannot encounter
Him upon equal terms. Beside, Sir *Silk-worm*,
He hath done you wrong in a most high degree:
And sense of such an Injury receiv'd,
Should so exacuate, and whet your Choler,
As you should count your self an Host of Men,
Compar'd to him. And therefore you, Brave Sir,
Have no more Reason to provoke, or challenge
Him, than the huge great Porter has to try
His Strength upon an Infant.

Silk. Mr. Compass,

You rather spur me on, than any way
Abate my Courage to the Enterprize.

Com. All Counsel's as it's taken: If you stand

On

On point of Honour, not t'have any Odds,
 I have rather then dissuaded you, than otherwise:
 If upon Terms of Humour and Revenge,
 I have encourag'd you. So that I think,
 I have done the part of a Friend on either side:
 In furnishing your Fear with matter first,
 If you have any: Or, if you dare fight,
 To heighten and confirm your Resolution.

Pra. I now do crave your Pardon, Mr. *Compass*:
 I did not apprehend your way before,
 The true *Perimiter* of it; you have Circles,
 And such fine Draughts about!

Silk. Sir, I do thank you,
 I thank you, Mr. *Compass*, heartily.
 I must confess, I never fought before,
 And I'll be glad to do things orderly,
 In the right place: I pray you instruct me.
 Is't best I fight ambitiously, or maliciously?

Com. Sir, if you never fought before, be wary,
 Trust not your self too much.

Silk. Why? I assure you,
 I'm very angry.

Com. Do not suffer, though,
 The flatuous, windy Choler of your Heart;
 To move the Clapper of your Understanding,
 Which is the guiding Faculty, your Reason:
 You know not, if you'll fight, or no, being brought
 Upo' the Place.

Silk. O yes, I have imagin'd
 Him treble arm'd, provok'd too, and as furious
 As *Homer* makes *Achilles*; and I find
 My self not frighted with his Fame one jot.

Com. Well, yet take heed. These Fights imaginary,
 Are less than Skirmishes; the fight of Shadows:
 For Shadows have their figure, motion,
 And their umbratil Action, from the real
 Posture and motion of the Body's Act:
 Whereas (imaginarily) many times,

Those

The Magnètick Lady.

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Those men may fight, dare scarce eye one another,
And much less meet. But if there be no help,
Faith I would wish you, send him a fair Challenge.

Silk. I will go pen it presently.

Com. But word it

In the most generous terms.

Silk. Let me alone.

Pra. And silken Phrase; the courtliest kind of quarrel;

Com. *He'll make it a Petition for his Peace.*

Pra. O, yes, of Right, and he may do't by Law.

S C E N E IV.

*Rut, Palate, Bias, bringing out Interest in a Chair:
Item, Polish, following.*

Rut. Come, bring him out into the Air a little:
There, set him down. Bow him, yet bow him more,
Dash that same Glass of Water in his Face:
Now tweak him by the Nose. Hard, harder yet:
If it but call the Blood up from the Heart,
I ask no more. See, what a Fear can do!
Pinch him in the Nape of the Neck now; nip him, nip

It. He feels, there's Life in him. [him.]

Pal. He groans, and stirs.

Rut. Tell him the Captain's gone.

Int. Ha!

Pal. He's gone, Sir.

Rut. Gi' him a box, hard, hard, on his left Ear,

Int. O!

Rut. How do you feel your self?

Int. Sore, sore.

Rut. But where?

Int. I'my Neck.

Rut. I nipt him there.

Int. And i'my Head.

Rut. I box'd him twice, or thrice, to move those
Sinews.

Bia. I swear you did.

Pol.

Pol. What a brave Man's a Doctor,
To beat one into Health! I thought his Blows
Would e'en ha' kill'd him; he did feel no more
Than a great Horse.

Int. Is the wild Captain gone?
That Man of murther?

Bia. All is calm and quiet.

Int. Say you so, Cousin *Bias*? Then all's well.

Pal. How quickly a man is lost!

Bia. And soon recover'd!

Pol. Where there are means, and Doctors, learned men,
And their Apothecaries, who are not now,
(As *Chaucer* says) their Friendship to begin.
Well, could they teach each other how to win
I' their swath Bands——

Rut. Leave your Poetry, good Gossip,
Your *Chaucer's* Clouts, and wash your Dishes with 'em,
We must rub up the Roots of his Disease,
And crave your Peace awhile, or else your Absence.

Pol. Nay, I know when to hold my Peace.

Rut. Then do it.

Gi' me your Hand, Sir *Moath*. Let's feel your Pulse.
It is a Purfiness, a kind of Stoppage,
Or tumour o' the Purse, for want of Exercise,
That you are troubled with: Some Ligatures
I'th' Neck of your *Vesica*, or *Marsupium*
Are so close knit, that you cannot evaporate;
And therefore you must use Relaxatives.
Beside, they say, you are so restive grown,
You cannot but with trouble put your Hand
Into your Pocket, to discharge a Reckoning.
And this we Sens of Physick do call *Chiragra*,
A kind of Cramp, or Hand-gout. You shall purge for't.

Its. Indeed your Worship should do well t' advise him
To cleanse his Body, all the three high-ways;
That is, by *Sweat*, *Purge*, and *Pblebomy*.

Rut. You say well, learned *Tim*; I'll first prescribe him
To give his Purse a Purge, once, twice a Week

At Dice, or Cards: And when the Weather is open,
Sweat at a Bowling-Ally; or be let Blood
I' the lending Vein, and bleed a matter of fifty,
Or threescore Ounces at a time. Then put
Your Thumbs under your Girdle, and have somebody
Else pull out your Purse for you, till with more ease,
And a good Habit, you can do it your self.
And then be sure always to keep good Diet;
And ha' your Table furnish'd from one end
Unto t'other: It is good for the Eyes;
But feed you on one Dish still, ha' your Diet-drink
Ever in Bottles ready, which must come
From the *King's-head*: I will prescribe you nothing,
But what I'll take before you mine own self:
That is my course with all my Patients.

Pal. Very methodical, *secundum Artem*.

Bia. And very safe *pro captu recipientis*.

Pol. All errant learned Men, how they 'spute *Latin*!

Rut. I had it of a *Jew*, and a great *Rabbi*,
Who every morning cast his Cup of White-wine
With Sugar, and by the Residence i' the bottom,
Would make report of any Chronick Malady,
Such as Sir *Moath's* is, being an Oppilation,
In that you call the Neck o' the Money-bladder,
Most anatomical, and by Dissection.

Enter Nurse.

Keep. O, Mr. Doctor, and his 'Pothecary!
Good Mr. *Item*, and my Mistress *Polish*!
We need you all above! She's fall'n again,
In a worse Fit than ever.

Pol. Who?

Keep. Your Charge.

Pol. Come away, Gentlemen.

Int. This Fit with the Doctor,
Hath mended me past Expectation.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Compass, Diaphanous, Practice, Bias, Ironside.

Com. O Sir *Diaphanous*, ha' you done?

Dia. I ha' brought it.

Pra. That's well.

Com. But who shall carry it now?

Dia. A Friend:

I'll find a Friend to carry it; Mr. *Bias* here
Will not deny me that.

Bia. What is't?

Dia. To carry

A Challenge I have writ unto the Captain.

Bias. Faith, but I will, Sir; you shall pardon me
For a twi-reason of State: I'll bear no Challenges;
I will not hazard my Lord's Favour so;
Or forfeit mine own Judgment with his Honour,
To turn a Ruffian: I have to commend me
Nought but his Lordship's good Opinion;
And to't my *Kallygraphy*, a fair Hand,
Fit for a Secretary: Now you know, a Man's Hand
Being his executing Part in fight,
Is more obnoxious to the common Peril——

Dia. You shall not fight, Sir, you shall only search
My *Antagonist*; commit us fairly there
Upo' the Ground on equal terms.

Bia. O, Sir!

But if my Lord should hear I stood at end
Of any Quarrel, 'twere an end of me
In a State-course! I ha' read the Politicks;
And heard th' Opinions of our best Divines.

Com. The Gentleman has Reason! Where was first
The birth of your Acquaintance? or the Cradle
Of your strict Friendship made?

Dia. We met in *France*, Sir.

Com. In *France*! that Garden of Humanity,

The

The very Seed-plot of all Courtesies:

I wonder that your Friendship suck'd that Aliment,
The Milk of *France*; and see this four Effect

It doth produce, 'gainst all the sweets of Travel:

There, every Gentleman professing Arms,

Thinks he is bound in Honour to imbrace

The bearing of a Challenge for another,

Without or questioning the Cause, or asking

Least colour of a Reason. There's no Cowardice,

No Poultrounery, like urging why? wherefore?

But carry a Challenge, die, and do the thing.

Bias. Why, hear you, *Mr. Compass*, I but crave
Your Ear in private: I would carry his Challenge,

If I but hop'd your Captain angry enough

To kill him: For (to tell you truth) this Knight

Is an Impertinent in Court, (we think him:)

And troubles my Lord's Lodgings, and his Table

With frequent, and unnecessary Visits,

Which we (the better sort of Servants) like not:

Being his Fellows in all other Places,

But at our Master's Board; and we disdain

To do those servile Offices, oft-times,

His foolish Pride and Empire will exact,

Against the Heart, or Humour of a Gentleman.

Com. Truth, *Mr. Bias*, I'd not ha' you think

I speak to flatter you; but you are one

O'the deepest Politicks I ever met,

And the most subtilly rational. I admire you.

But do not you conceive in such a case,

That you are accessory to his Death,

From whom you carry a Challenge with such purpose.

Bia. Sir, the Corruption of one thing in Nature,

Is held the Generation of another,

And therefore, I had as lieve be accessory

Unto his Death, as to his Life.

Com. A new

Moral Philosophy too! you'll carry't then.

Bias. If I were sure 'twould not incense his Choler
To

To beat the Messenger.

Com. O I'll secure you,
You shall deliver it in my Lodging, safely,
And do your Friend a service worthy thanks.

Bias. I'll venture it upon so good Induction,
To rid the Court of an Impediment,
This Baggage Knight. [Enter Ironside.

Iro. Peace to you all, Gentlemen,
Save to this Mushroom, who I hear is menacing
Me with a Challenge; which I come to anticipate,
And save the Law a labour. Will you fight, Sir?

Dia. Yes, in my Shirt.

Iro. O, that's to save your Doublet;
I know it a Court-trick; you had rather have
An Ulcer in your Body, than a Pink
More i' your Clothes.

Dia. Captain, you are a Coward,
If you'll not fight i' your Shirt.

Iro. Sir, I do not mean
To put it off for that, nor yet my Doublet:
You've cause to call me Coward, that more fear
The stroke of the common and life-giving Air,
Than all your Fury, and the Panoply.

Pra. (Which is at best, but a thin Linnen Armour.)
I think a Cup of generous Wine were better,
Than fighting i' your Shirts.

Dia. Sir, Sir, my Valour,
It is a Valour of another nature,
Than to be mended by a Cup of Wine.

Com. I should be glad to hear of any Valours,
Differing in kind; who have known hitherto,
Only one Virtue, they call *Fortitude*,
Worthy the name of Valour.

Iro. Which, who hath not,
Is justly thought a Coward: And he is such.

Dia. O, you ha' read the Play there, the *New Inn*,
Of *Johnson's*, that decries all other Valour
But what is for the publick.

Iro.

Iro. I do that too,
But did not learn it there; I think no Valour
Lies for a private cause.

Dia. Sir, I'll redargue you
By disputation.

Com. O let's hear this!
I long to hear a Man dispute in his Shirt
Of Valour, and his Sword drawn in his Hand.

Pra. His Valour will take cold; put on your Doublet.

Com. His Valour will keep cold, you are deceiv'd;
And relish much the sweeter in our Ears:
It may be too, i' the ordinance of nature,
Their Valours are not yet so combatant,
Or truly *antagonistick*, as to fight,
But may admit to hear of some divisions
Of Fortitude, may put 'em off their quarrel.

Dia. I would have no Man think me so ungovern'd,
Or subject to my passion, but I can
Read him a Lecture 'twixt my undertakings
And executions: I do know all kinds
Of doing the business, which the Town calls Valour!

Com. Yes, he has read the Town, *Town-top's* his Au-
Your first? [thor!

Dia. Is a rash headlong unexperience.

Com. Which is in Children, Fools, or your Streets-
O' the first head. [Gallants

Pra. A pretty kind of Valour!

Com. Commend him, he will spin it out in's Shirt,
Fine, as that Thread.

Dia. The next, an indiscreet
Presumption, grounded upon often scapes.

Com. Or th' insufficiency of Adversaries:
And this is in your common fighting Brothers.
Your old *Perdu's*, who (after a time) do think,
The one, that they are Shot-free, the other Sword-
Your third? [free.

Dia. Is nought but an excess of choller,
That reigns in testy old Men —

Com. Noble Mens Porters,
And self-conceited Poets.

Dia. And is rather
A Peevishness, than any part of Valour.

Pra. He but rehearses, he concludes no Valour.

Com. A history of Distempers, as they are practis'd,
His *Harangue* undertaketh, and no more.
Your next?

Dia. Is a dull desperate resolving.

Com. In case of some necessitous misery, or
Incumbent mischief.

Pra. Narrowness of Mind,
Or Ignorance being the root of it.

Dia. Which thou shalt find in Gamesters, quite blown [up.

Com. Bankrupt Merchants, undiscovered Traytors.

Pra. Or your exemplified Malefactors,
That have surviv'd their infamy and punishment.

Com. One that hath lost his Ears by a just sentence
O' the *Star-Chamber*, a right valiant Knave —
And is a *Histrionical* contempt
Of what a Man fears most ; it being a mischief
In his own apprehension unavoidable.

Pra. Which is in Cowards wounded mortally,
Or Thieves adjudg'd to die.

Com. This is a Valour
I should desire much to see encourag'd;
As being a special entertainment
For our rogue People, and make oft good sport
Unto 'em, from the Gallows to the Ground.

Dia. But mine is a judicial resolving,
Or liberal undertaking of a danger —

Com. That might be avoided.

Dia. I, and with assurance,
That it is found in Noblemen and Gentlemen
Of the best sheaf.

Com. Who having Lives to lose,
Like private Men, have yet a world of Honour
And publick Reputation to defend —

Dia.

Dia. Which in the brave historified *Greeks*,
And *Romans*, you shall read of.

Com. And (no doubt)
May in our Aldermen meet it, and their Deputies,
The Soldiers of the City, valiant Blades,
Who (rather than their Houses should be ranfack'd)
Would fight it out, like so many wild Beasts;
Not for the fury they are commonly arm'd with,
But the close manner of their fight, and custom
Of joyning Head to Head, and Foot to Foot.

Iro. And which of these so well-prest resolutions
Am I to encounter now? For commonly,
Men that have so much choice before 'em, have
Some trouble to resolve of any one.

Bia. There are three Valours yet, which Sir *Dia-*
Hath (with his leave) not touch'd. [phanous]

Dia. Yea; which are those?

Pra. He perks at that!

Com. Nay, he does more, he chatters.

Bia. A philosophical contempt of Death
Is one: Then an infused kind of Valour,
Wrought in us by our *Genii*, or good Spirits;
Of which the gallant *Ethnicks* had deep sense,
Who generally held, that no great Statesman,
Scholar, or Soldier, e'er did any thing

Sine divino aliquo afflatu.

Pra. But there's a Christian Valour 'bove these too;

Bia. Which is a quiet patient toleration,
Of whatsoever the malicious World
With Injury doth unto you; and consists
In Passion more than Action, Sir *Diaphanous*.

Dia. Sure, I do take mine to be Christian Valour---

Com. You may mistake though. Can you justify
On any cause this seeking to deface
The divine Image in a Man?

Bia. O, Sir!

Let 'em alone: Is not *Diaphanous*
As much a divine Image, as is *Ironside*?

Let

Let Images fight, if they will fight, a God's Name.

SCENE VI.

To them intervening, *Keep, Needle, Interest.*

Keep. Where's Mr. *Needle*? Saw you Mr. *Needle*?
We are undone.

Com. What ails the frantick Nurse?

Keep. My Mistress is undone, she's crying out!
Where is this Man trow? Mr. *Needle*?

Nee. Here.

Keep. Run for the Party, Mrs. *Chair*, the Midwife.
Nay, look how the Man stands as he were gok't!
She's lost if you not haste away the party.

Nee. Where is the Doctor?

Keep. Where a scoffing Man is.
And his Apothecary, little better;
They laugh and jeer at all: will you dispatch,
And fetch the party quickly to our Mistress?
We are all undone! The Tympany will out else.

Int. News, news, good news, better than butter'd
news!

My Neice is found with Child, the Doctor tells me,
And fall'n in labour.

Com. How?

Int. The Portion's paid!

The Portion — O the Captain! Is he here? [*Exit.*

Pra. H' has spy'd your Swords out! put 'em up,
put up,

You've driven him hence, and yet your quarrel's end-

Iro. In a most strange discovery. [*ed.*

Pra. Of light Gold.

Dia. And crack'd within the Ring. I take the Omen
As a good Omen.

Pra. Then put up your Sword,
And on your Doublet. Give the Captain thanks.

Dia. I had been slur'd else. Thank you, noble Captain;
Your quarrelling caus'd all this.

Iro.

The Magnetick Lady.

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Iro. Where's *Compass*?

Pra. Gone.

Shrunk hence, contracted to his Center, I fear.

Iro. The slip is his then.

Dia. I had like t' have been
Abus'd i' the business, had the slip slur'd on me,
A counterfeit.

Bias. Sir, we are all abus'd:
As many as were brought on to be Suitors;
And we will joyn in thanks, all to the Captain,
And to his fortune that so brought us off.

C H O R U S.

Dam. This was a pitiful poor shift o' your Poet,
Boy, to make his prime Woman with Child, and fall in
labour, just to compose a quarrel.

Boy. With whose borrowed Ears have you heard,
Sir, all this while, that you can mistake the current
of our *Scene* so? The stream of the *Argument* threat-
ned her being with Child from the very beginning;
for it presented her in the first of the second *Act*
with some apparent Note of Infirmity or Defect, from
knowledge of which the Auditory were rightly to be
suspended by the *Author*, 'till the Quarrel, which was
but the accidental Cause, hastned on the Discovery
of it, in occasioning her affright, which made her
fall into her Throws presently, and within that com-
pass of time allowed to the *Comedy*; wherein the Poet
express'd his prime Artifice, rather than any Error, that
the detection of her being with Child, should deter-
mine the Quarrel, which had produc'd it.

Pro. The *Boy* is too hard for you, Brother *Damplay*,
best mark the *Play*, and let him alone.

Dam. I care not for marking the *Play*; I'll damn it,
talk, and do that I come for. I will not have *Gentle-*
men lose their Privilege, nor I my self my Preroga-
tive, for ne'er an over-grown or superannuated Poet

D d 3

of

of 'em all. He shall not give me the Law: I will censure and be witty, and take my Tobacco, and enjoy my *Magna Charta* of Reprehension, as my Predecessors have done before me.

Boy. Even to licence and absurdity.

Pro. Not now, because the *Gentlewoman* is in travel, and the Midwife may come on the sooner, to put her and us out of our pain.

Dam. Well, look to your Business afterward, *Boy*, that all things be clear, and come properly forth, suited and set together; for I will search what follows severely, and to the nail.

Boy. Let your Nail run smooth then, and not scratch, lest the *Author* be bold to pare it to the quick, and make it smart: you'll find him as severe as your self:

Dam. A shrewd Boy! and has me every where. The Midwife is come, she has made haste.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Chair, Needle, Keep.

Cha. **S**TAY, Mr. *Needle*, you do prick too fast Upo' the Business: I must take some breath: Lend me my Stool; you ha' drawn a Stich upon me, in faith, Son *Needle*, with your haste.

Nee. Good Mother, piece up this Breach: I'll gi' you a new Gown,

A new Silk Grogoran Gown. I'll do't, Mother.

Keep. What'll you do? You ha' done too much already,

With your prick-seam and through-stitch, Mr. *Needle*. I pray you sit not fabling here old Tales, Good Mother *Chair*, the Midwife, but come up.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Compass, Keep, Practice.

Com. How now, Nurse? where's my Lady?

Keep. In her Chamber,

Lock'd up, I think: she'll speak with no body.

Com. Knows she o' this accident?

Keep. Alas, Sir! no:

Would she might never know it.

Pra. I think her *Ladyship*

Toc vertuous, and too nobly innocent,

To have a hand in so ill-form'd a Business.

Com. Your Thought, Sir, is a brave Thought, and a
The Child now to be born is not more free [safe one;
From the aspersion of all spot than she.

She have her Hand in plot 'gainst Mr. *Practice*,

If there were nothing else, whom she so loves,

Cries up and values? knows to be a Man

Mark'd out for a Chief Justice in his Cradle,

Or a Lord Paramount, the Head o' the Hall,

The Top or the Top-gallant of our Law?

Assure your self, she could not so deprave

The rectitude of her Judgment, to wish you

Unto a Wife might prove your Infamy,

Whom she esteem'd that part o' the Commonwealth;

And had up for Honour to her Blood.

Pra. I must confess a great Beholdingness

Unto her *Ladyship's* Offer, and good Wishes.

But the truth is, I never had affection,

Or any liking, to this Neice of hers.

Com. You foresaw somewhat then?

Pra. I had my Notes,

And my Prognosticks.

Com. You read *Almanacks*,

And study 'em to some purpose, I believe.

Pra. I do confess, I do believe, and pray too.

According to the Planets, at some times.

Com. And do observe the Sign in making Love?

Pra. As in *Phlebotomy*.

Com. And chuse your Mistress

By the good Days, and leave her by the bad?

Pra. I do, and I do not.

Com. A little more

Would fetch all his *Astronomy* from *Allestree*.

Pra. I tell you, Mr. *Compass*, as my Friend,
And under Seal, I cast mine Eye long since
Upo' the other Wench, my Lady's Woman,
Another manner of Piece for Handsomness,
Than is the Neice, (but that is *sub sigillo*,
And as I give it you) in hope o' your aid,
And counsel in the Business.

Com. You need counsel?

The only famous Council o' the Kingdom,
And in all Courts? That is a Jeer in faith,
Worthy your Name, and your Profession too,
Sharp Mr. *Practice*.

Pra. No, upo' my Law,
As I am a Bencher, and now double Reader,
I meant in meer simplicity of Request.

Com. If you meant so, th' affairs are now perplex'd,
And full of trouble; give 'em breath and settling,
I'll do my best. But in the mean time do you
Prepare the *Parson*. (I am glad to know
This; for my self lik'd the young Maid before,
And lov'd her too.) Ha' you a Licence?

Pra. No;

But I can fetch one straight.

Com. Do, do, and mind

The *Parson's* Pint t'ingage him — the Business;
A knitting Cup there must be.

Pra. I shall do it.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Bias, Interest, Compass.

Bias. 'Tis an Affront from you, Sir; you here
Unto my Lady's, and to woo a Wife, [brought me
Which since is prov'd a crack'd Commodity:
She hath broke Bulk too soon.

Int. No fault of mine,
If she be crack'd in pieces, or broke round:
It was my Sister's Fault, that owns the House,
Where she hath got her clap, makes all this noise.
I keep her Portion safe, that is not scatter'd;
The Monies rattle not, nor are they thrown,
To make a Mus yet 'mong the gamesome Suitors.

Com. Can you endure that Flout, close Mr. *Bias*,
And have been so bred in the Politicks?
The Injury is done you, and by him only:
He lent you Imprest-mony, and upbraids it;
Furnish'd you for the Wooing, and now waves you.

Bias. That makes me to expostulate the Wrong
So with him, and resent it as I do,

Com. But do it home then.

Bias. Sir, my Lord shall know it.

Com. And all the Lords o' the Court too.

Bias. What a Moath
You are, Sir *Interest*!

Int. Wherein, I entreat you,
Sweet Mr. *Bias*?

Com. To draw in young Statesmen,
And Heirs of Policy, into the Noose
Of an infamous Matrimony.

Bias. Yes,
Infamous, *quasi in communem famam*:
And Matrimony, *quasi* Matter of Mony.

Com. Learnedly urg'd, my cunning Mr. *Bias*.

Bias. With his lewd, known, and prostituted Neice.
Int.

Int. My known, and prostitute! how you mistake,
And run upon a false ground, Mr. *Bias*!
(Your Lords will do me right,) Now she is prostitute,
And that I know it, (please you understand me)
I mean to keep the Portion in my Hands,
And pay no Moneys.

Com. Mark you that, *Don Bias*?
And you shall still remain in Bonds to him,
For wooing Furniture, and Imprest-Charges.

Int. Good Mr. *Compass*, for the Sums he has had
Of me, I do acquit him; they are his own.
Here, before you, I do release him,

Com. Good!

Bias. O Sir!

Com. 'Slid, take it: I do witness it:
He cannot hurl away his Money better.

Int. He shall get so much, Sir, by my Acquaintance;
To be my Friend; and now report to his Lords
As I deserve, no otherwise.

Com. But well;
And I will witness it, and to the value:
Four hundred is the Price, if I mistake not,
Of your true Friend in Court. Take hands, you ha'
And bought him cheap. [bought him,

Bias. I am his Worship's Servant.

Com. And you his Slave, Sir *Moath*, seal'd and deliver'd.
Ha'you not studied the Court-Complement?
Here are a pair of Humours reconcil'd now,
That Money held at distance, or their Thoughts,
Baser than Money.

SCENE IV.

Polish, Keep, Compass.

Pol. Out, thou Kaitiff Witch!
Bawd, Beggar, Gipsy; any thing indeed,
But honest Woman.

Keep.

Kee. What you please, Dame *Polish*,
My Lady's Stroaker.

Com. What is here to do!
The Gossips out!

Pol. Thou art a Traytor to me,
An *Eve*, the Apple, and the Serpent too;
A Viper, that hast eat a Passage through me,
Through mine own Bowels, by thy wretchlesness.

Com. What frantick Fit is this? I'll step aside,
And hearken to it.

Pol. Did I trust thee, Wretch,
With such a Secret, of that Consequence,
Did so concern me, and my Child, our Livelihood,
And Reputation? And hast thou undone us,
By thy Connivance, nodding in a Corner,
And suffering her be got with Child so basely?
Sleepy unlucky Hag! Thou Bird of Night,
And all Mischance to me.

Kee. Good Lady Empress!
Had I the keeping of your Daughter's Clicket
In charge? Was that committed to my Trust?

Com. Her Daughter!

Pol. Softly, Devil, not so loud:
You'd ha' the House hear, and be witness, would you?

Kee. Let all the World be witness. Afore I'll
Endure the Tyranny of such a Tongue——
And such a Pride——

Pol. What will you do?

Kee. Tell Truth,
And shame the She-man-devil in puff'd Sleeves;
Run any Hazard, by revealing all
Unto my Lady; how you chang'd the Cradles,
And chang'd the Children in 'em.

Pol. Not so high!

Kee. Calling your Daughter *Pleasance* there *Placentia*,
And my true Mistress by the Name of *Pleasance*.

Com. A horrid Secret this! worth the Discovery.

Pol. And must you be thus loud?

Kee.

Kee. I will be louder,
And cry it thro' the House, thro' ev'ry Room;
And every Office of the Laundry-maids,
Till it be born hot to my Lady's Ears.
Ere I will live in such a Slavery,
I'll do away my self.

Pol. Didst thou not swear
To keep it secret? and upon what Book?
(I do remember now) *The Practice of Piety.*

Kee. It was a Practice of Impiety,
Out of your wicked Forge, I know it now,
My Conscience tells me. First, against the Infants,
To rob them o' their Names, and their true Parents;
T' abuse the Neighbourhood, keep them in Error;
But most my Lady: She has the main wrong:
And I will let her know it instantly.
Repentance (if it be true) ne'er comes too late.

Pol. What have I done? Conjur'd a Spirit up,
I sha' not lay again? Drawn on a Danger,
And Ruin on my self thus, by provoking
A peevish Fool, whom nothing will pray off,
Or satisfie, I fear? Her Patience stirr'd,
Is turn'd to Fury. I have run my Bark
On a sweet Rock, by mine own Arts and Trust;
And must get off again, or dash in pieces.

Com. This was a Business worth the listning after.

SCENE V.

Pleasance, Compass.

Ple. O Mr. *Compass*, did you see my Mother?
Mistress *Placentia*, my Lady's Neice,
Is newly brought to Bed o' the bravest Boy!
Will you go see it?

Com. First I'll know the Father,
Ere I approach these Hazards.

Ple. Mistress Midwife

Has

Has promis'd to find out a Father for it,
If there be need.

Com. She may the safelier do't,
By vertue of her Place. But pretty *Pleasance*,
I have a News for you, I think will please you.

Ple. What is't, Mr. *Compass*?

Com. Stay, you must
Deserve it, ere you know it. Where's my Lady?

Ple. Retir'd unto her Chamber, and shut up.

Com. She hears o' none o' this yet? Well, do you
Command the Coach, and fit your self to travel
A little way with me.

Ple. Whither, for God's sake?

Com. Where I'll entreat you, not to your Loss, believe
If you dare trust your self. [it,

Ple. With you the World o'er.

Com. The News will well requite the Pains, I assure
And i' this Tumult you will not be miss'd. [you.
Command the Coach; it is an instant Business,
Wo' not be done without you. Parson *Palate*,
Most opportunely met; step to my Chamber;
I'll come to you presently: There is a Friend,
Or two, will entertain you. Mr. *Practice*,
Ha' you the Licence?

S C E N E VI.

Practice, Compass, Pleasance, Palate.

Pra. Here it is.

Com. Let's see it:
Your Name's not in't.

Pra. I'll fill that presently.
It has the Seal, which is the main, and register'd.
The Clerk knows me, and trusts me.

Com. Ha' you the Parson?

Pra. They say he's here, he's pointed to come hither.

Com. I would not have him seen here for a World,
To

To breed Suspicion. Do you intercept him,
And prevent that. But take your Licence with you,
And fill the Blank; or leave it here with me,
I'll do it for you; stay you for us at his Church,
Behind the *Old Exchange*, we'll come i'th' Coach,
And meet you there within this Quarter at least.

Pra. I am much bound unto you, *Mr. Compass*;
You have all the Law and Parts of *Squire Practice*
For ever at your Use. I'll tell you News too:
Sir, your Reversion's fallen; *Thin-wit's* dead,
Surveyor of the Projects general.

Com. When dy'd he?

Pra. E'en this Morning; I receiv'd it
From a right Hand.

Com. Conceal it, *Mr. Practice*,
And mind the main Affair you are in hand with.

Ple. The Coach is ready, Sir.

Com. 'Tis well, fair *Pleasance*,
Though now we shall not use it; bid the Coachman
Drive to the Parish-Church, and stay about there,
'Till *Mr. Practice* come to him, and employ him:
I have a Licence now, which must have Entry
Before my Lawyer's. Noble Parson *Palate*,
Thou shalt be a Mark advanc'd; here's a Piece,
And do a Feat for me.

Pal. What, *Mr. Compass*?

Com. But run the words of Matrimony over
My Head, and *Mrs. Pleasance's*, in my Chamber:
There's Captain *Ironside* to be a Witness:
And here's a License to secure thee. Parson!
What do you stick at?

Pal. It is Afternoon, Sir;
Directly against the Canon of the Church:
You know it, *Mr. Compass*: And beside,
I am engag'd unto our worshipful Friend,
The learned *Mr. Practice*, in that Business.

Com. Come on, ingage your self: Who shall be able
To say you married us, but in the Morning,

The

The most canonical minute o' the Day,
If you affirm it? That's a spic'd Excuse,
And shews you have set the Canon Law before
Any Profession else, of Love, or Friendship.
Come Mrs. *Pleasance*, we cannot prevail
With th' rigid *Parson* here; but, Sir, I'll keep you
Lock'd in my Lodging, 'till't be done elsewhere,
And under fear of *Ironside*.

Pal. Do you hear, Sir?

Com. No, no, it matters not.

Pal. Can you think, Sir,
I would deny you any thing? not to loss
Of both my Livings: I will do it for you;
Ha' you a Wedding Ring?

Com. I, and a Poesie:

Annulus hic nobis, quod scit uterque dabit.

Pal. Good!

This Ring will give you what you both desire.
I'll make the whole House chant it, and the Parish.

Com. Why, well said *Parson*. Now, to you my News,
That comprehend my Reasons, Mrs. *Pleasance*.

SCENE VII.

Chair, Needle, Polish, Keep.

Cha. Go, get a Nurse, procure her at what rate
You can; and out o' th' House with it, Son *Needle*.
It is a bad Commodity.

Nee. Good Mother,

I know it, but the best would now be made on'r.

Cha. And shall. You should not fret so, Mrs. *Polish*,
Nor you, Dame *Keep*; my Daughter shall do well,
When she has ta'en my Cawdle. I ha' known
Twenty such Breaches piec'd up, and made whole,
Without a bum of Noise. You two fall out?
And tear up one another?

Pol. Blessed Woman!

Blest be the Peace-maker.

Keep.

Keep. The Pease-dresser!
 I'll hear no Peace from her. I have been wrong'd,
 So has my Lady, my good Lady's Worship,
 And I will right her, hoping she'll right me.

Pol. Good gentle *Keep*, I pray thee Mistress Nurse,
 Pardon my Passion, I was misadvis'd,
 Be thou yet better, by this grave sage Woman,
 Who is the Mother of Matrons, and great Persons,
 And knows the World.

Keep. I do confess, she knows
 Something ——— and I know something ———

Pol. Put your somethings
 Together then.

Cha. I, here's a Chance fal'n out
 You cannot help; less can this Gentlewoman;
 I can and will, for both. First, I have sent
 By-chop away; the Cause gone, the Fame ceaseth:
 Then by my Cawdle, and my Cullice, I set
 My Daughter on her Feet, about the House here:
 She's young, and must stir somewhat for Necessity,
 Her Youth will bear it out. She shall pretend
 T' have had a fit o' the Mother; there is all.
 If you have but a Secretary Landfess,
 To blanch the Linnen——Take the former Counsels
 Into you; keep them safe i' your own Breasts,
 And make your Market of 'em at the highest.
 Will you go peach, and cry your self a Fool
 At Granam's Cross? be laugh'd at, and despis'd?
 Betray a Purpose, which the Deputy
 Of a double Ward, or scarce his Alderman,
 With twelve of the wisest Questmen could find out,
 Employed by the Authority of the City? [ters,
 Come, come, be Friends; and keep these Women-mat-
 Smock-secrets to our selves, in our own Verge.
 We shall mar all, if we once ope the Mysteries
 O' the Tying-house, and tell what's done within:
 No Theaters are more cheated with Appearances,
 Or these Shop-lights, than th' Ages, and Folk in them,
 That seem most curious.

Pol.

Pol. Breath of an Oracle!

You shall be my dear Mother; wisest Woman
That ever tip'd her Tongue, with point of Reasons,
To turn her Hearers! Mistress *Keep*, relent,
I did abuse thee; I confess to Penance:
And on my Knees ask thee Forgiveness.

Cha. Rise,

She doth begin to melt, I see it.——

Keep. Nothing

Griev'd me so much, as when you call'd me Bawd:
Witch did not trouble me, nor Gipsie; no,
Nor Beggar. But a Bawd, was such a Name!

Cha. No more Rehearsals; Repetitions

Make things the worse: The more we stir (you know
The Proverb, and it signifies) a stink.

What's done, and dead, let it be buried.

New Hours will fit fresh Handles to new Thoughts.

S C E N E VIII.

Interest, with his Foot-boy. To them, *Compass*, *Iron-*
side, *Silk-worm*, *Palate*, *Pleasance*. To them, *the*
Lady; and after, *Practice*.

Int. Run to the Church, *Sirrah*. Get all the Drunkards
To ring the Bells, and jangle them for Joy
My Neice hath brought an Heir unto the House,
A lusty Boy. Where's my Sister *Loadstone*?
Asleep at Afternoons! It is not wholesome;
Against all Rules of Physick, Lady Sister.
The little Doctor will not like it. Our Neice
Is new deliver'd of a chopping Child,
Can call the Father by the Name already,
If it but ope the Mouth round. Mr. *Compass*,
He is the Man, they say, Fame gives it out,
Hath done that Act of Honour to our House,
And Friendship, to pump out a Son and Heir
That shall inherit nothing, surely nothing

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From me, at least. I come t'invite your Ladyship
To be a Witness; I will be your Partner,
And give it a Horn-spoon, and a Treen-dish;
Bastard, and Beggars Badges, with a Blanket
For Dame the Doxey to march round the Circuit,
With Bag and Baggage.

Com. Thou malicious Knight,
Envious Sir *Moath*, that ears on that which feeds thee,
And frets her Goodness, that sustains thy Being;
What company of Mankind would own thy Brother-
Fut as thou hast a Title to her Blood, [hood,
Whom thy Ill-nature hath chose out t'insult on,
And vex thus, for an Accident in her House,
As if it were her Crime! Good innocent Lady.
Thou shew'st thy self a true corroding Vermine,
Such as thou art.

Int. Why, gentle Mr. *Compass*?
Because I wish you Joy of your young Son,
And Heir to the House, you ha'sent us?

Com. I ha'sent you?
I know not what I shall do. Come in Friends:
Madam, I pray you be pleas'd to trust your self
Unto our Company.

Lad. I did that too late,
Which brought on this Calamity upon me,
With all the Infamy I hear; your Soldier,
That swaggering Guest.

Com. Who is return'd here to you,
Your vowed Friend and Servant, comes to sup with you,
So we do all; and I'll prove he hath deserv'd
That special Respect and Favour from you,
As not your Fortunes, with your self to boot,
Cast on a Feather-bed, and spread o'th' Sheets
Under a brace of your best *Persian* Carpets,
Were scarce a Price to thank his happy Merit.

Int. What Impudence is this? can you indure
To hear it, Sister?

Com. Yes, and you shall hear it;

Who

Who will indure it worse. What deserves he,
In your Opinion, Madam, or weigh'd Judgment,
That things thus hanging (as they do in doubt)
Suspended, and suspected, all involv'd,
And wrapt in Error, can resolve the Knot?
Redintegrate the Fame, first of your House?
Restore your Ladyship's Quiet? render then
Your Neice a Virgin, and unvitiated?
And make all plain, and perfect, (as it was).
A Practice to betray you, and your Name?

Int. He speaks Impossibilities.

Com. Here he stands,

Whose Fortune hath done this, and you must thank him.
To what you call his Swaggering, we owe all this.
And that it may have credit with you, Madam,
Here is your Neice, whom I have married, witness
These Gentlemen, the Knight, Captain, and Parson,
And this grave Politick Tell-troth of the Court.

Lad. What's she that I call Neice then?

Com. *Polish's* Daughter;

Her Mother Goodwy' *Polish* hath confess'd it
To Grannum *Keep*, the Nurse, how they did change
The Children in their Cradles.

Lad. To what purpose?

Com. To get the Portion, or some part of it,
Which you must now disburse intire to me, Sir,
If I but gain her Ladyship's Consent.

Lad. I bid God give you joy, if this be true.

Com. As true it is, Lady, Lady, i'th' Song.
The Portion's mine, with Interest, Sir *Moath*;
I will not 'bate you a single *Harrington*,
Of Interest upon Interest. In mean time,
I do commit you to the Guard of *Ironside*,
My Brother here, Captain *Rud-budibras*:
From whom I will expect you, or your Ransom.

Int. Sir, you must prove it, and the possibility,
Ere I believe it.

Com. For the possibility,

I leave to Trial. Truth shall speak it self.

O, Mr. *Practice*, did you meet the Coach?

Pra. Yes, Sir, but empty.

Com. Why, I sent it for you.

The business is dispatch'd here, ere you come;

Come in, I'll tell you how; you are a Man

Will look for Satisfaction, and must have it.

All. So we do all, and long to hear the right.

CHORUS.

Dam. Troth, I am one of those that labour with the same longing, for it is almost pucker'd, and pull'd into that knot, by your Poet, which I cannot easily, with all the strength of my Imagination, unty.

Boy. Like enough, nor is it in your Office to be troubled or perplexed with it; but to sit still, and expect. The more your Imagination busies it self, the more it is intangled, especially if (as I told in the beginning) you happen on the wrong end.

Pro. He hath said sufficient, Brother *Damplay*; our Parts that are the Spectators, or should hear a *Comedy*, are to await the process and events of things, as the *Poet* presents them, not as we would corruptly fashion them. We come here to behold *Plays*, and censure them, as they are made, and fitted for us; not to beslave our own thoughts, with censorious Spittle tempering the *Poets* Clay, as we were to mould every *Scene* anew: That were a meer Plastick, or Potters Ambition, most unbecoming the name of a *Gentleman*. No, let us mark, and not lose the business on foot, by talking. Follow the right Thread, or find it.

Dam. Why, here his *Play* might have ended, if he would ha' let it; and have spar'd us the vexation of a *fifth Act* yet to come, which every one here knows the issue of already, or may in part conjecture.

Boy. That Conjecture is a kind of Figure-flinging, or throwing the Dice, for a Meaning was never in the *Poet's*

er's Purpose perhaps. Stay, and see his last *Act*, his *Catastrophe*, how he will perplex that, or spring some fresh Cheat, to entertain the *Spectators*, with a convenient Delight, till some unexpected and new Encounter break out to rectifie all, and make good the *Conclusion*.

Pro. Which, ending here, would have shown dull, flat, and unpointed; without any Shape or Sharpness, Brother *Damplay*.

Dam. Well, let us expect then: And Wit be with us, o' the *Poet's* Part.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Needle, Item.

Nee. **T**Roth, Mr. *Item*, here's a House divided,
And quarter'd into parts, by your Doctor's
Engine.

H' has cast out such Aspersions on my Lady's
Neice here, of having had a Child; as hardly
Will be wip'd off, I doubt.

Itē. Why, is't not true?

Nee. True! did you think it?

Itē. Was she not in labour?

The Mid-wife sent for?

Itē. There's your Error now!

You ha'drunk o' the same Water.

Itē. I believ'd it,

And gave it out too.

Nee. More you wrong'd the Party;

She had no such thing about her, innocent Creature!

Itē. What had she then?

Nee. Only a fit o' the Mother:

They burnt old Shooes, Goose-feathers, *Affa fætida*,

A few Horn-shavings, with a Bone or two,

And she is well again, about the House.

Itē. Is't possible?

E c 3

Nee.

Nee. See it, and then report it. [then.]

Ite. Our Doctor's Urinal-judgment is half-crack'd

Nee. Crack'd i' the case, most hugely, with my Lady,
And sad Sir *Moarb*, her Brother; who is now
Under a Cloud a little.

Ite. Of what? Disgrace?

Nee. He is committed to *Rud-budibras*,
The Captain *Ironside*, upon displeasure,
From Mr. *Compass*, but it will blow off.

Ite. The Doctor shall reverse his instantly,
And set all right again; if you'll assist
But in a toy, Squire *Needle*, comes i' my Noddle now.

Nee. Good, *Needle* and Noddle! what may't be?
I long for't.

Ite. Why, but to go to Bed: feign a Distemper
Of walking i' your Sleep, or talking in't
A little idly, but so much, as on it
The Doctor may have ground to raise a Cure
For's Reputation. *Nee.* Any thing, to serve
The worship o' the Man I love and honour.

SCENE II.

Polish, Pleasance, Chair, Placentia, Keep.

Pol. O! gi' you Joy, *Madamoiselle Compass*,
You are his Whirl-pool now; all-to-be married,
Against your Mother's leave, and without Counsel!
H' has fish'd fair, and caught a Frog, I fear it.
What Fortune ha' you to bring him in Dower?
You can tell Stories now; you know a w rld
Of Secrets to discover.

Ple. I know nothing
But what is told me; nor can I discover
Any thing.

Pol. No, you shall not, I'll take order.
Go, get you in there: It is *Ember-week*!
I'll keep you fasting from his Flesh awhile.

Cha.

The Magnetick Lady.

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Cha. See, who's here? she has been with my Lady;
Who kist her, all to kist her, twice or thrice.

Nee. And call'd her Neice again, and view'd her Linnen.

Pol. You ha' done a Miracle, Mother *Chair*.

Cha. Not I,

My Cawdle has done it. Thank my Cawdle heartily.

Pol. It shall be thank'd, and you too, wisest Mother;
You shall have a new, brave, four-pound Beaver-Hat,
Set with enamel'd Studs, as mine is here:

And a right pair of Chrystal Spectacles,
Chrystal o'th' Rock, thou mighty Mother of Dames,
Hung in an Ivory Case, at a Gold Belt,
And Silver Bells to gingle, as you pass
Before your fifty Daughters in Procession
To Church, or from the Church.

Cha. Thanks, Mrs. *Polish*.

Keep. She does deserve as many Pensions
As there be Pieces in a — Maiden-head,
Were I a Prince to give 'em.

Pol. Come sweet Charge,
You shall present your self about the House;
Be confident, and bear up; you shall be seen.

S C E N E III.

Compass, Ironside, Practice.

Com. What? I can make you amends, my learned
And satisfie a greater Injury [Counsel,
To chafed Mr *Practice*. Who would think
That you could be thus testy?

Iro. A grave Heap!
Giv'n over to the Study of our Laws.

Com. And the prime Honours of the Common-wealth.

Iro. And you to mind a Wife.

Com. What should you do
With such a Toy as a Wife, that might distract you,
Or hinder you i' your Course?

E c 4

Iro.

Iro. He shall not think on't.

Com. I will make over to you my Possession
Of that some Place is fall'n, (you know) to satisfie,
Surveyor of the Projects general.

Iro. And that's an Office you know how to stir in:

Com. And make your Profits of.

Iro. Which are (indeed)

The ends of a gown'd Man: Shew your Activity,
And how you are built for Business.

Pra. I accept it

As a Possession, be't but a Reversion.

Com. You first told me 'twas a Possession.

Pra. I, I told you that I heard so.

Iro. All is one,

He'll make Reversion a Possession quickly.

Com. But I must have a general Release from you.

Pra. Do one, I'll do the other.

Com. It's a match,

Before my Brother *Ironside*.

Pra. 'Tis done.

Com. We two are reconcil'd then.

Iro. To a Lawyer,

That can make use of a Place, any half Title
Is better than a Wife.

Com. And will save charges

Of Coaches, Vellute Gowns, and cut-work Smocks.

Iro. He is to occupy an Office wholly.

Com. True, I must talk with you nearer, *Mr. Practice*,
About recovery o' my Wife's Portion,
What way I were best to take.

Pra. The plainest way.

Com. What's that, for Plainness?

Pra. Sue him at common Law:

Arrest him on an Action of Choke-bail,
Five hundred thousand Pound; it will affright him,
And all his Sureties. You can prove your Marriage?

Com. Yes.

We'll talk of it within, and hear my Lady.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Interest, Lady, Rut, Item.

Int. I'm sure the vogue o' the House went all that
She was with Child, and Mr. *Compass* got it: [way;

Lad. Why, that you see is manifestly false,
H' has married the other; our true Neice, he says:
He would not woo 'em both: he is not such
A Stallion to leap all. Again, no Child
Appears, that I can find with all my search,
And strictest way of inquiry, I have made
Through all my Family. A fit o' the Mother,
The Women say she had, which the Mid-wife cur'd
With burning Bones and Feathers: Here's the Doctor.

Enter Doctor.

Int. O, noble Doctor, did not you and your *Item*
Tell me our Neice was in labour?

Rut. If I did,
What follows?

Int. And that Mother Midnight
Was sent for?

Rut. So she was, and is i' the House still.

Int. But here has a noise been since, she was deli-
Of a brave Boy, and Mr. *Compass*'s getting. [ver'd

Rut. I know no rattle of Gossips, nor their noises.
I hope you take not me for a Pimp-errant,
To deal in Smock affairs? Where's the Patient?
The infirm Man I was sent for, Squire *Needle*?

Lad. Is *Needle* sick?

Rut. My 'Pothecary tells me
He is in danger; how is't *Tim*? where is he?

Enter Tim.

It. I cannot hold him down. He's up, and walks,
And talks in his perfect sleep, with his Eyes shut,
As sensibly as he were broad awake.
See, here he comes; he's fast asleep, observe him.

Rut. He'll tell us wonders. What do these Women
here?

SCENE

SCENE V.

Rut, Needle, Interest, Item, Lady, Polish, Chair, Keep, Placentia.

Rut. Hunting a Man half naked? you are fine Bea-
You'd have his Doufets. [gles!

Nec. I ha' Linnen Brecks on.

Rut. He hears, but he sees nothing.

Nec. Yes, I see

Who hides the Treasure yonder.

Int. Ha? what Treasure?

Rut. If you ask questions, he wakes presently,
And then you'll hear no more 'till his next fit.

Nec. And whom she hides it for.

Rut. Do you mark, Sir? list.

Nec. A fine she Spirit it is, an *Indian Magpye*.
She was an Alderman's Widow, and fell in love
With our Sir *Moath*, my Lady's Brother.

Rut. (Hear you?)

Nec. And she has hid an Alderman's Estate;
Dropt through her Bill in little holes, i' the Garden,
And scrapes Earth over 'em; where none can spy
But I, who see all by the Glowworm's light,
That creeps before.

Pol. I knew the Gentlewoman,
Alderman *Parrot's* Widow, a fine Speaker,
As any was i' the Clothing, or the Bevy;
She did become her Scarlet and black Velvet,
Her green and purple —

Rut. Save thy Colours, Rainbow,
Or she will run thee over, and all thy lights. [there;

Pol. She dwelt in *Do-little Lane*, a top o' the Hill
I' the round Cage, was after Sir *Chime Squirrel's*.
She would eat nought but Almonds, I assure you.

Rut. Would thou hadst a Dose of Pills, a double Dose,
O' the best Purge, to make thee turn Tail t'other way.

Pol.

Pol. You are a foul-mouth'd, purging, absurd Doctor;
I tell you true, and I did long to tell it you.
You ha' spread a scandal i' my Lady's House here,
On her sweet Neice, you never can take off
With all your Purges, or your Plaster of Oaths;
Though you distil your Damm, drop by drop,
I' your defence. That she hath had a Child,
Here she doth spit upon thee, and defie thee,
Or I do't for her.

Rut. Madam, pray you bind her
To her behaviour. Tie your Gossip up,
Or send her unto *Bei'lem*.

Pol. Go thou thither,
That better hast deserv'd it, shame of Doctors:
Where could she be deliver'd? by what charm,
Restor'd to her strength so soon? who is the Father?
Or where the Infant? Ask your Oracle,
That walks and talks in his sleep.

Rut. Where is he gone?
You ha' lost a Fortune list'ning to her, to her Tabour.
Good Madam lock her up.

Lad. You must give losers
Their leave to speak, good Doctor.

Rut. Follow his footing
Before he get to his Bed: This rest is lost else.

SCENE VI.

Compass, Practice, Ironside, Polish, Lady.

Com. Where is my Wife? what ha' you done with
Gossip o'the Counsels? [my Wife,

Pol. I, sweet Mr. *Compass*,
I honour you and your Wife.

Com. Well, do so still.
I will not call you Mother tho', but *Polish*.
Good Gossip *Polish*, where ha' you hid my Wife?

Pol. I hide your Wife?

Com. Or she's run away.

Lad.

Lad. That would make all suspected, Sir, afresh.
Come we will find her, if she be i' the House.

Pol. Why should I hide your Wife, good Mr. *Compass*?

Com. I know no cause, but that you are goody *Polish*,
That's good at malice, good at mischief, all
That can perplex or trouble a business throughly.

Pol. You may say what you will: you're Mr. *Com-*
And carry a large sweep, Sir, i' your Circle. [*pass*,

Lad. I'll sweep all corners, Gossip, to spring this,
If't be above Ground. I will have her cry'd
By the Common-cryer, through all the Ward,
But I will find her.

Iro. It will be an Act
Worthy your Justice, Madam.

Pra. And become
The integrity and worship of her Name.

SCENE VII.

Rut, Interest, Item, Needle.

Rut. 'Tis such a Fly, this Gossip, with her buz,
She blows on every thing, in every place!

Int. A busie Woman is a fearful grievance!
Will he not sleep again?

Rut. Yes, instantly,
As soon as he is warm. It is the nature
Of the Disease, and all these cold dry fumes,
That are melancholick, to work at first,
Slow and insensibly in their ascent,
Till being got up, and then distilling down
Upo' the Brain, they have a pricking quality
That breeds this restless rest, which we, the Sons
Of Physick, call a walking in the sleep,
And telling mysteries, that must be heard
Softly, with art, as we were sewing Pillows
Under the Patients Elbows, else they'd fly
Into a Phrensie, run into the Woods,

Where

Where there are noises, huntings, shoutings, hallow-
Amidst the Brakes and Furzes, over Bridges [ings,
Fall into Waters, scratch their Flesh, sometimes
Drop down a *Precipice*, and there be lost.

How now! what does her?

Ite. He is up again,
And 'gins to talk.

Int. O the former matter, *Item*?

Ite. The Treasure and the Lady, that's his argument.

Int. O me, happy Man! he cannot off it.
I shall know all then.

Rut. With what appetite
Our own desires delude us! Hear you *Tim*?
Let no Man interrupt us.

Ite. Sir *Diaphanous*,
And Mr. *Bias*, his Court-friends, desire
To kiss his Neice's Hands, and gratulate
The firm recovery of her good fame
And honour —

Int. Good, say to 'em, Mr. *Item*,
My Neice is on my Lady's side: they'll find her there.
I pray to be but spar'd for half an hour:
I'll see 'em presently.

Rut. Do, put 'em off, *Tim*.
And tell 'em the importance of the business.
Here, he is come! sooth; and have all out of him.

Nec. How do you, Lady-bird? so hard at work, still?
What's that you say? do you bid me walk, sweet Bird?
And tell our Knight? I will. How? walk Knave, walk?
I think you're angry with me, *Pol.* Fine *Pol*!

Pol's a fine Bird! O fine, Lady *Pol*!
Almond for Parrot; Parrot's a brave Bird:
Three hundred thousand Pieces ha' you fluck
Edge-long into the Ground, within the Garden?
O bounteous Bird!

Int. And me, most happy creature.

Rut. Smother your joy.

Nec. How? and dropp'd twice so many —

Int.

Int. Ha! where?

Rut. Contain your self.

Nec. I' the old Well?

Int. I cannot, I am a Man of Flesh and Blood:
Who can contain himself, to hear the Ghost
Of a dead Lady do such works as these?
And a City Lady too, o' the strait Waste?

Rut. He's gone.

Nec. I will go try the truth of it.

Rut. Follow him, *Tim*: see what he does; if he bring
A'flay of it now. [you

Int. I'll say he's a rare Fellow,
And has a rare Disease.

Rut. And I will work
As rare a cure upon him.

Int. How, good Doctor?

Rut. When he hath utter'd all that you would know
I'll cleanse him with a Pill, as small as a Pease, [of him;
And stop his Mouth: for there his Issue lies,
Between the Muscles o' the Tongue.

Int. He's come.

Rut. What did he, *Item*?

It. The first step he stept
Into the Garden, he pull'd these five Pieces
Up, in a Finger's breadth one of another.
The Dirt sticks on 'em still.

Int. I know enough.

Doctor, proceed with your cure, I'll make thee famous,
Famous among the Sons of the Physicians,
Machaon, Podalirius, Esculapins.

Thou shalt have a golden Beard, as well as he had;
And thy *Tim Item* here, have one of Silver;
A livery Beard. And all thy 'Pothecaries
Belong to thee. Where's Squire *Needle*? gone?

It. He's prick'd away, now he has done the work.

Rut. Prepare his Pill, and gi' it him afore Supper.

Int. I'll send for a dozen o' Labourers to morrow,
To turn the surface o' the Garden up.

R.

The Magnetick Lady.

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Rut. In Mold? bruise every Clod?

Int. And have all sifted;

For I'll not lose a piece o' the Bird's bounty,
And take an Inventory of all.

Rut. And then,

I would go down into the Well —

Int. My self;

No trusting other hands: Six hundred thousand,
To the first three; nine hundred thousand Pound —

Rut. 'Twill purchase the whole Bench of Alderma-
Strip to their Shirts. [nity,

Int. There never did accrue

So great a gift to man, and from a Lady
I never saw but once; now I remember,
We met at *Merchant-Taylors-hall*, at dinner,
In *Thread-Needle-street*.

Rut. Which was a sign Squire *Needle*
Should have the threading of this Thread.

Int. 'Tis true;

I shall love Parrots better, while I know him.

Rut. I'd have her Statue cut now in white Marble.

Int. And have it painted in most Orient Colours.

Rut. That's right! all City Statues must be painted,
Else they be worth nought i' their subtile Judgments.

S C E N E VIII.

Interest, Bias, Rut, Palate.

Int. My truest friend in Court, dear Mr. *Bias*;
You hear o' the recovery of our Neice
In fame and credit?

Bia. Yes, I have been with her,
And gratulated to her; but I am sorry
To find the Author o' the foul aspersion
Here i' your company, this insolent Doctor.

Int. You do mistake him; he is clear got off on't.
A Gossip's Jealousie first gave the hint.

He

He drives another way, now, as I would have him.
 He's a rare Man, the Doctor, in his way.
 H' has done the noblest cure here, i' the House,
 On a poor Squire, my Sister's Taylor, *Needle*
 That talk'd in's sleep; would walk to St. *John's* Wood,
 And *Waltham* Forest, scape by all the Ponds
 And Pits i' the way; run over two-inch Bridges,
 With his Eyes fast, and i' the dead of night!
 I'll ha' you better acquainted with him. Doctor,
 Here is my dear, dear, dearest friend in Court,
 Wife, powerful Mr. *Bias*; pray you salute
 Each other, not as strangers, but true friends.

Rut. This is the Gentleman you brought to day,
 A Suitor to your Neice.

Int. Yes.

Rut. You were
 Agreed, I heard; the Writings drawn between you?

Int. And seal'd.

Rut. What broke you off?

Int. This rumour of her:

Was it not, Mr. *Bias*?

Bia. Which I find

Now false, and therefore come to make amends
 I' the first place. I stand to the old conditions.

Rut. Faith give 'em him, Sir *Moath*, what e'er they
 You have a brave occasion now to cross [were.
 The flanting Mr. *Compass*, who pretends
 Right to the Portion, by th' other Intail.

Int. And claims it. You do hear he's married?

Bia. We hear his Wife is run away from him,
 Within: She is not to be found i' the House,
 With all the Hue and Cry is made for her
 Through every Room; the Larders ha' been search'd,
 The Bake-houses and Boulting-tub, the Ovens,
 Wash-house and Brew-house, nay, the very Furnace,
 And yet she is not heard of.

Int. Be she ne'er heard of,
 The safety of *Great Britain* lies not on't.

You

You are content with the ten thousand Pound,
Defalking the four hundred Garnish-money?
That's the Condition here, afore the Doctor,
And your Demand, Friend *Bias*?

Bia. It is, Sir *Moath*.

Enter *Palate*.

Rut. Here comes the *Parson* then, shall make all sure.

Int. Go you with my Friend *Bias*, *Parson* *Palate*,
Unto my Neice; assure them we are agreed.

Pal. And Mrs. *Compass* too is found within.

Int. Where was she hid?

Pal. In an old Bottle-house, [thrust her.
Where they scrap'd Trenchers; there her Mother had

Rut. You shall have time, Sir, to triumph on him,
When this fine Feat is done, and his *Rud-Ironside*.

SCENE IX.

Compass, *Pleasance*, *Lady*, *Ironside*, *Practice*, *Polish*,
Chair, *Keep*, &c.

Com. Was ever any Gentlewoman us'd
So barbarously by a malicious Gossip,
Pretending to be Mother to her too?

Pol. Pretending! Sir, I am her Mother, and challenge
A Right, and Power for what I have done.

Com. Out, Hag;
Thou that hast put all Nature off, and Woman,
For sordid Gain, betray'd the Trust committed
Unto thee by the dead, as from the living:
Chang'd the poor innocent Infants in their Crad'les:
Defrauded them o' their Parents, chang'd their Names,
Calling *Placentia*, *Pleasance*; *Pleasance*, *Placentia*.

Pol. How knows he this?

Com. Abus'd the Neighbourhood;
But most this Lady. Didst enforce an Oath
To this poor Woman, on a pious Book,
To keep close thy Impiety.

Pol. Ha' you told this?

Keep. I told it? no, he knows it, and much more,
As he's a cunning Man.

Pol. A cunning Fool,
If that be all.

Com. But now to your true Daughter,
That had the Child, and is the proper *Pleasance*,
We must have an Account of that too, Gossip.

Pol. This's like all the rest of Mr. *Compass*.

SCENE X.

Enter to them running, Rut.

Rut. Help, help for Charity; Sir *Moath Interest*
Is fall'n into the Well.

Lad. Where? where?

Rut. I' the Garden.

A Rope to save his Life.

Com. How came he there?

Rut. He thought to take Possession of a Fortune
There newly dropt him, and the old Chain broke,
And down fell he i' the Bucket.

Com. Is it deep?

Rut. We cannot tell. A Rope; help with a Rope.

Enter Silk-worm, Ironside, Item, Needle, and Interest.

Sil. He is got out again. The Knight is sav'd.

Iro. A little sows'd i' the Water: *Needle* sav'd him.

Itē. The Water sav'd him, 'twas a fair Escape.

Nee. Ha' you no hurt?

Int. A little wet.

Nee. That's nothing.

Rut. I wish'd you stay, Sir, till to morrow; and told you
It was no lucky Hour: Since fix a Clock
All Stars were retrograde.

Lad. I' the name

Of Fate, or Folly, how came you i' the Bucket?

Int.

Int. That is a *Quere* of another time, Sister,
The Doctor will resolve you — who hath done
The admirablest Cure upon your *Needle*!
Gi' me thy Hand, good *Needle*; thou cam'st timely:
Take off my Hood and Coat; and let me shake
My self a little. I have a world of Business.
Where is my Nephew *Bias*? and his Wife?
Who bids God gi' em Joy? Here they both stand,
As sure affianced, as the *Parson*, or Words,
Can tie 'em.

Rut. We all wish 'em Joy and Happiness.

Silk. I saw the Contract, and can witness it.

Int. He shall receive ten thousand Pounds to morrow.
You look'd for't, *Compass*, or a greater Sum,
But 'tis dispos'd of, this, another way.
I have but one Neice, verily, *Compass*.

Com. I'll find another. *Varlet*, do your Office.

Var. I do arrest your Body, Sir *Moath Interest*,
In the King's Name; at suit of Mr. *Compass*,
And Dame *Placentia* his Wife. The Action's enter'd,
Five hundred thousand Pound.

Int. Hear you this, Sister?
And hath your House the Ears to hear it too?
And to resound the Affront?

Lad. I cannot stop
The Laws, or hinder Justice. I can be
Your Bail, if't may be taken.

Com. With the Captain's,
I ask no better.

Rut. Here are better Men,
Will give their Bail.

Com. But yours will not be taken,
Worshipful Doctor; you are good Security
For a Suit of Clothes, to th' Taylor, that dares trust you:
But not for such a Sum as is this Action.
Varlet, you know my Mind.

Var. You must to Prison, Sir,
Unless you can find Bail the Creditor likes.

Int. I would fain find it, if you'd shew me where:

Silk. It is a terrible Action; more indeed
Than many a Man is worth; and is call'd *Fright-Bail*.

Iro. Faith I will bail him, at mine own Apperil,
Varlet, be gone: I'll once ha' the Reputation,
To be Security for such a Sum.

Bear up, Sir *Moath*.

Rut. He is not worth the Buckles
About his Belt, and yet this *Ironside* clashes.

Int. Peace, least he hear you Doctor; we'll make
use of him,

What doth your Brother *Compass*, Captain *Ironside*,
Demand of us, by way of challenge, thus?

Iro. Your Neice's Portion; in the right of his Wife.

Int. I have assur'd one Portion, to one Neice,
And have no more t'account for, that I know of:
What I may do in Charity——if my Sister
Will bid an Off'ring for her Maid, and him,
As a Benevolence to 'em, after Supper,
I'll spit into the Bason, and intreat
My Friends to do the like.

Com. Spit out thy Gall,
And Heart, thou Viper: I will now no Mercy,
No Pity of thee, thy false Neice, and *Needle*;
Bring forth your Child, or I appeal you of Murder,
You, and this Gossip here, and Mother *Chair*.

Cha. The Gentleman's fall'n mad!

[*Pleasance steps out.*]

Ple. No, Mistress Midwife.

I saw the Child, and you did give it me,
And put it i' my Arms, by this ill Token,
You wish'd me such another; and it cry'd.

Pra. The Law is plain; if it were heard to cry,
And you produce it not, he may indict
All that conceal't, of Felony, and Murder.

Com. And I will take the Boldness, Sir, to do it:
Beginning with Sir *Moath* here, and his Doctor.

Silk. Good faith this same is like to turn a Business.
Pal.

Pal. And a shrewd Business, marry ; they all start at't.

Com. I ha' the right Thread now, and I will keep it.
You, goody *Keep*, confess the Truth to my Lady,
The Truth, the whole Truth, nothing but the Truth.

Pol. I scorn to be prevented of my Glories.
I plotted the Deceit, and I will own it.
Love to my Child, and Lucre of the Portion
Provok'd me; wherein though th'event hath fail'd
In part, I will make use of the best side.
This is my Daughter, and she hath had a Child
This day, unto her shame, (I now profess it)
By this meer False-stick, Squire *Needle*; but
Since this wise Knight hath thought it good to change
The foolish Father of it, by assuring
Her to his dear Friend, Mr. *Bias*; and him
Again to her, by clapping of him on
With his free Promise of ten thousand Pound,
Afore so many Witnesses——

Silk. Whereof I

Am one.

Pal. And I another.

Pol. I should be unnatural
To my own Flesh and Blood, would I not thank him.
I thank you, Sir; and I have reason for it.
For here your true Neice stands, fine Mrs. *Compass*,
(I'll tell you truth, you have deserv'd it from me.)
To whom you are by Bond engag'd to pay
The sixteen thousand Pound, which is her Portion,
Due to her Husband, on her Marriage-day.
I speak the Truth, and nothing but the Truth.

Iro. You'll pay it now, Sir *Moath*, with Interest?
You see the truth breaks out on every side of you.

Int. Into what Nets of Cous'nage am I cast
On every side? each Thread is grown a Noof:
A very Mesh: I have run my self into
A double break, of paying twice the Money.

Bia.

Bia. You shall be releas'd, of paying me a Penny,
With these Conditions.

Pol. Will you leave her then?

Bia. Yes, and the sum, twice told, ere take a Wife,
To pick out Monsieur *Needle's* Basting-threads.

Com. Gossip you are paid: tho' he be a fit Nature,
Worthy to have a Whore justly put on him;
He is not bad enough to take your Daughter
On such a Cheat. Will you yet pay the Porcion?

Int. What will you bate?

Com. No Penny the Law gives.

Int. Yes, *Bias's* Money.

Com. What, your Friend in Court?

I will not rob you of him, nor the Purchase,
Nor your dear Doctor here; stand all together;
Birds of a Nature all, and of a Feather.

Lad. Well, we are all now reconcil'd to Truth.
There rests yet a Gratuity from me,
To be conferr'd upon this Gentleman;
Who (as my Nephew *Compass* says) was cause
First of th' Offence, but since of all th' Amends.
The Quarr' I caus'd th' Affright, that Fright brought on
The Travel, which made Peace; the Peace drew on
This new Discovery, which endeth all
In Reconcilement.

Com. When the Porcion
Is tender'd, and receiv'd.

Int. Well, you must have it
As good at first as last.

Lad. 'Tis well said, Brother.
And I, if this good Captain will accept me,
Give him my self, endow him with my Estate,
And make him Lord of me, and all my Fortunes:
He that hath sav'd my Honour, though by chance,
I'll really study his, and how to thank him.

Iro. And I embrace you Lady, and your Goodness,
And vow to quit all thought of War hereafter;
Save what is fought under your Colours, Madam.

Pal.

Pal. More work then for the *Parson*, I shall cap
The *Loadstone* with an *Ironside*, I see.

Iro. And take in these, the forlorn Couple, with us,
Needle, and's *Thread*, whose Portion I will think on;
As being a business waiting on my Bounty:
Thus I do take Possession of you, Madam,
My true *Magnetick* Mistress, and my Lady.

CHORUS changed into an EPILOGUE
to the KING.

WELL, Gentlemen, I now must under Seal,
And th' Author's Charge, wave you, and make
my Appeal
To the Supreme Power, my Lord the King;
Who best can judge of what we humbly bring.
He knows our Weakness, and the Poet's Faults;
Where he doth stand upright, go firm, or halts;
And he will doom him. To which Voice he stands,
And prefers that, 'fore all the Peoples Hands.

The End of the Fourth Volume.

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